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Collier's

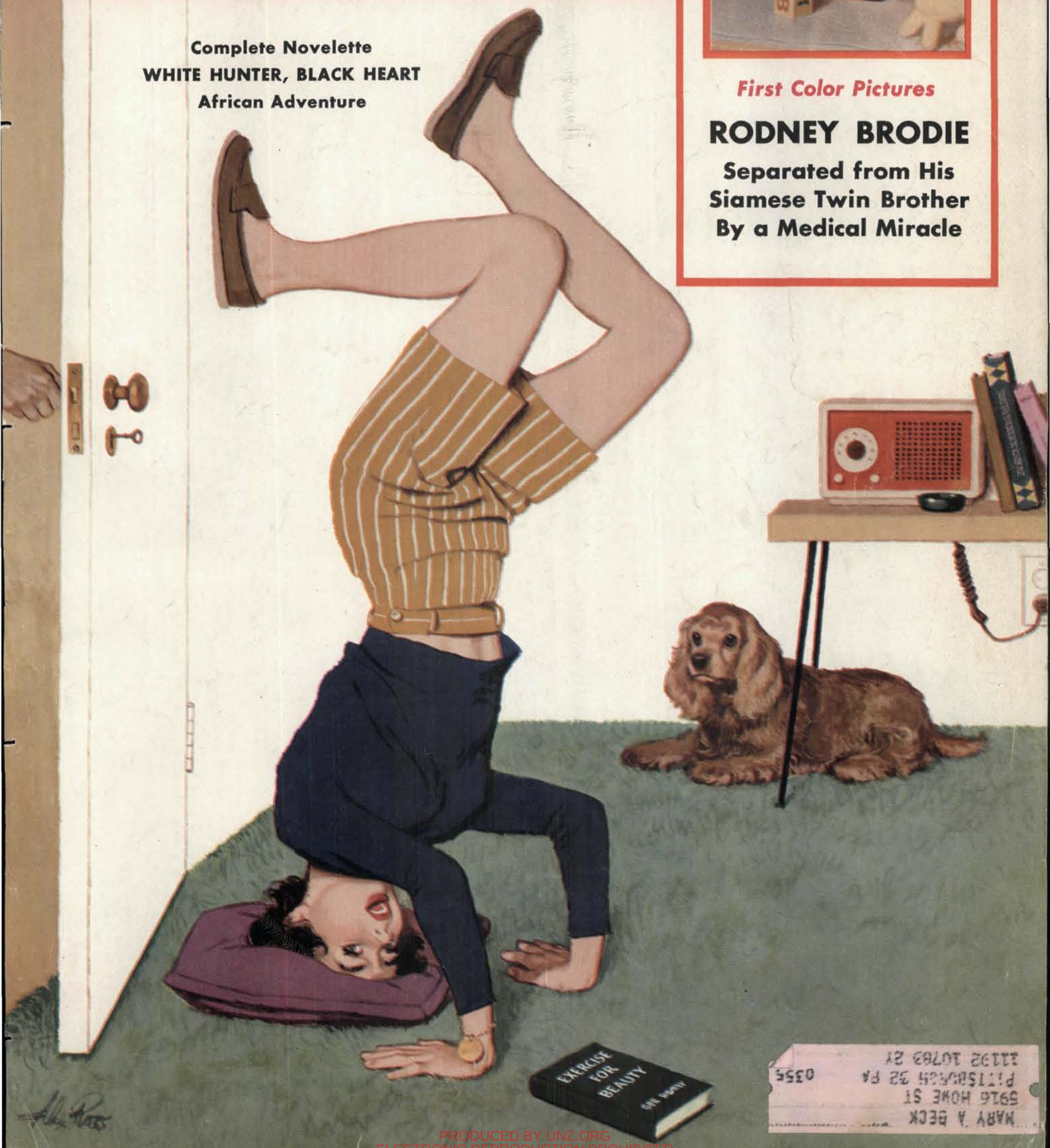
JUNE 13, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

First Color Pictures

RODNEY BRODIE

Separated from His Siamese Twin Brother By a Medical Miracle

Complete Novelette
WHITE HUNTER, BLACK HEART
African Adventure



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OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND

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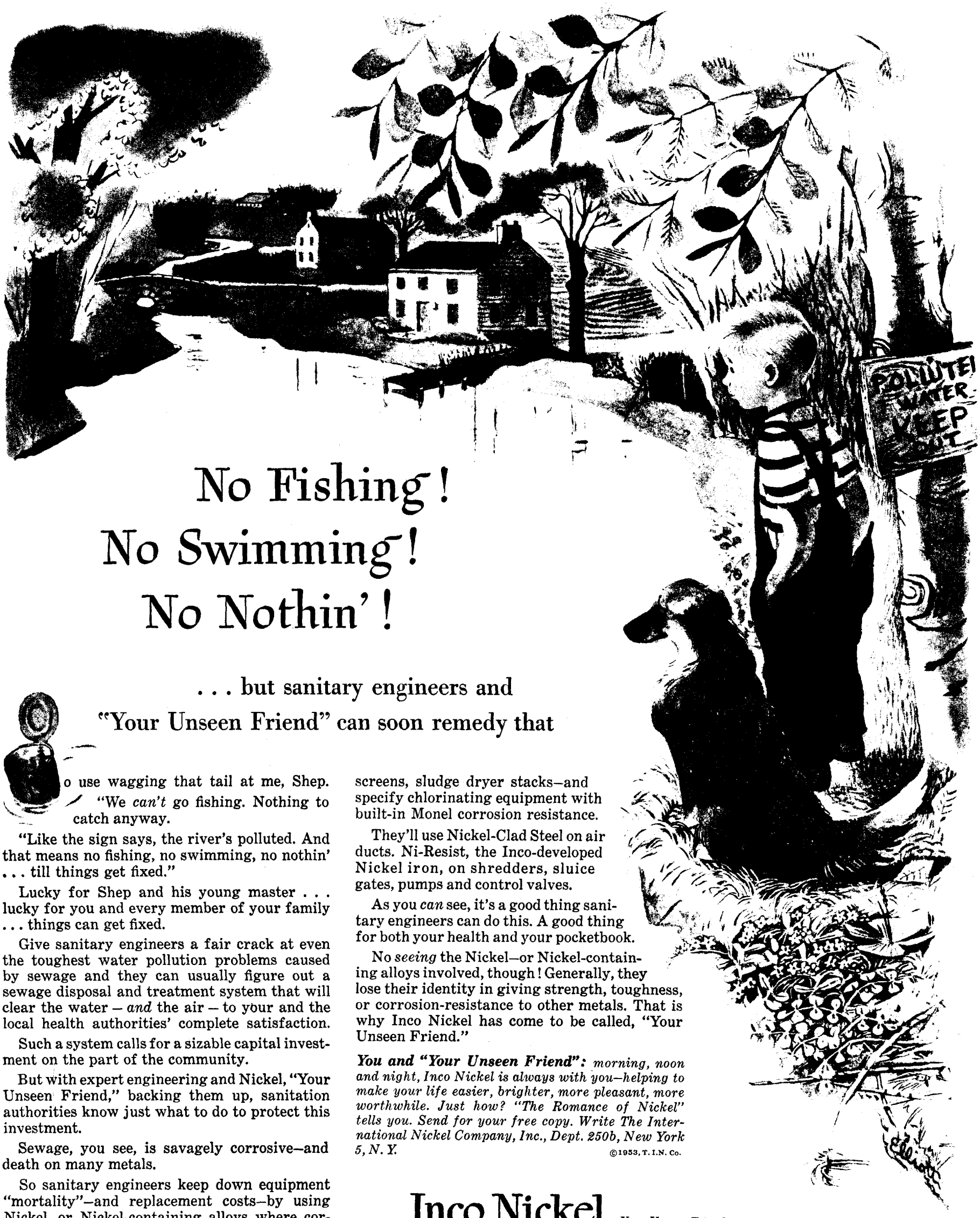

No Fishing!
No Swimming!
No Nothin'!

. . . but sanitary engineers and "Your Unseen Friend" can soon remedy that

o use wagging that tail at me, Shep. "We *can't* go fishing. Nothing to catch anyway.

"Like the sign says, the river's polluted. And that means no fishing, no swimming, no nothin' . . . till things get fixed."

Lucky for Shep and his young master . . . lucky for you and every member of your family . . . things can get fixed.

Give sanitary engineers a fair crack at even the toughest water pollution problems caused by sewage and they can usually figure out a sewage disposal and treatment system that will clear the water – *and* the air – to your and the local health authorities' complete satisfaction.

Such a system calls for a sizable capital investment on the part of the community.

But with expert engineering and Nickel, "Your Unseen Friend," backing them up, sanitation authorities know just what to do to protect this investment.

Sewage, you see, is savagely corrosive—and death on many metals.

So sanitary engineers keep down equipment "mortality"—and replacement costs—by using Nickel—or Nickel-containing alloys where corrosion or abrasion is at its worst in sewage disposal and treatment systems.

They'll use Monel, for example, on filter screens, sludge dryer stacks—and specify chlorinating equipment with built-in Monel corrosion resistance.

They'll use Nickel-Clad Steel on air ducts. Ni-Resist, the Inco-developed Nickel iron, on shredders, sluice gates, pumps and control valves.

As you *can* see, it's a good thing sanitary engineers can do this. A good thing for both your health and your pocketbook.

No *seeing* the Nickel—or Nickel-containing alloys involved, though! Generally, they lose their identity in giving strength, toughness, or corrosion-resistance to other metals. That is why Inco Nickel has come to be called, "Your Unseen Friend."

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Inco Nickel ...Your Unseen Friend

The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.

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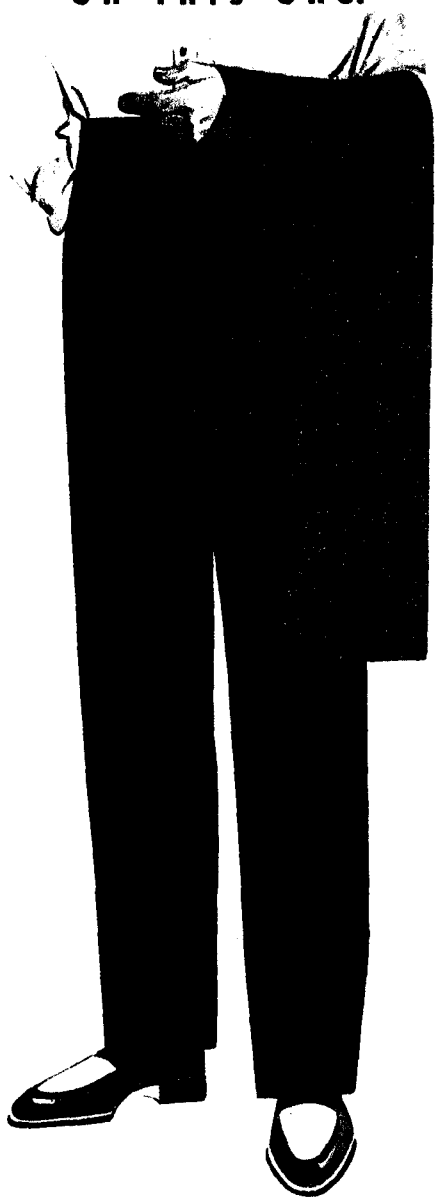
ROBIN ROBERTS,
outstanding pitcher,
Philadelphia Phillies

Robin Roberts says:

"You win twice on this one."



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June 13, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

The never-ending feminine search for beauty can sometimes be ludicrous—and uncomfortable. After this imminent upset occurred in the household of artist Alex Ross, his seventeen-year-old daughter Arlene posed precariously to re-enact the scene. We hope that her old man let her rest often.

Week's Mail

Southern Glamor

EDITOR: Re Atlanta's Most Glamorous Women (May 2d): Not a career girl among them! Atlanta's Most Socially Prominent Women, or Atlanta's Wealthiest Women would have been a much more appropriate heading.

However, the organization which selected the eleven is an exclusive "400" club, so what else would have been expected!

For Atlanta's real glamor, stand on Peachtree Street at 5:00 P.M. and watch the white-collar girls go by—tired perhaps, but *still* glamorous.

TEN ATLANTA CAREER GIRLS,
Atlanta, Ga.

. . . Y'ALL AIMING TO STIR UP A HORNETS' NEST, ONLY NAMING AND PICTURING ELEVEN (11), COUNT 'EM, BEAUTIFUL WOMEN FROM THE WHOLE CITY OF ATLANTA? SUH, CHOOSE YORE WEAPONS!

TALMADGE BANKHEAD DUWADIDDY
(COLONEL, THAT IS), HOUSTON, TEXAS

Here's Mrs. G.

EDITOR: The Godfrey story (Arthur Godfrey and His Fan Mail, May 2d) is great, but you left out an important person in his life, his wife.

I think the people who watch Arthur Godfrey on television and listen to him on radio would like to see a picture of his wife.

DELLA SHUPP, San Leandro, Cal.

Fun . . . Or Is It?

EDITOR: In the article How to Have Fun with 100 Million Dollars (May 2d) I wonder how many other readers noticed something missing. Does millionaire Jim West contribute to or support any church? Any orphanage? Any children's home? Any hospital? Any worth-while cause at all?

I agree with writer James Aswell—I feel sorry for this man. Imagine! One

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37½% straight whiskies—62½% grain neutral spirits.

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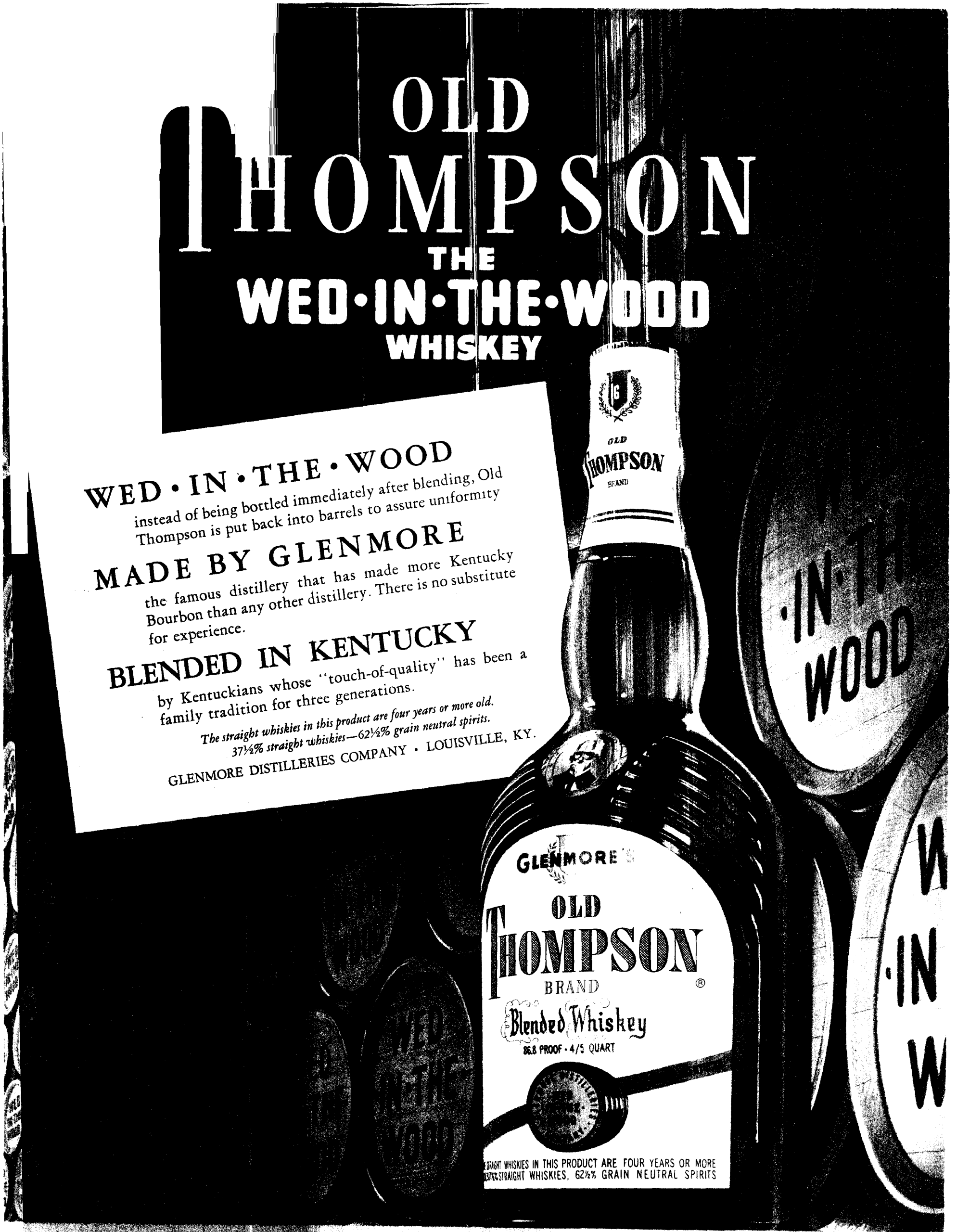

CHANGE TO OLD THOMPSON AND KEEP THE CHANGE

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TRAPPED

The dangerous and wily Bengal Tiger—popular attraction in zoos and circuses—is often caught in traps like this. Ingeniously constructed, these traps protect the hunter without harming the tiger.

AC *Aluvac* Is The Best Trap for Dangerous Engine Oil Dirt

Another trap—just as ingenious—just as efficient—is your AC *Aluvac* Oil Filter Element—trapper of dangerous dirt, sludge and other impurities in your car's engine oil.

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Be sure to have your filter element changed every 5,000 miles. Be sure it's AC *Aluvac*—the element that pays for itself by retarding engine wear and reducing oil and gas consumption.

Protecting More New Car Engines Than Any Other Brand

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Week's Mail CONTINUED

hundred million dollars to spend on gratifying every whim and impulse—and no *real* reason to live at all.
ELAINE WALDRON, Grand Rapids, Mich.

. . . Hooray for Jim West! He not only acts as he pleases, but he can afford to. I for one would add his name to my list of people I would most like to meet.

If the people of Texas are afraid he might be "classified as typical," then tell him for me to come to Nebraska, where people are cordial, broad-minded and not jealous.
MRS. HAROLD JOHNSON, Fremont, Nebr.

. . . The story about the one hundred million was very entertaining, but I regret to say that I just can't go along with the writer on the pitying. I envy the millions and Mr. West, in a nice way though, and offer a salute to Silver Dollar Jim for being a nondrinker.

Long may he wave his six-shooter!
JUSTINE CARTER HUELSHOFF, Arcata, Cal.

. . . Houstonians may well be reticent concerning publicity of their foolish and eccentric millionaires and multimillionaires. After reading James Aswell's article I marvel at the fact that an individual with so much money could be so juvenile with the spending of it. I am amazed that the Houston Police Department would permit a private citizen to throw his weight around to such an extent—Texas Ranger badge, guns, telephones, etc.

But even more discouraging is the fact that this type of material provides excellent ammunition for Communistic propaganda detrimental to this nation.
REV. RAY E. BIGGERS, Peshtigo, Wis.

. . . After seeing the article about Texan Jim West, I swear never again to be disgusted with whatever fantastic tales I read of Indian maharajas—those poor simple fellows.
JERRY MILLER, Tampa, Fla.

Satisfied Subscriber

EDITOR: Congratulations to all the Collier's staff for a publication which has never failed to offer the highest quality of editorials, special features, humor and fiction. Special mention also to old 48. He's plenty okay.

I have enjoyed your magazine for the past 25 years. I wish it were more, but that's about when I learned to read.

It is my studied opinion that this magazine, with its printed ideals and ideas, contributes a great deal toward better understanding, better conditions, and better entertainment for the American people.
WM. C. HOLT, Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir, We Thank You

EDITOR: Collier's is a model for all magazines. Just thought someone there would like to know.
SIGMUND YASZEWSKI, Bethlehem, Pa.

Unauthorized Strikes

EDITOR: I have long appreciated the last page of your magazine, and would like to express my particular appreciation of the editorial Costing His Pals Their Pay (May 2d).

I would like to add that the one-man picket line may well be shortening the life expectancy of his son or the sons of his pals, when one considers such vital material as steel or jet engines and their very probable effect on the readiness and combat potential of our, and our allies', armed forces.
LT. COL. R. W. ETTER, USAF, Norfolk, Va.

. . . In the May 2d issue of Collier's there appeared an editorial on the state of Virginia's misnamed Right to Work statute.

Do you also feel that a worker should be forced to accept the benefits that the unions have won for their members, or should the nonunion worker refuse to participate in retirement plans, paid vacations, sick leaves, health insurance, seniority rights and so on?

I think that if a man doesn't want to work in a union shop, he can always quit and go to work somewhere else. If he works in a union shop and doesn't belong to the union, he should not be allowed to participate in union benefits.
WENDELL W. YOUNG, Tulsa, Okla.

Collier's editorial dealt with unauthorized, not union-authorized, strikes.

New High Brass

EDITOR: Those of us who know Julia Hamblet, the Marines' first lady, send a "well done" to you and Ruth Orkin (New Top Lady of the Marines, April 25th). She is truly a lady and a Marine—a delightful combination.

The Pearl Harbor Waves, both former and present, join me in our wish for her every success.
ELSIE OSBORNE BARRETT, Lieutenant, USNR (Inactive), Annapolis, Md.

The Marines' first lady is shown here putting on the eagles that denote her full colonelcy, a rank which she attained after Ruth Orkin's story was written

Upbeat From Mr. Bliven

EDITOR: I was surprised and flattered to see that in the April 11th issue of Collier's the whole editorial page was devoted to answering my somewhat downbeat views on space travel (It Just Ain't Practical). I certainly hope that Collier's is right in its optimism and that I am wrong in my pessimism about the possibility of space travel in the foreseeable future.
BRUCE BLIVEN, New York, N.Y.

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SERVEL—WORLD'S FIRST AND ONLY REFRIGERATOR THAT—

Makes ice cubes without trays

and puts 'em in a basket...

All Automatically!

NO TRAYS TO FILL OR SPILL!
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Just reach in! Help yourself to cubes—one at a time or by the handful!

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Greatest refrigerator *value* in years! You get a self-defrosting refrigerator...an 80-lb. freezer...and Servel's new Automatic Ice-Maker! *Plus* features like Butter Keeper ...Door Shelves...Cheese Chest...Removable Egg Nests...Adjustable Shelves ...Step-Saver Handles...and many more! All backed by the longest, strongest Warranty you'll find!

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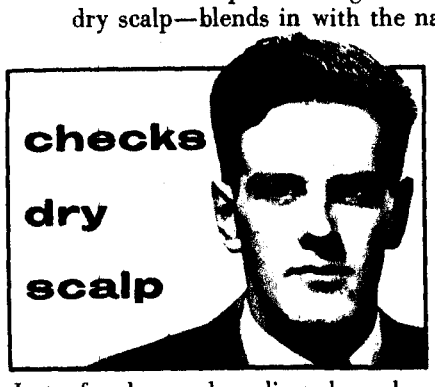
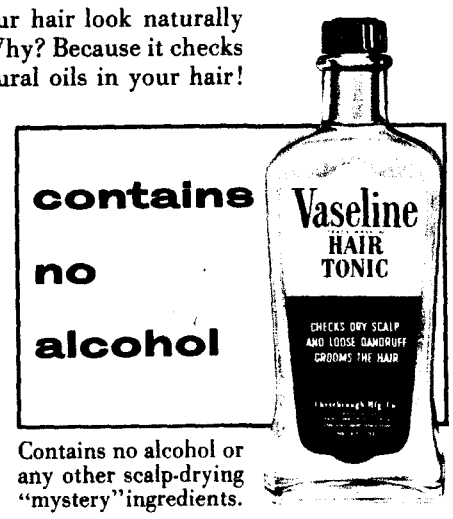
Keeps hair naturally well-groomed!

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic makes your hair look naturally neat—and keeps it looking neat! Why? Because it checks dry scalp—blends in with the natural oils in your hair!



Just a few drops a day relieves loose dandruff . . . tames unruly hair that so often accompanies a dry, **oil-starved** scalp.



Contains no alcohol or any other scalp-drying "mystery" ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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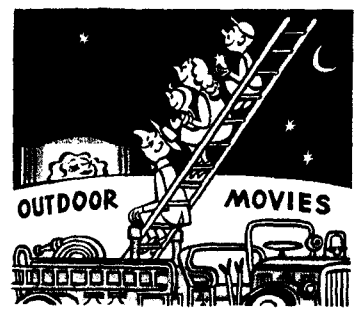
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We warned the Atomic Energy Commission some time ago that the frequent blasts on the Yucca Flat in Nevada inevitably would bore the populace. Now a lady in Las Vegas wires: "Life here getting duller and duller. Haven't had a window atomized all morning."

★ ★ ★

Motel managers are hereby warned to be calm if they see a fire engine or two arriving. Occupants may be merely tourists seeking quarters for the night.



Reason: Syracuse, New York, is offering three pumpers for sale. Also an engine equipped with a 75-foot aerial ladder. Very handy at outdoor movies.

★ ★ ★

Half an hour after a Los Angeles shop hung out a sign reading: Girls Ready to Wear Clothes, some fresh guy added in pencil: It's About Time.

★ ★ ★

Friends of ours were invited to a cocktail party in Boston by parents of a baby born 9 months before. Cause for celebration: Baby's first tooth. "Do come early," said the baby's mother, "and see me give it its first brushing."

★ ★ ★

One of a pair of ladies boarding a plane in Chicago approached the hostess and asked whether this one traveled faster than sound. Hostess said no. "Good," said the lady. "My friend here and I want to talk."

★ ★ ★

Celestine Sibley of the Atlanta Constitution writes us that she dropped in at the Social Security office and heard the interviewer ask an applicant (a widow) whether she had had a "ceremonial marriage." Replied the widow: "No, ma'am. Just common sense."

★ ★ ★

Florist's truck seen in Campbellsville, Kentucky, bearing sign: "Drive Carefully. Next Load May Be Yours."

★ ★ ★

Just in case you are thinking of sending an item or two to the Tribune-Democrat of Benton, Kentucky, never mind such trifles as whom you had dinner with. "But," the editor advises, "if anyone has died, eloped, married, divorced, left town, absconded, embezzled, had a fire, made good, had a baby, built a barn, been arrested, broken his leg, cracked a safe, had his still blown up, gone to the hospital—this is news and we want it."

★ ★ ★

In Minneapolis, recently, a young lady of thirteen from Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, an earnest believer in putting first things first, had just been crowned Upper Midwest champion speller. Prize: a trip to Washington and a visit with the President. "Meeting the President," she said calmly, "will be the greatest thrill of my life." Then, after a thoughtful pause: "Next to winning the spelling bee, of course."

★ ★ ★

With a certain amount of reluctance, we take the word of Mr. Brint Cashaway that two painfully battered gentlemen were in a Tulsa, Oklahoma, court telling it to the judge. Said the latter: "Why don't you two fellows settle your differences out of court?" Said the one before him who was able to speak: "What do you think we were doing, Your Honor, when the cops arrived?"

★ ★ ★

For some reason that's not too clear, Mr. Tully McFarland says a tourist asked the filling-station operator in Biddeford, Maine, whether it was true that down East two could live as cheaply as one. Operator said he guessed so if one was a vegetarian and the other a nudist on a strict diet. No guarantee with this story. We've known Mr. McFarland a long time.

★ ★ ★

Lady in Wichita, Kansas, applying for a marriage license gave the same name as her prospective husband. No, not related, she explained. Just decided to take his name a few days in advance so she would get used to it.

★ ★ ★

If you are contemplating a touring vacation, don't forget to take a ruler or a tape measure with you. No telling when you may see the eyes and snout of an alligator poking out of the water. Naturally you'll want to know right away how long he is. You'll want to tell the neighbors when you get back home. All you have to do is measure carefully the distance between the creature's eyes

IRWIN CAPLAN

and nostrils and for every inch there translate it as one foot of body length. This data from Mr. Ray Schneider, of St. Paul, Minnesota. ▲▲▲

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SUITCASE ROCK

U. S. Oilmen Drilled 17,714 Dry Holes in 1952— Yet Found More Oil Than The Nation Used

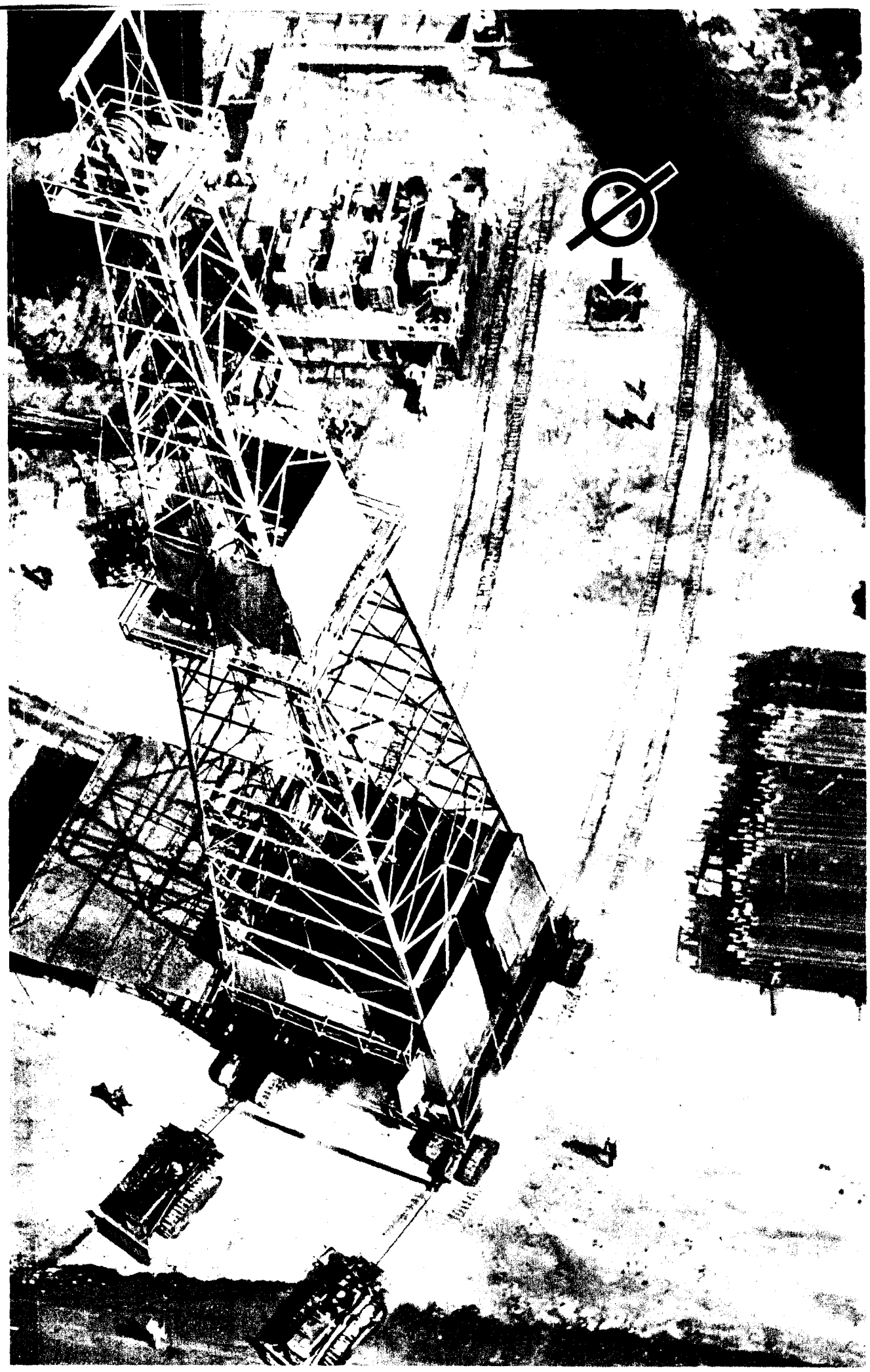
Oilmen call it "suitcase rock," because when they hit it they know there's no chance of finding oil with this particular well. They have drilled a dry hole and might as well pack up and move on.

Last year, during the greatest oil search in history, oilmen spent huge sums in drilling 17,714 dry holes. Yet, by expanding known fields and exploring entirely new wildcat areas, they found more oil in the U.S. than the nation used.

To find this amount of oil involves risks unparalleled in any other business. Can you imagine a businessman who has to build *nine* factories before he gets *one* that produces goods? Of course not. But that's what the men who drill for oil must do because the odds against bringing in a successful oil well in a promising but unproven area are 8 to 1—*eight costly dry holes for every single producer.*

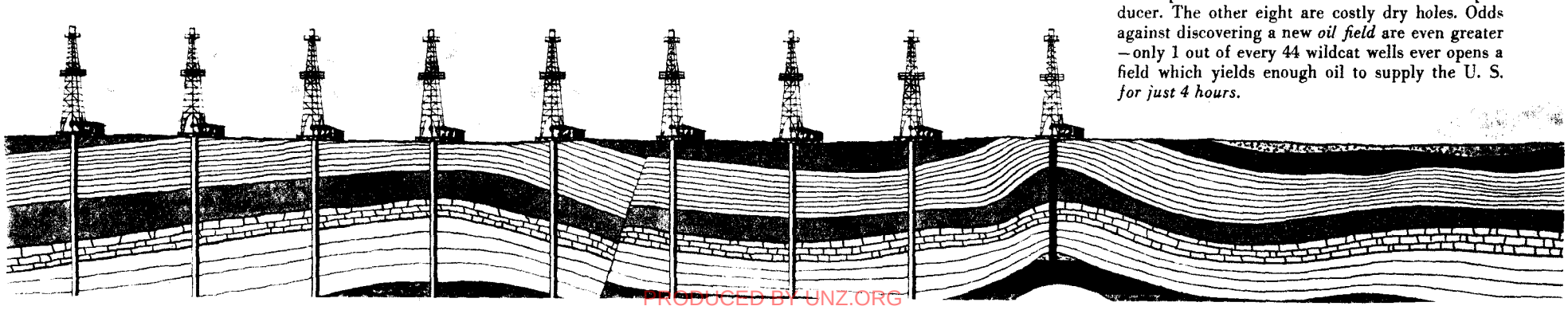
Yet, year after year, America's privately-managed oil businesses find more oil in the U. S. than America uses. As long as the chance to earn a profit exists, the men who compete in the search for oil will invest money, plow back earnings and take risks to assure you of ample oil supplies.

For a free booklet, "Searching for Oil—The Gamble That Pays Off For You," write to the Oil Industry Information Committee, American Petroleum Institute, Box 114, 50 West 50th St., New York 20, N. Y.



"SUITCASE ROCK" MEANS MOVE ON and try again. These oilmen have just drilled a dry hole (⌀ *marks the spot)* in West Texas. But they won't quit. This photograph, taken from a Bell Helicopter, shows them "skidding" their rig to a new location where they'll try again. This persistence in the face of big risks is one important reason why America's oilmen continue to find more oil than the nation uses.

WHY SEARCHING FOR OIL IS SUCH A RISKY BUSINESS



Only 1 out of every 9 wells drilled in a promising but unproven area ever turns out to be an oil producer. The other eight are costly dry holes. Odds against discovering a new *oil field* are even greater —only 1 out of every 44 wildcat wells ever opens a field which yields enough oil to supply the U. S. *for just 4 hours.*

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Tie them together

with this livelier catsup

Del Monte BRAND Catsup

the only catsup made with

Pineapple Vinegar

the superlative vinegar that brings out the best in catsup flavor

A flavor link with a vim and vigor you'll like...that's DEL MONTE Catsup!

And there's one *good* reason for it. *Only* DEL MONTE Catsup is made with sparkling Pineapple Vinegar to bring out the best in plump, ripe tomatoes and fine spices.

Try livelier DEL MONTE Brand Catsup. It costs so little and adds so much.

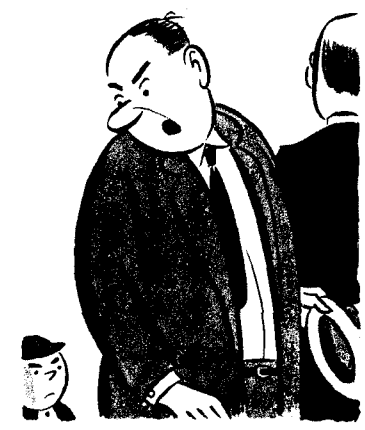
You'll like the handy screw top—easier to open, a cinch to close.

your favorite brand for flavor
makes a marvelous catsup

A Bib for Daddy

By DON TOBIN

"And put us at a back table, please. Small boy, you know"



"Now I want you to behave!"

"Don't argue. Put on that bib"

"We're awfully sorry, but you know little boys will be boys"

"Watch it! You're spilling!"

"Don't play with the sugar!"

"No, no, not on your head!"

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A pale golden gin of rare mellowness and superb bouquet made by an original and unique method, the first pale golden gin of its kind ever made in America.
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Chairman, Committee on Finance and Technological Progress, General Mills, Minneapolis.

LLOYD D. BRACE
President, First National Bank of Boston.

VANNEVAR BUSH
President, Carnegie Institution of Washington.

CLEO F. CRAIG
President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, New York.

DAVID A. CRAWFORD
Director and formerly President, Pullman, Inc., Chicago.

"The Trust You

A message from the Board of Directors of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

As you used your telephone today, you probably had your mind on other things than the policy of the telephone company. But the principles that guide a business like ours directly affect your telephone service. So they are important to everyone who uses a telephone, as well as to the 1,230,000 people who share ownership of the Bell Telephone System.

We think you will be interested in a message that was sent recently to the share owners of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company by its Board of Directors.

"Each of us considers that he is a trustee for the savings of every individual who has put money in the business. It is our responsibility that the Company shall prosper.

"We are sure that to perform this duty, we must serve the public as well as possible. The Company is a servant of the public. The services it performs are necessary to the people of the United States. They are necessary to the building of our nation and to our

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JOHN L. McCAFFREY
President, International Harvester Company, Chicago.

Have Placed In Us"

national security. Clearly, we occupy a position of great public trust.

"We think it all-important therefore that we furnish the best telephone service it is in our power to provide—a service high in value and steadily improving—at a cost to the user that will always be as low as possible and at the same time keep the business in good financial health.

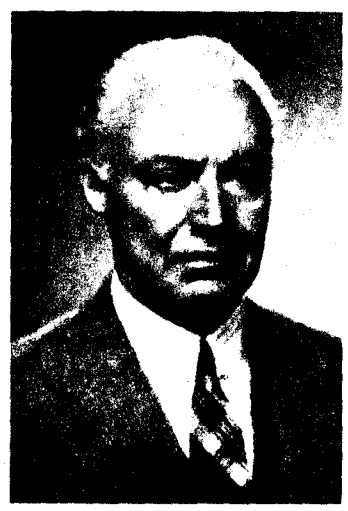
"The success of the business depends on the people in it. To serve well and prosper the Company must attract and keep capable employees. They must be well paid and have opportunity to advance in accordance with ability. And we must continually develop first-rate leaders for the future.

"Finally, it seems to us that it is always our duty to act for the long run. Sound financing, good earnings, reasonable and regular dividends—these are all long-term projects.

"So is our continual research to find better means for giving better telephone service. So is the building of the human organization and character on which good service depends. So is the training of leaders. In all our undertakings, the long view is essential.

"This is the way we understand the trust you have placed in us. It is a trust that deserves, and will continue to receive, the most painstaking care we can give it."

MYRON C. TAYLOR
Formerly Chairman of the Board, United States Steel Corporation, New York.



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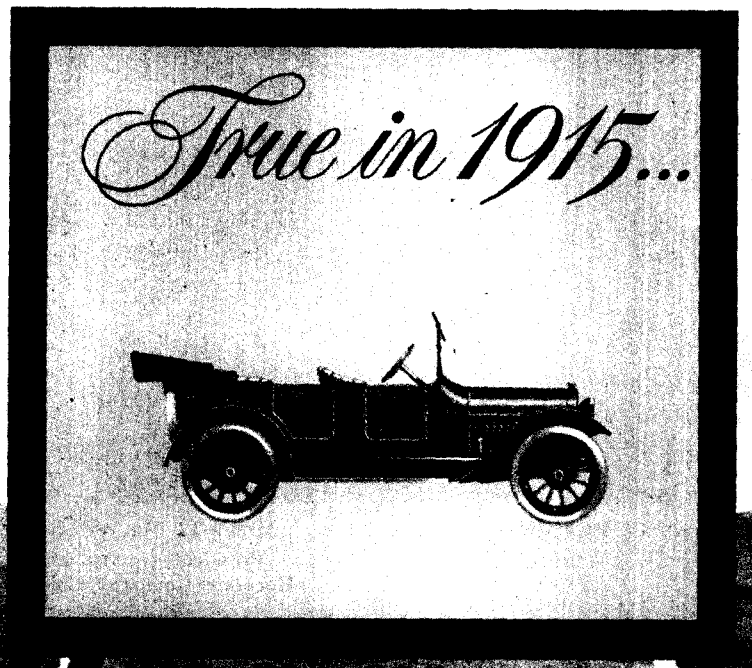
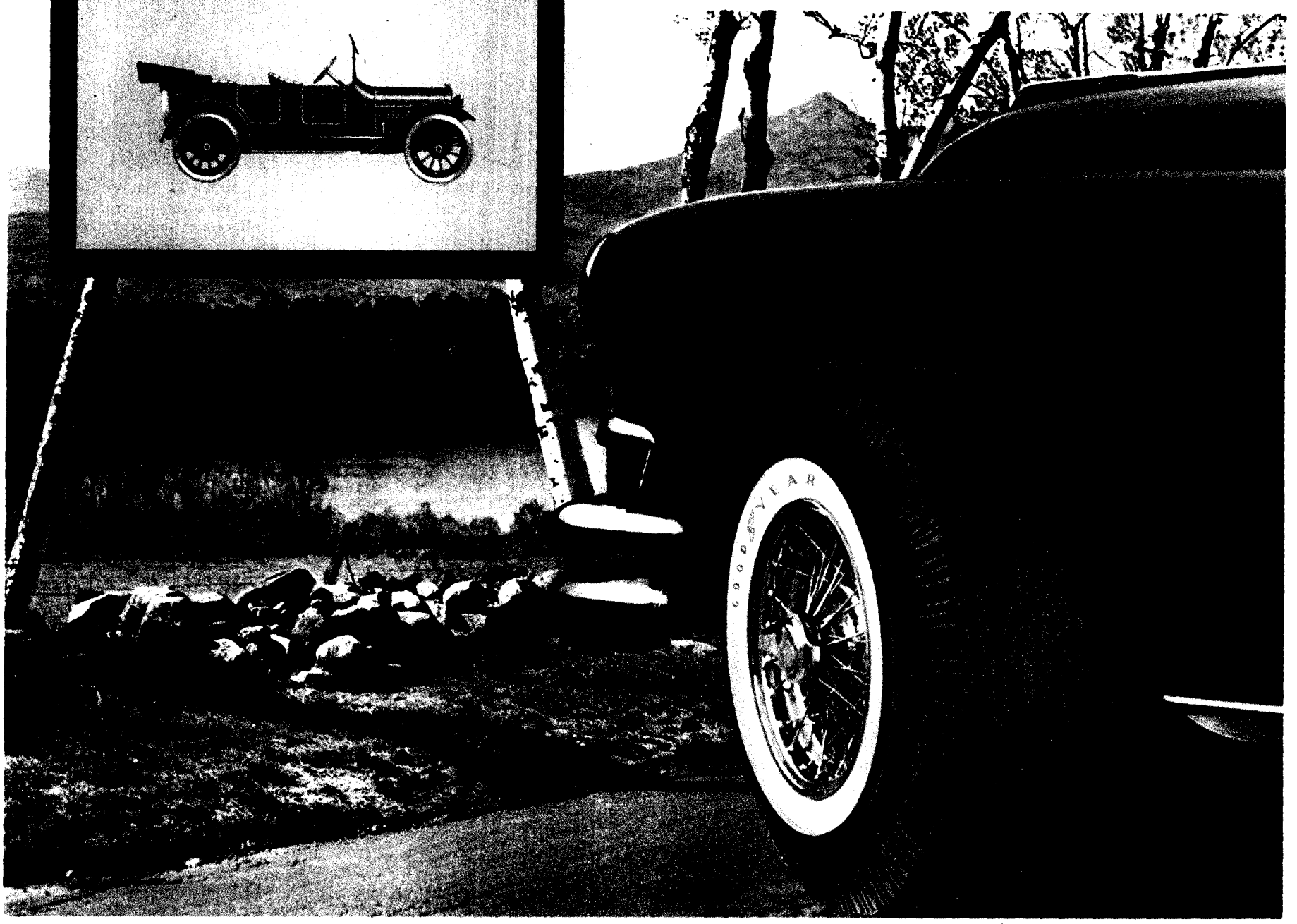


...still true in 1953



Why is it true that you find more Goodyear De Luxe Super-Cushions on the new cars than any other tire?

Not by chance, certainly, for car makers don't *trust* to chance.

These men, who really *know* tires, pick De Luxe Super-Cushions for just *one* reason. Their *experience,* and literally *millions* of miles of *testing* repeatedly prove that Goodyear Super-Cushion Tires will give the kind of mile-after-mile, year-after-year performance they . . . and *you* . . . demand. That's expert recommendation that *really means* something.

Why do car owners *buy* more De Luxe Super-Cushions than any other low-pressure tire?

For exactly the same reason. Practical experience in everyday driving confirms the judgment of the experts. This is the tire that gives the most perfectly balanced combination of comfort, safety and mileage. That, naturally, is why it has been true for 38 consecutive years . . . more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind. Could you ask for a more *convincing* testimonial of performance? Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

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The natives' shoulders tipped back and forth. The drumbeat grew faster. Then Wilson waved his hat, and they screamed with joy

White Hunter, Black Heart

By PETER VIERTEL

John Wilson had become a violent and ruthless man. Now he was obsessed with a crazy urge to kill—to kill the greatest beast in the jungle—and perhaps destroy himself

John Wilson is a man of limitless energy, determination and creative artistry. His reputation as a motion-picture director is tremendous. As a human being, he is unsuccessful—selfish, cynical, loveless and cruel. His projects are destined for great success or doomed to spectacular failure: for him, there is no middle ground, no mediocrity.

White Hunter, Black Heart is the story of the filming of a movie. It is also the story of Wilson's growing compulsion to destroy, at any cost, a creature nobler than himself. It is the story of a great talent gone haywire.

Peter Viertel, the author, worked with John Huston on The African Queen in the Congo in 1951. His novel, of which this story is the final section, will be published soon by Doubleday & Company.

THE wind blew gently toward us as we stood there in the truck, straining our eyes, and with it came a strange, musty smell, reminiscent of the smell of the circus, only wilder, heavier; and then all at once there was the sound of trumpeting. The natives stood in back of us, muttering and staring out ahead in the direction in which Hodkins, our pilot, had pointed. Then we all saw them, the huge gray bodies, moving slowly and majestically through the trees. They were going off to our right, and as we stood there they seemed to be passing in front of us in a continuous caravan. They moved very slowly and yet steadily, and with an overwhelming security, like battleships moving out of harbor, more indestructible than anything alive had ever looked to me.

They were unlike all other game; there was no question of flight, of fear, which was what had always been immediately apparent with antelope, or bush pig. It would come, of course, once they saw us or were fired on, but there was no question of fear as yet. They looked as if *they* belonged on this earth and the earth belonged to them. They made us look like intruders, like perverse creatures from another planet, ugly and ill-formed and without dignity.

"Well, for God's sake," John Wilson whispered.

For the first time I felt that these, his usual words of greeting, were well chosen. The elephants had something to do with God, with the miracle of

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For an instant I caught sight of Wilson and Ogilvy. They were in the center of the herd, incredibly close to one of the bull

creation. They made you feel that you were passing into another age, into a world that no longer existed. They transmitted not so much the idea of jungle and wilderness as the feeling of unconquerable time.

"There are more than thirty of them," Hodkins whispered. "Cows and their babies, and a few males."

He gave me his binoculars. Now I could see their huge sagging bodies, which seemed to be draped in long gray robes, as they ambled slowly among the miniature trees. The full-grown elephants had large black areas around their eyes, like the liverish skin on an old man's face, and they walked with an old man's gait, no longer in a hurry for anything. I lowered the glasses and saw Wilson jumping down from the truck. Delville, the game warden, was already on the ground, standing next to Kivu, our native tracker.

Wilson stared up at me. "You ready, Pete?" he said.

I shook my head. "The three of you are plenty," I said. "Go ahead."

He seemed amazed at my answer. "You're not coming?" he said.

"No, John. Go ahead."

He moved closer to the truck. "Listen," he said, "I've never given you much advice, I've never tried to force you to do anything you didn't want to do, but this time it's different. I'm telling you, you should come. I urge you to, as a friend—"

"Go ahead, John. I'll wait here."

It was neither the time nor the place to tell him that my reaction to the incident back on the road at noon had been more than momentary anger. Wilson had shot at a sleeping doe from the truck, and though the doe had gotten away alive, our friendship had not been so fortunate. Wilson had somehow twisted my anger with him and revulsion against hunting in general into a question of my bravery. He had done this so cleverly that I *did* doubt my courage.

Now he said, "You're going to regret this as long as you can remember it."

"I told you before I didn't want to shoot an elephant, John."

He shook his head. "That isn't what I mean. If you don't come along now, it'll be because you want to play it safe, because you're scared and you know it."

"Well, I'll have to live with that, I guess."

Wilson turned and motioned to Kivu to lead the way.

Hodkins and I stood watching them go, the three small figures moving after their enormous prey. They looked evil and inconsequential and undignified, and yet I knew they were brave. Despite the

ILLUSTRATED BY LYND WARD

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The elephants were starting to move in all directions, their trunks high in the air, searching for the danger among them

high-powered rifles they carried, they looked to be no match for the vast creatures that they were setting out to kill.

"There's probably a stream up there," Hodkins whispered. "The family's been taking their evening bath."

He gave me the glasses once more. I could see several of the baby elephants hurrying after their parents, and then suddenly an even more enormous shape appeared from behind a large bush. He looked and moved like the pride of the herd. His long, curving tusks reached down to within an inch of the ground. Kivu and the others saw him too, and they rushed forward excitedly. The elephant's ears moved slowly outward, then flapped back along his head again.

"The wind's blowing the right way," Hodkins said. "They should be able to approach quite easily."

"What about us?" I asked. "Shall we follow them on foot?"

Hodkins looked doubtful. "I think unless you've got a big rifle in your hand, it's better to stay here near that big tree."

"It's going to be crowded," I said. Two or three of the boys were already starting to climb it. The driver was hurrying toward it now. He looked back for a moment at his truck, but his sense of self-preservation won out quickly over his sense of duty.

We stood on the abandoned truck, watching the hunters' approach. Kivu moved quickly and steadily, cutting across the path of the elephants. The two white men followed him, kneeling down occasionally in the grass and peering out at the game.

"They've got to hurry," Hodkins said. "There's about fifteen minutes of daylight left."

Despite the slow gait of the animals, they were covering a lot of ground. Very soon they were barely visible. Wilson and his two companions had completely disappeared.

"We'd better follow after them," Hodkins said. "Don't want to let them get too far away, or we'll lose them."

He climbed down and got into the cab of the truck. The starter ground away slowly and the engine failed to respond. He got out and walked over to the tree where the boys had taken refuge. I could hear him talking to them. Then he came back. "They've got to crank the bloody thing," he said. "Never get it started otherwise."

"They don't want to come, do they?"

"We'll give them a few more minutes. They want to wait until someone fires."

Although we waited tensely for it, there was no sound of a shot. It was dark now. We could still make out the shapes of *(Continued on page 32)*

WHITE HUNTER, BLACK HEART COPYRIGHT 1953 BY PETER VIERTEL

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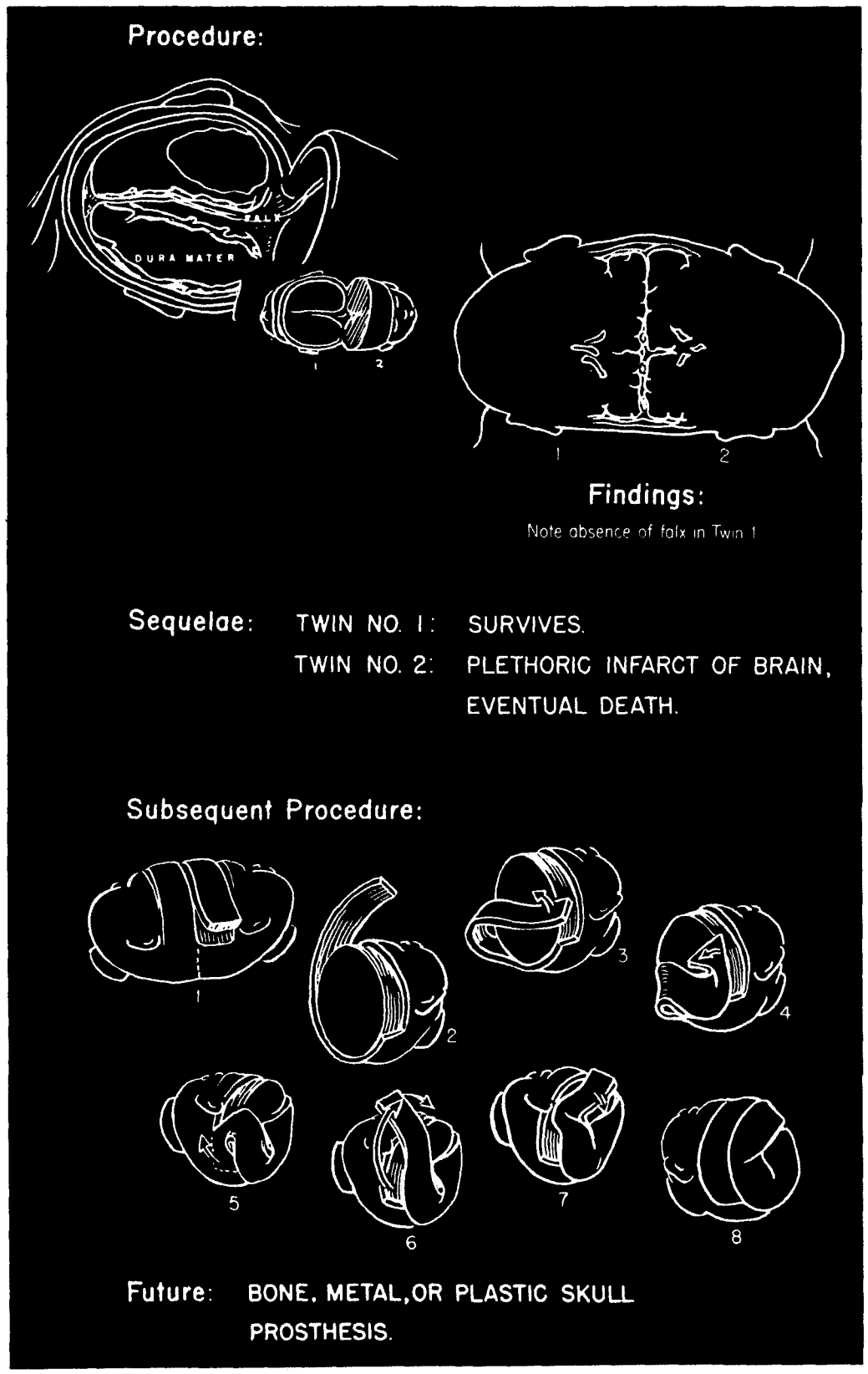
RODNEY BRODIE—*Happy*

A sympathetic nation joined the parents in prayer. Never in history had doctors been able to separate Siamese twins joined at the head. Medically, the surgery was a success—both tots came out alive. Now Collier's tells the full, miraculous story of the surviving twin



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

University of Illinois chart depicts major medical steps. Top: in examinations, doctors suspected that one twin (Roger) probably would have to die. Bottom: after separation, doctors used skin flap they previously had grafted above Rodney's ear to cover his head

By BILL FAY

RODNEY BRODIE had the time of his young life when two Collier's photographers took his picture at the University of Illinois medical center in Chicago last month. Rodney, only twenty months old, was all dressed up for the occasion. He wore a baseball suit and a blue Chicago Cubs baseball cap which was at least four sizes too big for him.

While the photographers, George Emme and John Mendicino, were fussing with the lighting equipment, Rodney bounced around in his baby tender and played with one of his favorite toys—a rubber lamb which squeaked every time he squeezed its stomach. Finally, Rodney shoved the lamb toward Mendicino.

"Hi,' said Rodney.

"Hi," said Mendicino, squeezing the lamb. The lamb squeaked—and Rodney laughed.

After that, Rodney and the photographers were pals. Rodney blinked when the first flash bulb went off, but he wasn't frightened. He played happily in his baby tender for almost half an hour while Emme and Mendicino were snapping the pictures illustrating this article.

He acted, in short, like a normal baby. And that's wonderful news for the millions of people who have been worried about him for so many months. Not long ago, it seemed very doubtful that he would live—or, if he lived, that he would ever live normally.

The photographs on these pages are the first taken of Rodney Brodie since he was separated by surgery from his brother Roger in a dramatic 12-hour-and-40-minute operation last December 17th. Rodney and Roger were Siamese twins, joined at the head. Only twice before in medical history had the separation of such so-called craniopagus twins been attempted—and both times the twins died.

The Brodie twins survived this delicate and intricate operation, thanks to a modern medical miracle performed by a University of Illinois team which included four neurosurgeons, three plastic surgeons, three anesthesiologists, two pediatricians, and five nurses. The operation, which started at 7:50 in the morning and ended at 8:30 in the evening, is believed to be the longest ever performed on infants.

The Losing Battle for Survival

One half hour after the surgery, Rodney and Roger slept in separate cribs for the first time. That same night, Roger lapsed into a deep coma. He lived for more than a month without regaining consciousness and died on January 20th.

By a strange quirk of medical fate, Rodney, the smaller of the twins, recovered rapidly. Between January and March, he underwent a series of five operations which completely covered the exposed areas on the top of his head with grafted skin.

When these pictures were taken a few weeks ago, Rodney was playing happily with his toys and saying "Hi" and "Night-night" to the nurses.

Commenting on the youngster's remarkable progress, C. Lincoln Williston, director of public information at the University of Illinois medical center, said: "There is no evidence that Rodney's mental capacity has been ad-

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and Healthy at 20 Months

First color photograph of Rodney Brodie finds him a sparkling-eyed youngster rooting for his dad's favorite ball club, the Chicago Cubs

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN MENDICINO AND GEORGE EMME

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The doctors' first consideration was to save his life; then to protect his brain

Rodney depends on nurse Margaret Florence for solace. His parents visit him twice monthly

versely affected by the operation. He is alert, *playful and responsive.*

"When the child recovers fully from his recent operation, he will undergo surgery again. Eventually, some supporting structure must be placed beneath the grafted skin now covering his brain. It might be a bone graft or perhaps a plastic or metal substance. This structure will give Rodney's brain the protection it lacks now."

He Sulks When Offered Bananas

Nurse Margaret Florence, who has been attending Rodney for the last five months, says the little fellow has a mind of his own. "He's got a healthy appetite, and he'll eat almost anything—except bananas; if we try to give him a mashed banana, he sulks a little. But he brightens up again if somebody hums Singin' in the Rain. That's his favorite tune."

How about his appearance? Will the scars of his ordeal on the operating table follow him through life? Nobody knows for sure; in fact, the doctors haven't had much time to think about it. Their first consideration was to save his life. Their next has been to protect his brain. Later, they'll concentrate on his appearance—and they're pretty hopeful.

The inspiring story of Rodney Brodie's recovery might well be described as a triumph of parental faith and medical science. The twins were born September 16, 1951, at St. Anthony's Hospital in Rock Island, Illinois. At the time, Royt Brodie, their father, was running a farm in East Moline (the Brodies have since moved to Ferris, Illinois, and Royt is working for a lumber company in nearby Carthage). Several days after her babies came, Mrs. Marjorie Brodie said:

"There is no doubt in our minds about wanting the twins separated. We owe it to the boys to give them a chance to lead normal lives.

"If separation is not possible, however," she added, "we will take them home and give them all the love and attention we can possibly give them for the rest of our lives."

At birth, the twins weighed a total of 11 pounds and 12 ounces. Roger was 18 inches long, Rodney 17¾ inches. Dr. Samuel P. Durr, the attending physician, determined that the twins' bodily functions were separate and independent. Sometimes one would fall asleep while the other was sucking on a bottle. Dr. Durr reported that the general condition of the Brodie twins was essentially normal but he advised against any attempt to separate them too soon.

To the Hospital for Observation

On October 31st, Mrs. Brodie's parents drove Royt and Marjorie to Chicago to place their six-weeks-old sons in the University of Illinois Research and Educational hospital for observation. The twins—heavily wrapped in blankets—made the 180-mile trip resting comfortably on the back seat of the automobile.

During the next 13 months, the university's medical staff carried on exhaustive tests to see whether the twins could be separated with a reasonable hope of survival. The examining physicians were primarily interested in two questions: Did the twins have separate brains? Did they have separate blood supplies?

A group of neurosurgeons, headed by Dr. Oscar Sugar, determined that the twins had separate brains by making use of an instrument called the electroencephalograph and diagnostic procedures known as pneumoencephalography and arteriography. The electroencephalograph, an instrument for measuring brain waves in terms of electrical activity, strongly indicated that the two brains could be separated.

However, diagnosis by pneumoencephalography was more complicated. The neurosurgeons

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pumped air into the tiny spaces in the coverings of the Brodie twins' brains, so that they could obtain X-ray pictures of the brain outlines; and the X rays revealed that the twins' brains were separate and distinct.

Similarly, the neurosurgeons traced the flow of blood through the twins' arteries by injecting an opaque substance into their blood streams. This diagnosis by arteriography showed that the boys had independent arterial networks.

"However," a hospital spokesman pointed out recently, "this information was not quite complete. It's true we discovered the twins possessed separate arterial systems which carried blood from their hearts to their brains, but we couldn't get definite information on how the blood returned to their veins.

"All the blood which is pumped to the human brain through arteries must return to the heart through veins. The big vessel which carries about 80 per cent of this return flow is called the superior sagittal sinus. In preliminary studies of the Brodie twins' joined heads, our neurosurgeons were able to find *only one* superior sagittal sinus.

"That meant that the surgeons were faced with a probable life-or-death decision. If it was true that only one sagittal sinus was serving both boys, it could be given to only one of the twins in the operation. The boy who received the sagittal sinus probably would live; his brother would almost certainly die."

While carrying on the Brodie twin tests, the doctors also obtained information on the only two recorded previous attempts to separate head-joined Siamese twins.

The first was made on twin boys in Brazil several weeks after their birth in 1949. They died before separation could be completed.

Girl Twins Could Not Be Separated

The second attempt was made on twin girls, seven months old, in Tasmania in 1950, but an exploratory operation revealed that separation was impossible. The girls died a few weeks later.

The separation of the Brodie twins was preceded by a series of minor plastic operations, and culminated in two major surgical efforts. In May, 1952, when the twins were eight months old, they underwent the first of four plastic operations designed to provide a natural covering of skin for their brains, when and if separation was attempted. During these preliminary operations, skin flaps measuring 12 inches long and 3½ inches wide were prepared from the scalps of the two boys.

"These skin flaps," a doctor explained recently, "were attached to the scalps just above and behind the boys' left ears. We planned to use these flaps as a covering for their skulls."

On November 26th, a seven-hour operation was performed, during which part of the separation was accomplished.

The big day was December 17th.

"We had been at work about two hours," an attending physician said later, "when Dr. Sugar, the head neurosurgeon, discovered that our worst fears were fully justified. There was *only one sagittal sinus*. In addition, the twins' dura maters were pasted together like two pieces of paper and could not be separated. The dura mater is one of the thin membranes covering the brain. The blood vessels which drained blood from the twins' brains to their hearts passed through these fused dura maters. The big question was: Which of the two boys had the vital dura mater and that all-important sagittal sinus?

"As the operation progressed, we found that the sagittal sinus was more firmly embedded within Rodney's brain area. The only possible choice was to leave the sagittal sinus—and the inseparable dura maters containing other important blood vessels—with Rodney."

When the lengthy operation was completed, the doctors believed Rodney would live, but there was virtually no hope for Roger. "Of course," a doctor commented, "there was a remote possibility that nature, which had cheated Roger of the sagittal sinus, might develop a detour network of blood vessels capable of draining blood from his brain back down to his heart. Unfortunately, it didn't happen that way. Roger fell into a coma and eventually died because his brain became a dead end for his blood circulation."

Sleep Controlled During Operation

Throughout the operation, a group of anesthesiologists, headed by Dr. Max S. Sadove, skillfully administered a mixture of gases and drugs which kept the twins in a sleep just sound enough to prevent any abrupt movements which might have jarred the surgeon's scalpel.

A dose of tribromoethanol put the twins into a light, natural sleep before they were brought into the operating room. Next, the doctors administered nitrous oxide—popularly known as laughing gas—to produce a surgical anesthesia resembling deep sleep.

The doctors also inserted a tube into the windpipe of each twin. These tubes kept the air passages clear and made certain that any change in the twins' head positions would not choke off their air supply. The tubes were measured to fit the exact diameter of the boys' windpipes. Had the tubes been too thick, the windpipe walls would have swollen and perhaps suffered permanent damage. If the tubes had been too narrow, secretions trickling into the lungs might have caused pneumonia.

During the 760 minutes of surgery, the anesthesiologists evaluated the meaning of literally every breath the Brodie twins drew. Whenever either child showed signs of emerging from deep sleep, the doctors administered nitrous oxide or trichlorethylene.

Once the neurosurgeons and anesthesiologists had completed the surgical separation of the twins, a team of pediatricians, headed by Dr. Herbert Grossman, took over the complex task of preventing bacteria from causing a fatal infection in the exposed areas of the two brains. You can get an idea of the problem from the fact that a single microbe can produce 16,000,000 descendants in eight hours under ideal conditions.

During the three-month period between the separation of the twins and the plastic operation which finally covered Rodney's head with grafted skin, Dr. Grossman employed virtually every known antibiotic miracle drug in a successful effort to knock out the bacterial infections that were threatening Rodney's life.

Effective Use of "Miracle Drugs"

"Weaker bacteria usually die off," commented a pediatrician attending Rodney, "but the survivors breed hardier descendants possessing a resistance to particular drugs. Penicillin, one of the first miracle drugs, has little or no deterrent effect on certain types of bacteria, for example.

"In the Brodie case, we frequently used two or more so-called miracle drugs simultaneously, figuring that any germ which resisted one drug would succumb to another. By constantly switching combinations of drugs, we were able to keep the bacterial threat in check."

The climactic chapter in the inspiring story of Rodney Brodie has yet to be written. Every alternate Sunday for the last 18 months, Royt and Marjorie Brodie have made the 275-mile trip from Ferris to Chicago to visit their son. The ride to Chicago is lonely, the ride home lonelier still.

One of these Sundays, perhaps later this year, the Brodies may have company on the long drive home: a son whose future is bright with the promise of a happy and healthy life. ▲▲▲

A responsive youngster, Rodney now acts and meditates like other little boys his age . . .

. . . Curious about visitors, he was won over when photographer squeezed a toy lamb . . .

. . . And like all boys, Rodney can be stubborn. Here, he definitely doesn't want any bananas

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TRACY SUGARMAN

Sitting on the steps were some boys; and they were singing—very softly—sad, slow songs

A Private Night

By WALTER MALDAY

ALL Frances could see of Rome from her window in the *pensione* was a blank wall. She was lucky to get even this room on such short notice; still, her first—and only—night in the city, she wished she were looking at something else: a romantic square, a fountain, a garden.

What she really wanted, she told herself, was an adventure. Of course, things had happened to her on this European trip; there was the time she lost her gloves in Stratford; there was the funny taxi driver in Paris and the spilled dinner on the train between Lausanne and Florence. But these were hardly adventures; and they were not really *hers;* they had been shared with her traveling companions, Mrs. Ames and her daughter Charlotte, who was Frances' age: twenty.

Shutting her eyes, Frances imagined herself back home in Carsonville, answering questions about her trip; and she had to imagine Mrs. Ames and Charlotte in the house next door, telling exactly the same stories. It was not a cheering prospect.

"I've got to get out of this room," Frances said to herself. But she remembered all the promises she had had to make to Mrs. Ames before getting permission for this one-day trip to Rome alone. "Now, Frances," her chaperon had said, "I'm only letting you go because I don't think you should be deprived of Rome, just because I have to stay here in Florence and nurse Charlotte. And let Charlotte's illness be a lesson to you: do *not* drink the water. Always ask for mineral water; promise me that."

Frances promised.

"And promise to keep the door of your room locked and not to go out at night. And don't speak to strangers, even if they speak English. The English-speaking kind are the worst; they're sure to be black-marketeers—or worse."

Frances promised again, and Mrs. Ames sent her off to the early-morning train. She had hardly sat down when she heard a voice say in good English: "Going to Rome?"

Preparing her best freezing glance, she looked around. She saw a kindly old monk who, it turned out, was from Akron, Ohio. They had a nice talk all the way to Orvieto, where Father Frederick was getting off. Frances decided this didn't count as an infraction of Mrs. Ames's rules.

As soon as she got off the train, she left her suitcase at the *pensione* (they had telephoned from Florence) and went to the Vatican Museum. At lunch she drank mineral water, though she hated it. In the afternoon, she saw four churches, the Colosseum and the Public Gardens. Then she had dinner, at a table to herself, in the *pensione.*

NOW, she opened her guidebook with distaste, as if it concerned geometry rather than a city that fascinated her, and read listlessly, until one phrase caught her attention: *best seen at sunset, or on clear evenings.* The phrase was a clear summons. Surely, it wouldn't do any harm just to walk around the block. She would come right back in and go to bed. But first she absolutely had to see something of the city at night. "Just around the block," she repeated to herself, running down the two flights of stairs to the street door.

But she had forgotten about blocks in Italy, how delightfully undependable they are. Turning a corner, she found herself in a little square, deserted except for a crowded wineshop, from which she could hear singing; around another corner, she found a dead-end street; so she branched off to the side along a dirty, narrow alley, toward an archway that seemed to lead to another, more crowded street. When she got there, she had the feeling she had seen the street earlier in the day. It must be near the *pensione.* But she had followed it for a while, she knew she was lost.

Once lost, she decided to lose herself completely, so she paid no attention to street signs, to directions; she stopped to look at a pair of ancient columns built into a modern wall and to watch a group of incredibly dirty children playing an incomprehensible game long after what should have been bedtime even for an Italian child.

After a while, she realized it was late. There were fewer people and cars on the streets; lights in windows began to go out. She was walking up a narrow street. When I get to the top of this hill, she thought, I'll hunt a cab and go home.

BUT at the end of the street she stopped, struck by the beauty of what she saw. She was at the top of the Spanish steps, which flowed down like a cascade, gleaming white in the moonlight. And at their foot, in an oddly shaped piazza, there was an even odder fountain, a kind of marble boat full of holes, with water trickling out, making a gurgling undertone that filled the night. Below her, sitting on the steps, were some boys—they looked like German university students—and they were singing, very softly, sad, slow songs that seemed made for this place and this moment.

She didn't realize she was staring until one of the boys waved at her and called out in formal but friendly English: "Would you like to join us?"

Without thinking, she walked down the steps toward them. "How did you know I speak English?" she said.

"We guessed you were an American," the English-speaking boy said, bowing politely and holding out his hand. After one quick handshake, he introduced himself and his friends. "We are on a walking tour," he said. "For a fortnight we have been walking."

"How wonderful," Frances said. Then she realized she was talking to a stranger, an English-speaking stranger. "I'm traveling with friends," she said, thinking that might make them keep their distance.

It didn't. They insisted on her sitting down, and found a song she could sing with them. She didn't know the German words to A Mighty Fortress, but that didn't matter. And even the stately hymn was in keeping with the magic, moonlit night. Then they sang other songs, some of which, like Schubert's Serenade and *Gaudeamus igitur,* she recognized, but mostly strange songs that she liked even more.

As she listened, she looked around again. Above her was a yellowish-orange church and trees, the edge of a garden; at her left a house with an inscription she could just make out that told her that here the poet John Keats had died.

This was her adventure, she realized all at once, this was the perfect evening she had come to Rome for; everything in Rome existed for her; these boys were singing for her.

Behind them the church bell tolled, and other bells from churches all over the city answered.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"It's just midnight," the boy said.

"I have to go," Frances said. "Could you tell me where the *Pensione Dryden* is?"

"It's very near," the boy said. "We'll take you." He explained to the others, and they all got up.

She was too confused to try to stop them. "Thank you," she said.

The church bells stopped when she was at the foot of the steps. She paused for another minute beside the fountain to take a last look around. "Wait a minute," she said. Then she leaned over and drank from the glistening stream; the water tasted wonderful, like some incredible champagne. Then she was ready to go.

They walked the few blocks to her door in silence. It was still open. Frances said good night and shook hands with them all; then, as she started up the stairs, she heard their voices. They were singing again, and she knew she would remember the sound long after she was home. She could never tell anyone how beautiful it was; she could never explain any of this to Mrs. Ames or to anyone. Somehow, this made the adventure still more hers, she thought, as she carefully locked her door after her. ▲▲▲

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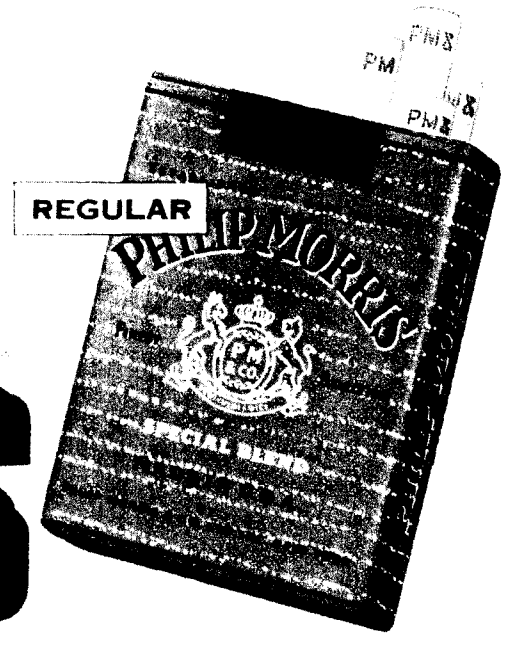

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Big-Time Bootlegging Is

A Treasury agent walks between mash vats in an outlaw still erected in a former naval prison building at Bush Terminal, Brooklyn. Still was

BERNARD NEWMAN

Joseph La Monaco (left) and John D'Anna (right) were arrested in raid at Bush Terminal. Dog guarded the still. T-agent is in background

WALLACE LITWIN

Bootleg sources pay 10 to 40 cents for old liquor bottles suitable for refilling with illicit spirits. This bottle buyer toured Harlem

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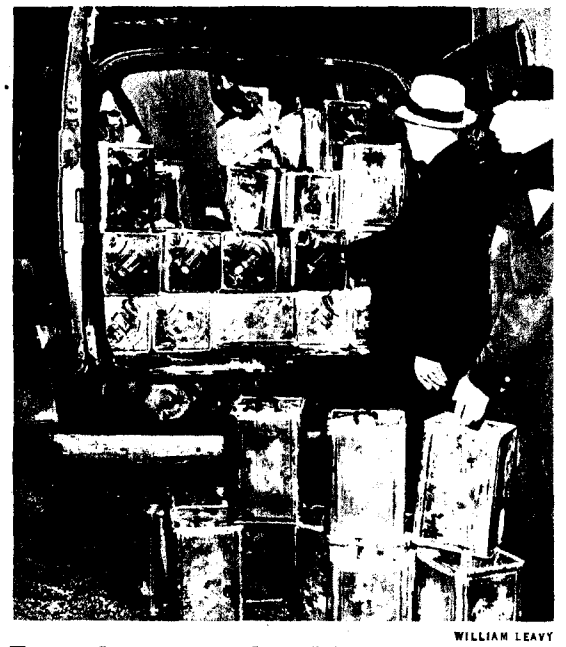
Back

BERNARD NEWMAN

argest seized since prohibition



WILLIAM LEAVY

T-men begin unloading 155 cans of bootleg alcohol from truck seized at Syosset, N.Y.

Collier's for June 13, 1953

Over 100,000 outlaw stills are inundating our enforcement agencies and enriching gangland. A writer who helped raid the largest still since prohibition reports on his six-month inquiry into the racket

By JOHN B. STARR

BIG-TIME bootlegging is back, and with it the speak-easies, the corruption and most other evils of the prohibition era. The making and marketing of illicit liquor has become a multi-billion-dollar business, second only to gambling as the country's largest and most lucrative racket.

Right now more than 100,000 outlaw stills in the United States are pouring out illicit spirits at the rate of 60,000,000 to 160,000,000 gallons a year—and cheating the U.S. government out of as much as $1,500,000,000 annually in taxes.

During 1952 alone, federal, state and local authorities seized more than 20,000 stills. Yet for every one shut down, five more continued to operate. And new stills are going into production all the time.

During a six-month personal investigation of the illicit-liquor business from still to consumer, I found that New York City is both the capital of the outlaw industry and its biggest market. Some of New York's illegal distilleries rival in size those of prohibition days. For a close-up look at one, I went along with 15 Treasury agents recently on the 135,608th successful raid made by the federal agency since 1940.

I got my first view of the still marked for seizure from the cupola of the huge New York State Armory in the heart of the Bush Terminal district on the busy Brooklyn water front. As Morris Turner, agent in charge of the raid, remarked to me, you'd never have suspected there was a still within a million miles of Bush Terminal.

Yet for three weeks he and nine other Treasury agents had been keeping watch on a squat yellow building, a former U. S. Navy prison, only 150 yards away on the other side of the street. The building was dwarfed by the factories and warehouses around it, and its lower floor was almost completely hidden by a high corrugated-iron fence.

"The property is owned by the city," Turner told me. "We're trying to trace the lessee—but it will probably turn out to be the usual phony name and address. The only thing I'm worried about is their dog. He looks like a Doberman and he acts plenty vicious. You'd better carry this when we go in." He handed me a child's water pistol. "Try to get him in the eyes."

I squeezed the trigger experimentally and winced at the pungent smell of ammonia.

Suddenly Turner shouted: "Get set! Here they come!"

A commonplace-looking green truck licensed in the name of a nonexistent Frank Riggio passed through wire gates below us and bumped along a dirt road to the 12-foot-high iron fence surrounding the suspected still. A man in a leather jacket got out, opened the padlocked gates in the fence, and the truck disapppeared inside.

T-Men All Ready for Raid on Still

Turner and I hurried down to the parking lot behind the armory. Two cars full of agents were waiting for us, the T-men holding long scaling ladders against the sides. Other agents already had taken up positions on three sides of the still building. We jumped into the nearest car. "Ram those first gates," Turner cried. "Let's go!"

We swung around the corner and sped toward the wire gates 50 yards ahead. I ducked instinctively as we crashed through them and went rocketing down the dirt road. We skidded to a stop inches from the corrugated-iron fence, blocking any escape.

The T-men leaped from the cars and swarmed over the fence on their ladders. Two attacked the front door of the building with fire axes. The rest of us headed toward the back, my companions with drawn guns and I with my water pistol, feeling a little foolish.

Just as we rounded the corner of the building, two men emerged from the back door with their hands in the air. Behind them came agent Joe Boyle, flushed with excitement, wearing a big grin on his face.

"No trouble," he said. "No trouble at all with these two." He broke into a laugh. "But, boy, you ought to see what we got. It looks like the biggest pot we've had in 20 years."

Boyle was right. With a capacity of 110 gallons of 190-proof alcohol each hour—roughly 2,500 gallons a day—the still was the biggest seized in the United States since the end of prohibition. It had cost at least $75,000 to install and was fitted with cooling units, air blowers to disperse the rank smell of the cooking mash, sewage-disposal units which fed the used mash directly into upper New York Bay, an escape hatch and passageway to nearby docks, a well-equipped repair shop and even a water cooler for the thirsty workers.

Government Suffers Heavy Tax Loss

The still had run 12 hours a day, five days a week, for at least nine months. It had turned out at least $4,000,000 worth of illicit alcohol. And each day it operated, the owners had cheated the government out of $26,250 in taxes.

Both prisoners, Joseph La Monaco and John (Porkpie) D'Anna of Brooklyn, had previous police records. Theirs was an old story. A man named Frank had given them $10 to drive the truck to the docks and leave it there. They had never seen him before. They knew nothing of any still, and nothing about any dog . . .

About this time the Doberman was brought in and embarrassed the prisoners by bounding delightedly toward them and licking their hands. And, as if to confirm which side he was on, the dog a few moments later bit two Treasury men.

The prisoners were arraigned before U.S. Commissioner Edward E. Fay next day—last March 14th—on charges relating to the possession and transportation of illicit beverages. They pleaded not guilty and were released on bail of $7,500 each pending trial.

The still had been set up by one of five major bootleg mobs operating in New York City, according to Walter F. Carroll, head of investigation for the Treasury's Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division in New York's eastern and southern districts. But the mob probably didn't worry too much about its loss. After all, the still had operated successfully for nine months, and raids are a business risk. A midtown New York restaurant owner who brags that he is part owner of three operating stills—two in New Jersey and one on Long Island—told me: "They'll be operating again in a week somewhere else. I personally know of at least ten stills within twenty miles of here either in production right now or ready to go if they are needed."

What is responsible for the steadily increasing number of illicit stills? The answer is the high cost of legal liquor and the prospect of fantastic profits. Because the Treasury now taxes spirits at the rate of $10.50 a gallon, bootleggers can mark up their products as much as 400 per cent over cost and still sell them for less than the tax-included price of legal spirits. Indeed, owners of the nine largest illegal stills seized in the New York and northern New Jersey area during the last six months alone

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Manhattan has more than 500 speak-easies, from swank clubs to Harlem basements

racked up profits totaling more than $27,000,000 before the law closed in on them.

When a mob decides to set up a new still, the biggest problem is finding a suitable location. The site must provide means of masking the unmistakable odor of cooking mash and a logical excuse for using huge quantities of water. Failure to meet these requirements might wipe out the entire investment overnight.

Next the bootleggers must figure out how to obtain large amounts of sugar—the basic raw material—without exciting suspicion. It isn't so difficult as you might think. Although the Treasury Department has the right to ask any wholesaler to report all large sales of sugar, there are so many legitimate uses for sugar in quantity that only an elaborate rationing system like that used during World War II would be really effective. The bootleggers usually just buy their sugar under assumed names for supposedly legal purposes—and it disappears without a trace into the insatiable maws of the nation's illegal stills. So do yeast and other mash ingredients. Raw material is the least of a bootlegger's worries.

The Bush Terminal still met all the requirements. So did a still raided last year in a building on Dean Street in a business and manufacturing district just two short blocks from Brooklyn Police Headquarters. Across the street from the Dean Street still was a bread-making plant which gave out an aroma somewhat resembling that of cooking mash. Alongside the still building was a dummy cleaning-and-dyeing establishment, which under normal conditions could be expected to use copious amounts of water. And over the cleaning shop was a commercial candy and baking business. The business used hundreds of barrels of liquid sugar daily—most of which was pumped directly into the merrily bubbling still next door.

Brooklynite Had a Keen Nose

Despite all the precautions, however, the unerring nose of an anonymous Brooklynite detected the odor of mash among all the chemical and cleaning smells, and he tipped off the Treasury agents.

When the T-men struck last November 4th, they found the still was second in capacity only to the Bush Terminal distillery and producing equally fabulous profits.

Even counting overhead and delivery expenses, the mob was making alcohol there at a cost of only $1.94 a gallon and selling it for $6.25—a net profit of $4.31 a gallon.

Once a still like that on Dean Street is operating, organized gangland brings its full facilities into play to distribute the illicit spirits through wholesalers, salesmen and retailers to the consumers. It's a big business and, being illegal, it calls for a considerable amount of ingenuity.

Trucks delivering untaxed alcohol from a still to the "drop," or wholesaler, travel a different route each trip whenever possible. One outfit also had an elaborate check system which entailed placing men at all four corners of a block along the delivery route. The alcohol truck would cruise slowly around the block. If another vehicle followed it around any two corners, the truck would be abandoned at once. Such maneuvers make it almost impossible for agents to seize both a still and the wholesaler at the same time.

After the alcohol has been delivered to the wholesaler, he can either set up his own cutting, bottling and labeling plant, or let his salesmen or retailers do their own cutting and bottling.

Bottles and Stamps Come High

If the wholesaler chooses the first method, his overhead and risk mount considerably. First he must hire men to buy used bottles from apartment-house superintendents, bars, hotels and the like at anywhere from 10 to 40 cents a bottle. Then he must find a printer to counterfeit labels and government strip tax stamps for the re-used bottles. Prices for this work run high; counterfeiting tax stamps carries a stiffer penalty in federal courts than selling illicit spirits. However, there are firms willing to take the risk. An investigator recently purchased 10,000 counterfeit strip tax stamps and 20,000 assorted labels from a small printing shop in Atlantic City, New Jersey. The cost was $1,100—and bootleggers said he got a bargain.

The wholesale cutting and bottling plants cater mostly to upper-bracket customers who think they are getting legitimate liquor at bargain prices; the buyers take the legal-looking bottles at face value. As a matter of fact, re-used bottles sometimes bear their original legal labels and tax stamps, carefully cleaned and repaired; only the contents of the bottles are different.

Thousands of cases of specially packaged bootleg whisky, under all the popular brand names, were sold in New York City's financial district alone during the Christmas season last year. Whisky supposedly smuggled from Canada sold at $44 a case in contrast to $73.44 for the original taxed product. Bootlegged spirits bearing popular American and Scottish labels went for anywhere from $28 to $60 a case—roughly $30 a case under the price for the legal spirits.

Most of the liquor sold in speak-easies, however, is cut and bottled on the premises. These establishments range from expensively decorated bottle clubs in New York's fashionable districts where membership fees run from $35 to $50 and drinks cost $1.50 each, to Harlem furnace rooms, where "YakYak" (180-proof alcohol cut three ways with tap water) sells for 45 cents for two eight-ounce glasses and "the Real Thing" (180-proof alcohol cut two or three ways with water and flavored with Scotch, rye, bourbon or brandy extract) is 40 cents a shot.

Tests of Speak-Easy Liquor

In Manhattan alone, I discovered, more than 500 speak-easies are now operating. Brooklyn and Queens County have many more. During my investigation, I visited more than 60 of every description. Because of the difficulty of obtaining, undetected, samples for testing, it was impossible to tell whether all were serving bootleg liquor. But of the samples smuggled from 37 places, all were found to be illegal spirits ranging from 60 to 80 proof.

Most of New York City's speak-easies outside of Harlem cater to drinkers who find their thirst still unsatisfied at the legal closing hour of 4:00 A.M. They are in the back rooms of legitimate daytime cigar stores, bars and restaurants, and even in private apartments.

A stranger can locate them, if at all, only through careful inquiries of a number of cabdrivers or bellboys. And even if he finds a speak-easy, he won't be admitted unless he's reasonably sober and adequately heeled. Almost without exception, the places take the same precautions their forerunners did in the 1920s. There are the same peepholes in the locked entrance doors, the same scrutiny of strangers, the same suave but tough bouncers.

Not so in Harlem. The racket there is wide open. A typical "King Kong" or "Juice" joint I visited was in a whitewashed basement apartment. Its most prominent features were those common to all such places—a jukebox, an icebox and a kitchen sink. One faucet of the sink was an innocent cold-water tap. The other led directly through the wall into a vat of Harlem's favorite tipple—YakYak, a colorless liquid possessing all the authority of a sock in the eye. The Yak Yak was served in water glasses filled to the brim. Some of the customers at the rough wooden tables chased it with cola drinks; but most of them didn't bother.

While in the speak-easy, I saw shocking evidence that bootleggers again are corrupting some big-city police. Two uniformed patrolmen strolled in and I saw "Brother," the manager, hand them some money. "Those are beat cops," he told me later. "They and the squad-car boys are in most every night and I give 'em $2.50 to $5 each for protection. We give even more once a week to some higher ranking officers. It's a big bite, but we don't bother them and they don't bother us."

Alcohol Deliveries in Harlem

Some weeks later, after leaving another speak-easy in Harlem, I watched the driver of a panel truck filled with five-gallon cans of alcohol make a delivery, then walk to a police squad car parked 20 yards away. He talked with the occupants for a few minutes—then reached into his rear pocket for his wallet, took something out and passed it to the officers. In the next three hours, the truck made 18 deliveries within an area of 20 blocks.

These incidents give point to the warning uttered by John O'Connell, chairman of the New York State Liquor Authority, last January, when he told Congress that weak laws and public patronage of the outlaw industry may lead to "a breakdown of law enforcement such as happened during prohibition." O'Connell's warning is also backed up by convincing evidence that the five principal bootleg mobs operating in New York are part of a nationwide crime syndicate which, according to Senator Estes Kefauver's Senate Crime Investigating Committee, has organized on a businesslike basis every branch of criminal activity from gambling to prostitution.

There is a certain amount of graft in all metropolitan police forces. It would be unfair to single out some of the police in New York's Harlem area without telling also of the excellent work of the

BUTCH

COLLIER'S

"Never did want a key to his room. Likes to keep his hand in, he says"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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Bootlegging keeps growing, an enforcement chief says. Help is needed—and soon

Supervisory and Investigating Unit of the New York Police, backed by Deputy Chief Inspector James Nidds.

At the instigation of O'Connell, Police Commissioner James Monaghan assigned Nidds and his squad last October to clamp down on illicit beverages. Between October 20, 1952, and last April 5th, Nidds and his men closed up 173 places selling or possessing illicit liquor and arrested 229 people for offenses connected with the business.

Orders for New York Police

Every member of the New York City Police Force also has received written orders to be on the watch for all possible storage places for yeast, sugar and mash, and to search for bottling and labeling plants, speak-easies and stills.

But it is too little and too late. The sorry fact is that the resurgent bootlegging racket has reached such gigantic proportions that the biggest police force in the nation can't control it.

Even worse off is the Treasury's Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division in its nation-wide fight against the bootleggers. The department is disgracefully undermanned, badly equipped and grossly underpaid.

Earle E. Koehler, the head of the Enforcement Branch of the division, candidly admits that bootlegging is increasing all the time—and that his men are powerless to stop it with their present limited strength and facilities. He says his department urgently needs help, and soon.

As of March 23, 1952, the latest date for which complete figures are available, there were 882 agents assigned to investigate the nation's 3,738,000 square miles—fewer men than ever before in the history of the Treasury Department.

Almost half the agents were in the 11 Southern states, where moonshining is a historical occupation. The New York area—comprising Greater New York, Long Island, Westchester and extending as far north as Newburgh—has only 34 men.

Yet the task of the Treasury agents is becoming more formidable all the time. In the South, where 75 per cent of the nation's bootleg whisky is made, the emphasis has switched in recent months from small locally owned and operated plants with an average production capacity of about 50 gallons a day to stills approaching in size the giant distilleries in the Northeast. Production has been stepped up so much, in fact, that the Southern stills are shipping huge quantities of bootleg liquor to big Northern and Midwestern cities.

George Osborn, head of the Enforcement Branch of the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division in Cleveland, Ohio, said recently that the Cleveland area is being flooded with illicit whisky from Tennessee, North and South Carolina and Kentucky. And E. C. Deadmon, Osborn's colleague in Norfolk, Virginia, adds: "We are convinced that illegal whisky is moving north to big cities, such as Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Trenton, Newark and New York."

Moreover, the bootleggers no longer rely solely on their own trucks to ship the illegal spirits north. They also boldly send cargoes by rail in cases and cartons labeled paint, linseed oil and the like, and even accept mail orders. I recently ordered a gallon of illicit corn whisky from Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and received it eight days later by freight in a carton marked only "Inflammable."

Some indication of the growth of bootlegging may be gained from the increasing number of raids carried out by agents of the U.S. Treasury's Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division during the last six years:

SEIZURES	1947-'49	1950-'52	INCREASE
Stills	20,818	30,474	31%
Spirits (gal.)	353,039	660,229	46%
Mash (gal.)	8,769,485	16,137,554	45%
Cars	3,065	4,864	36%
Trucks	917	1,620	43%
Arrests	24,419	30,469	19%

(The figures do not include seizures by state and local authorities, which have been almost as numerous as those made by federal agents.)

Congress nevertheless has consistently rejected requests for more funds and more agents. In March of this year, agents of the division in North Carolina, one of the nation's worst trouble spots, were seriously hindered in their work by lack of travel expenses. On March 6th, Virginia agents reported only enough gasoline on hand for 10 days' operation—and no hope of more until Congress made another appropriation. "We might as well be walking anyway," said agent John Wickham of the Richmond office. "Our old cars were never meant to chase souped-up cars such as the bootleggers use in Virginia. We have to surround them to catch them."

In New York State, Buffalo agents didn't have enough money to pay the toll on a bridge over which they had to drive. Last February, Riley J. Ratteree, director of the Albany office, garaged all cars in his 22-county area for lack of funds to operate them; he also prohibited all outgoing telephone calls from the offices.

On top of everything else, Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division agents are the lowest paid of all federal criminal investigators. A field agent starts with a Number 8 Civil Service Rating at $4,620 a year, while other enforcement agents get a Number 9 rating and $5,060 a year.

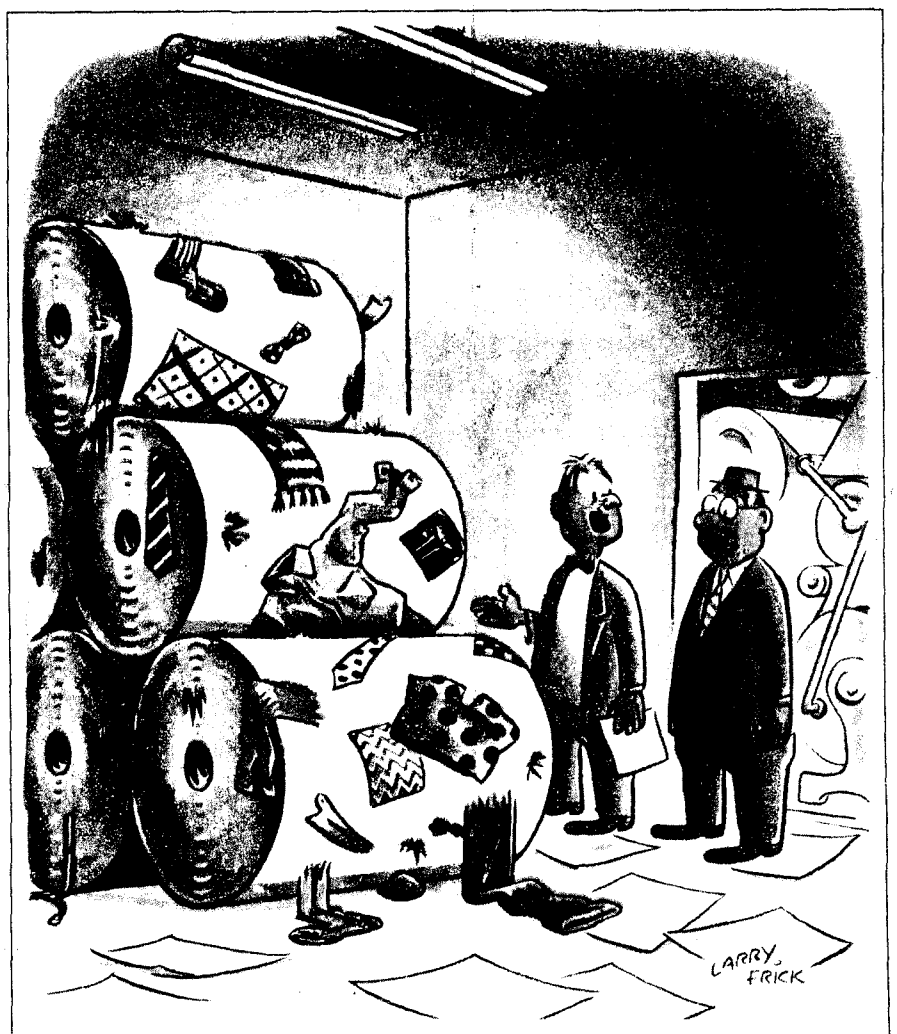
But the Treasury itself must shoulder some of the blame for the plight of its agents. In 1951, Carroll E. Mealey, then chief of the Alcohol Tax Division, and Dwight Avis, its present head, testified before a Congressional committee that bolstering the tax on distilled spirits would not substantially increase the illicit distillery business. They also minimized the regrowth of bootlegging to such an extent that Congress increased the tax from $9 to $10.50 a gallon and rejected their subsequent request for more agents in the field. In March, however, Avis conceded that "there has been perhaps a slight increase in bootlegging since liquor taxes were increased."

How can we stop the menacing spread of bootlegging? Quite apart from the obvious step of beefing up our enforcement agencies, a number of other measures have been suggested.

The big legitimate distilling companies say Congress should cut the $10.50-a-gallon tax on spirits. They claim that the high price of legitimate, taxed liquor is forcing thirsty customers to seek out the bootleg product. As evidence, they cite their own shrinking sales—from a high of 231,000,000 gallons in 1946 to 184,000,000 last year.

Koehler, head of the Enforcement Branch of the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division, agrees that a tax cut would help a lot. But at the same time, he adds, the penalties for lawbreakers should be made a lot stiffer.

Walter F. Carroll, in charge of the division's investigations in the New York area, explains: "The penalties are so light that almost any unemployed punk is willing to take a chance of making a fast dollar. If the punishment were made swift, sure and heavy, the gangs would have a hard time finding all the workers they need for a large operation."



COLLIER'S

"You simply can't beat our paper, sir, for rag content"

LARRY FRICK

Many Arrested; Few Jailed

As an example of what happens to liquor-law violators under our present weak federal laws, take a look at the disposition of the 9,972 persons arrested by Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division men alone during 1952: Tried and convicted, 5,367. Sentences suspended, 1,872. Imprisoned, 2,174. Average sentence, 346 days. Average fine, $310.

Liquor-law violators get even more lenient treatment in state courts. The average sentence there is 307 days, the average fine $164. In New York, the State Liquor Authority complained to the legislature last January that the state liquor laws were so weak that prosecutions had been almost completely abandoned. To remedy the situation, the authority sent the legislature five bills designed to strengthen the laws and provide heavy punishment for the guilty. All five were killed in committee.

It's not surprising that bootleggers are willing to risk arrest for a chance at a fortune. It's not surprising, either, that Koehler is crying for help—and soon.

Bootlegging with all its attendant corruption once again is attacking the nation like a vicious disease, sapping our health, wealth and morals. ▲▲▲

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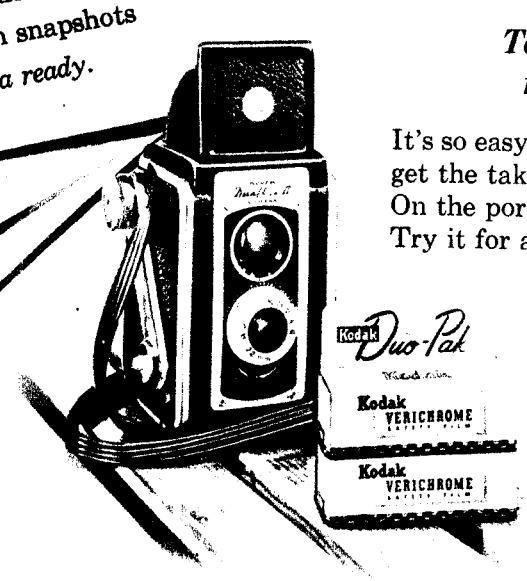

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Chicago's Most Glamorous Women

The Windy City has a reputation for bustle and hurly-burly, but beneath its noisy energy, there is a taste for elegant living. It makes a perfect setting for some of the nation's loveliest ladies

***Collier's* COLOR CAMERA**

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CHICAGOANS make the understandable boast that their women, like their city, are an exciting blend of Western vigor and Eastern sophistication. Picking the great metropolis' most glamorous women is as difficult as picking the headiest of a vast stock of fine wines: each has its own perfection. But veteran Chicago society editors and reporters agree that the following women, pictured in the Blackstone Hotel, typify the gay, gracious, electric spirit which is Chicago.

Opposite, seated, left to right:

Mrs. Philip D. Armour, Jr., 34, is married to a member of the famous meat-packing-company family. One of Chicago's top society leaders, she has three children.

Mrs. Joel Goldblatt, 25, is married to the president of a department-store chain and has two daughters, three and one. She is active in the National Conference of Christians and Jews and in Community Fund work.

Mrs. Leon Mandel, 33, is rated one of the world's finest feminine skeet shooters. She is the wife of a Chicago department-store president and is on the women's board of Passavant Memorial Hospital.

Mrs. Jay Bernard Mullen, Jr., 23, is active in charity work, has a 19-month-old daughter. Her husband is in the railroad-equipment business.

Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., 25, is married to the publisher of the Chicago Sun-Times. She is the mother of a one-year-old boy.

Standing, left to right:

Mrs. Arthur M. Wirtz, 50, has four children and three grandchildren. Her husband is a Chicago realtor and one of the nation's top sports promoters.

Mrs. Frank W. Bering, 46, is married to a hotel executive and has a daughter, 19, and a son, 17. She is a member of the Service Club of Chicago, a charitable organization.

Mrs. C. Mathews Dick, Jr., 27, is the wife of an executive of a manufacturing organization. She has two daughters, six and one, and a son, three.

Mrs. William S. Dilworth, 35, frequently models at the annual fashion show for St. Luke's Hospital. Her husband is an executive with Montgomery Ward. She has two sons, ten and five.

Mrs. John A. McGuire, 36, is married to the secretary of a power-tool-manufacturing company, has four children. Her grandfather, the late Antonio Lagorio, was knighted by the King of Italy, in 1922, for his work as head of the Italian Red Cross in the United States.

Mrs. John W. Zick, 24, is the wife of a certified public accountant and daughter of Harry B. Sutter, one of Chicago's leading lawyers. She has two daughters, two years and two months.

Above, seated, left to right:

Mrs. Patrick H. Hoy, 30, is married to a Chicago hotel executive and is the mother of two boys, six and three.

Mrs. James B. McCahey, Jr., 25, is the wife of the treasurer for the Dunn Coal Company. She has a son, three, and a daughter, two.

Mrs. Edward F. Swift III, 28, is the mother of two boys, three and one. Her husband is with Swift & Company, the meat-packing firm.

Mrs. Hill Blackett, Jr., 25, is the wife of an advertising executive and has two sons—three years and six months. Her father is Donald B. Lourie, Undersecretary of State for Administration.

Mrs. Susan Gordon Bent, 23, is married to an investment broker and has a daughter, one. She is a granddaughter of the late John B. Drake, who built several of Chicago's finest hotels.

Mrs. Robert Kendler, 41, is married to the owner of a construction firm who is president of the U.S. Handball Association. She has a daughter, one, and five stepchildren.

Standing, left to right:

Mrs. Charles A. Comiskey II, 26, is Chicago's top lady baseball fan: her husband is vice-president of the Chicago White Sox. She has a daughter, two.

Mrs. Arnold M. Johnson, 29, is married to the vice-president of the City National Bank and Trust Company. She has two children.

Mrs. Clokey Moore, 27, has appeared in several Chicago TV dramatic shows and on stage, screen and radio. She has three sons, aged six, four and two years.

Mrs. Homer P. Hargrave, Jr., 22, is the daughter of Mrs. John Thomas Pirie II, of the Chicago department-store family. Her husband is an account executive with an investment company.

Mrs. George Arquilla, Jr., 27, is a former Harry Conover model. She is married to a building contractor, has a daughter, one, and two sons, three and four.

As you can see, Chicago's women have beauty, poise and charm. But most of all, they have an elegant glamor which sparkles as prettily as Lake Michigan under a soft June moon. BILL FAY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA

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White Hunter, Black Heart

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

trees and bushes against the streaked sky, but that was all. Hodkins got the crank out from under the front seat and we started the truck. The boys clambered down quickly and the driver took his place. Hodkins stood on the running board next to the cab. The truck had only one very faint yellow light, and as we started we knew at once we were on a perilous journey. The deep ruts and the huge boulders were not visible until we were right on them, and several times Hodkins had to shout a warning in order to make the driver avoid wrecking us. After a while he ordered the boy to stop.

We stood waiting in a clearing, with the motor running raggedly. Hodkins climbed up to the roof of the cab and looked about.

"Bad spot, this," he said. "We'll never find them. Just have to hope Kivu sees our light."

"I'm surprised we didn't hear firing," I said.

"Maybe they never got a chance. It got dark awfully fast, you know."

The driver was grumbling again. Hodkins shouted at him, mustering all the authority he could. "They're scared," he said to me. "They're afraid of getting caught out here." He got down and picked up one of the small rifles. "Might even have a mutiny on our hands."

WE SAT there till the sky contained only traces of light. All the boys were grumbling now. Hodkins took his place on the running board once again, and we moved slowly forward. I could see nothing. It seemed to me that Wilson and Delville and Kivu were hopelessly lost. But then suddenly Hodkins' incredibly sharp eyes picked out a movement in the brush to our right. He shouted a brief command, and the truck stopped. "There they are," he said. "I can see old John's shirt."

A few minutes later we could hear their voices. They came slowly toward us and climbed up on the truck.

"What happened, John?" Hodkins asked.

Wilson shook his head. He didn't answer.

"Did you get up to them?"

Delville nodded. "We were close enough," he said, "but I wouldn't let him shoot. There were too many cows around the big fellow. They would have charged us if we had killed him, and then I would have had to shoot one of them. It's bad business for a game warden to shoot a cow with her young one there."

Wilson lighted up a cigarette. He seemed very calm, very controlled. "We should have taken that chance, René," he said. It sounded like the end of an argument that had already gone on for a long time.

"I'm sorry, John," Delville replied. "It's a risk I couldn't take."

"Well, all right," Wilson said irritably. "It's no use going over it again. You think one thing, I think another. You had your way, so let's skip it."

We drove back very slowly. Hodkins stayed on the running board until we found the road. No one spoke after that. We drove haltingly through the moist, cool night, following the shore of the lake back to the hunting camp.

Paget and the Zibelinskys, who were in charge of the convoy carrying our motion-picture equipment, were waiting anxiously for us in the main hut. We trooped in dejectedly. Wilson went to the bar and ordered a whisky.

"No luck again?" Paget asked.

"Not exactly," Delville said. "We ran into a herd of elephant, but there were too many cows. I wouldn't allow John to shoot."

Wilson sat down in his usual chair. He had a beer glass half full of whisky. "René's honor as the game warden of the Belgian Congo was at stake," he said bitterly.

"It would have been a risk for us all," Delville said heatedly. "For the truck, for the camp, for everyone. A herd of cows can go rogue very quickly if they have their young with them. Then you have trouble on your hands, more trouble than you can imagine."

"He's right," Paget said. "There have been rogue herds in Kenya and Tanganyika that have been created in just that way. Then someone has to go out and shoot every bloody one of them."

Wilson pushed the small piece of ice deeper into his whisky. "All right," he said, "we'll forget it. We'll go after them again tomorrow."

Delville gathered up all his courage. "In the morning," he said pointedly. "Tomorrow afternoon we leave."

Wilson said nothing. He sat looking down at his drink. Then, very slowly, he rose. "You can leave if you want to," he said. "I'm staying."

I looked at him with surprise. Although I had no financial stake in the picture I had written and Wilson was to direct, I felt a responsibility for keeping the appointment we had made a month ago with Paul Landau, the picture's producer and Wilson's partner. "The cast and crew get to Stanleyville the day after tomorrow, John," I said.

"You can go too," he said. "I'm staying. I don't care if they get there tomorrow or today. I'm staying here until I get that elephant."

"You need someone with you," Delville said. "You can't hunt alone. Why don't you come back here in a couple of weeks?"

Wilson shook his head. "Don't argue with me," he said. "I'm staying here. Paget can go with me, and if he doesn't want to, well, I'll go alone."

"Really, John," Hodkins said, "it's too dangerous to go out by yourself."

"Kivu will go."

"Come on, John, for God's sake."

"Don't coax me or wheedle, damn it. I'm staying here. You can all go to hell. All I want is that truck and Kivu."

THERE was a long silence. "I'd go," Paget said, "but I've got to clear all this equipment with the Belgians." He turned to Zibelinsky. "What about that old fellow down at the fishery? What's his name? Chap that used to be game warden down in the Zambezi?"

"Ogilvy?" Zibelinsky asked.

"Yes, that's right. He's killed over five hundred elephants in his time, and he's still a rough old boy. You could probably hire him."

Wilson shrugged. "Get him down here," he said. "If he wants to go, he's got a job."

"How much longer do you intend to stay?" I asked.

Wilson didn't answer.

"Did you hear what I said?"

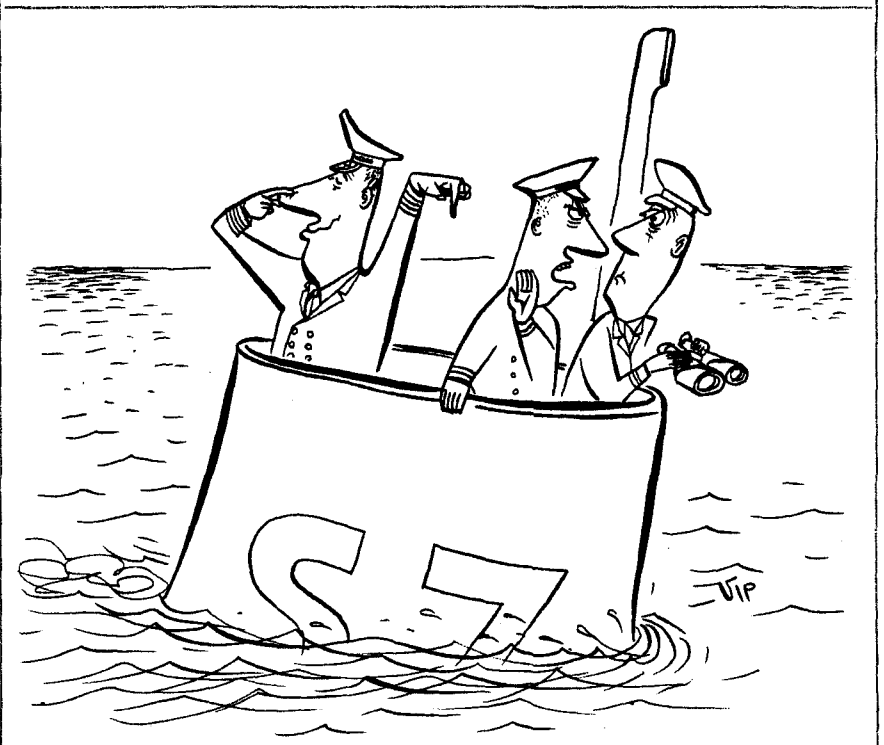
He stared at me, his face blank; then he straightened a little in his chair. "How long?" he said. "Well, that depends on the elephants, Pete, and on my guides. If this fellow Ogilvy turns out to be just another old lady, I might be here for months, but if he's half the man Kivu is, a professional, well, then it might not be long at all."

"And the picture?"

He shrugged. "Quit nagging me, will you. Aren't things bad enough?"

I turned away from him. An hour later the old game warden appeared;

VIP'S WAR



"Brace yourself. He's going to pull that, 'A good skipper always goes down with his ship,' stuff again"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

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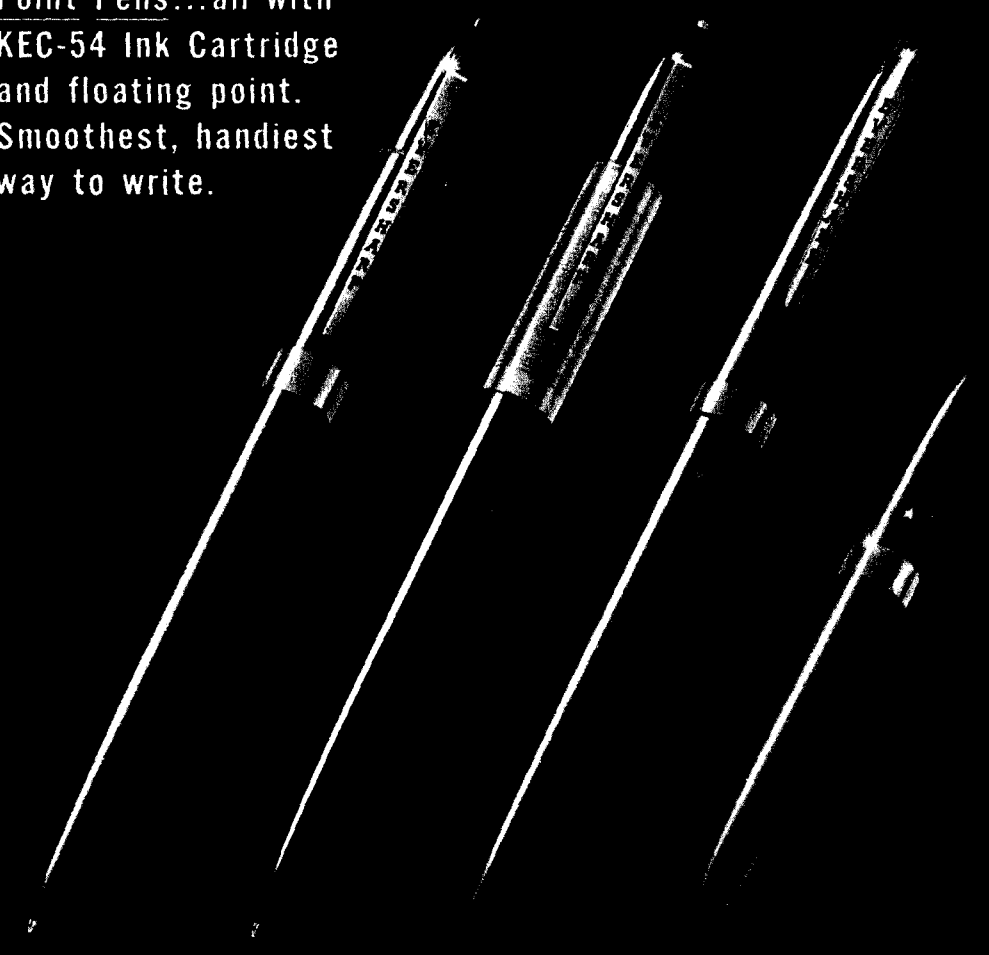

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(Father's Day—June 21)

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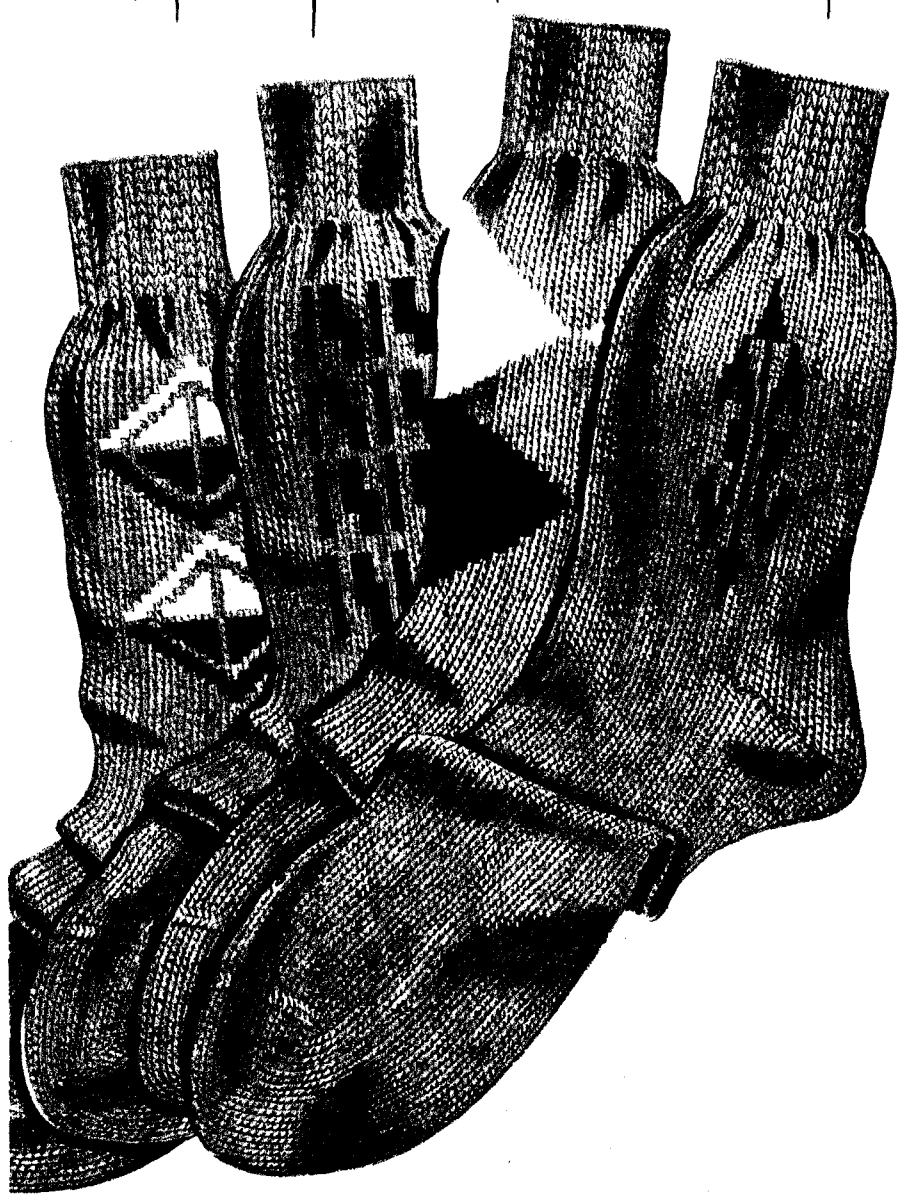

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he was an enormous man who weighed well over three hundred pounds. He wore only a shirt and a torn pair of khaki shorts. His huge fat legs were tanned and scarred. His naked ankles and calves were honey-combed with thick veins. He had long gray hair slicked down across the top of his head, where it lay like moist vegetation, crowning his flabby face. His past life seemed to have left a mark on him; for he looked very much like the game he had most often managed to kill; he resembled an elephant without a trunk. He stood in the center of the hut, with his legs wide apart, his huge feet partly buried in the sand.

Wilson's manner changed immediately. His charm came down out of the attic of his being. It was all horribly familiar. The boyish smile and the outstretched hand, the loose, long-legged walk toward the victim, and his head cocked slightly to one side as he said: "Well, Mr. Ogilvy, I'm so pleased to meet you." It sounded sincere and warm, but to me it was like an old chaser leering at a girl and saying, "Where have you been all my life?" I had heard it too often, and had seen it disproved too many times. I was tired of Wilson and all of his routines. The wooing of the elephant hunter was one I wanted to miss. I left the hut.

When I went back to eat my dinner, the matter had been settled. Ogilvy, Kivu and Wilson were seated together, making their plans.

"We'll hunt here tomorrow," Wilson announced. "If we have no luck, we'll go up to the mouth of the Semliki. Kivu comes from there. The village where he was born is the best elephant and buffalo country around Lake Albert."

The old hunter nodded. "In the Semliki country it will take us a week to get our elephant, not more," he said. "We'll get a pair of tusks you'll be proud of, Mr. Wilson, and a couple of buffalo skulls to keep them company over your fireplace."

"You sure you don't want to go along, kid?" Wilson taunted me. "I hear there's a lot of guinea fowl up there, and maybe even a duck or two."

"I'll go to Stanleyville with the others," I said.

KIVU left us, and we sat down to our meal. Throughout it, Wilson spoke only to Ogilvy, ignoring the rest of us. Only once did he turn to Delville, and that was to reprimand him: "We should have gone up to the Semliki country originally. It's only thirty miles from here. We could have gone up by boat and come back the following day."

"I'm sorry I didn't think of it, John," Delville said sadly.

Wilson shook his head; his voice was full of irony and false pity. "You didn't think of it, eh? And you say you're the game warden, René? Well, now how did you ever happen to get that job?"

I left the table and walked slowly down the road out of camp. I felt disgusted: partly with myself, partly with Wilson. I had to get away from him as quickly as possible. I couldn't stand to hear his taunting voice any longer, couldn't bear to watch his victims squirm in front of him. I remembered how much I had liked him a month ago, and that somehow made it worse. When we had started our search for locations for the picture, before Wilson had become obsessed with himself as a hunter, I could not have admired John more.

A few minutes later I heard footsteps behind me, and Wilson appeared out of the darkness. "What's the matter, kid?" he asked aggressively.

"Nothing. Just taking a walk."

"You're a damn' liar."

"Sure I am," I said. "It's a good way to be."

"Whyn't you speak your piece? You're stewing like a sulky wife."

"What would be the point?"

"No point. Just be nice to see you behaving like a man for a change."

"All right," I said. "You asked for it. I think you're either nuts, or the most egocentric, irresponsible heel I've ever met. You're like a spoiled kid who hasn't got his piece of candy. A Hollywood brat. You smile and coo at whoever happens to promise you what you want, and if they can't deliver, you drop them. Your friendships are all the same, all based on the same thing. You either want something from people, or you want to show them up by demonstrating that you're better than they are. You'd drop anything and anybody just to get what you most desire at the moment. Well, I'm tired of it. I've seen the show once too often."

HE WAS not angry. He seemed vaguely interested, that was all, as if we were discussing a third person whom neither of us particularly liked. "There's some truth in what you say, kid," he observed. "But is that all? Are you finished now? Because I think you should get everything off your chest if you possibly can."

"Well, not quite finished," I replied. He fell into step with me as I continued: "People always said that you were a spoiler, that you left everything dead or beaten up in your wake. Dames, friends, business associates. And I didn't think that was true. I defended you. Now I know that the people who said that were right. That's exactly what you are. A spoiler. A guy whose ego is so big that it has to crush everything around it, and when there's nothing left to ruin, you pick on animals, or on any harmless thing that happens to get in your way."

"That may be so, kid," Wilson observed disinterestedly. "But why say it now? What have I done to you?"

"Nothing, really. Maybe you've shown me that I'm not as brave as you are, and that's all. But that's not the *main thing that's griping me.* It's watching you operate that's brought this on."

"Well, now," Wilson said, "since you've brought it up, let me ask you this. Did you ever think about it my way?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. That all the people I spoil are really guys that are hanging around, waiting to prey on me. Or make some little profit, anyway. They promise me things because they expect dividends, and then when they don't deliver, I turn on them, sure, or I abandon them. Like I'm going to abandon Landau and the picture for a little while, and Delville. But in the end they usually get what they want. Like you got a trip to Africa and Landau's going to get his picture, and that guy making a lot of money renting me planes, and Delville getting a hunting week end without any cost to him. People use me, so why don't I have a right to use them?"

"What about Kivu?" I asked. "I suppose he's using you to break into the colored-servant circles of Beverly Hills, and so if he dies of homesickness wearing a chauffeur's uniform it serves him right?"

"Not at all," Wilson said. "You're wrong. Kivu is the exception that proves the rule, as he's already turned down my offer. He wants to stay here in the village where he was born, and

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COLLIER'S

"What kind of wine would you recommend to go with the fish?"

CHARLES STRAUSS

hunt. Actually that's how I heard about the place. So Kivu's not going to be dropped because he's not corrupt, and he won't be 'spoiled' because he's not willing to hang around. You follow me?"

"Sure I follow you," I said. "I'm even a little ahead of you, because I know this is all your justification, nothing more. You have to have that so you can go on from one person to the next. You've got a sick, roving love for a lot of people, John, that winds up being no love at all."

Wilson nodded slowly. I remembered that one of his most aggravating characteristics was his ability to agree suddenly with any personal attack that was launched against him. "Maybe," he said. "Maybe. Maybe it's all true, what you say. A sick, roving love—well, perhaps that's so."

We stood in silence, looking out at the stars over the dark lake.

"You see," he began slowly, "I've thought about all this for years, and finally I just decided to be myself, ogre or not. It was the only way for me to live. That was after a particularly sad experience I had in Paris one spring." He laughed to himself. "I don't mean a love affair," he went on, "but I sure did admire this guy. Oh, everything was all set up perfect that time. The background was just right. The trees were green and it was cool, and I was in Paris, and Paris was a beautiful dream." He grinned and shook his head. "The object of my admiration was a jockey, a wiry little guy with a sad face and a Kentucky drawl. I brought him over with me, and we lived together in a big, plush Right Bank hotel. He was a wonderful little guy. Not much to look at. Rather revolting, as a matter of fact, when you saw him getting up in the morning in his underwear, with his skinny legs sticking out, scratching his scrawny little tail. But in the afternoons it was all different—at Longchamps, or Saint-Cloud, when he'd walk out into the saddling paddock in his colors and his neat little boots. Then they'd lift him on a horse, and life would start to sing. Just the way he sat there, Pete, and tucked his crop under his leg while he tried the girth, and then they'd start out of the paddock and the bells would be ringing up in the tribune, and I'd get my glasses on him and watch him ride. Damn, it was always something. Win or lose, I'd wind up with my heart in my mouth, just to see Jackie out there, coming up between horses, or riding away from the pack.

"It wasn't that he was good; it was more than that. He made it look simple, clean. And he never bent your ear with the details of what he did. From steam room to saddling paddock, to the winner's circle, he was always a neat little guy who kept his mouth shut and his eyes open. A real pro. That's what made me admire him, love him, maybe. You get what I mean?"

I WAITED patiently for him to go on. It was just like him to start a long rambling story at this time, all part of his vague, mystic, half-phony philosophy. He turned and started walking slowly down the road.

"And what made that particular passion of yours cool?" I asked.

"Well, as you say, I'm a spoiler, and the spoiler was there, too, in Paris that spring. We went out a lot, Jackie and I, just because I can't stay home in a hotel room in a city if I'm alone. We went to all the joints and ate that wonderful food they have there, and swilled the champagne, and Jackie started putting on weight. Not just a little weight, mind you, but quite a lot. Then three days before he had to ride, he'd stop eating, and the day before he'd spend ten hours in a Turkish bath, and his legs would be shaking when they lifted him up on a horse.

"Now I knew what I was doing, but I couldn't stop. Because, what the hell, I wasn't riding; I didn't have to make the weight. Why should I live a jockey's life, just because I had a jockey for a friend? Egocentricity, as you say. I suppose I was at fault, and I suppose I did spoil him. He finally fell off a winner a hundred feet in front of the wire,

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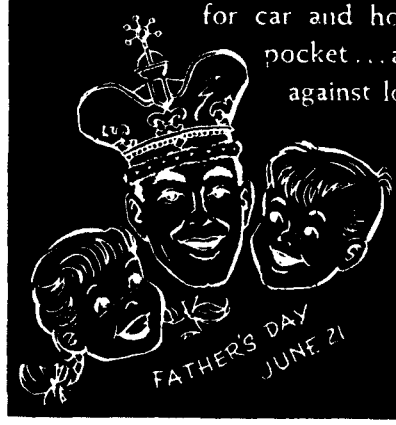

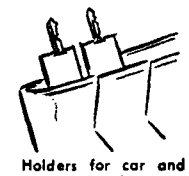

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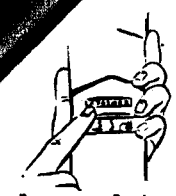

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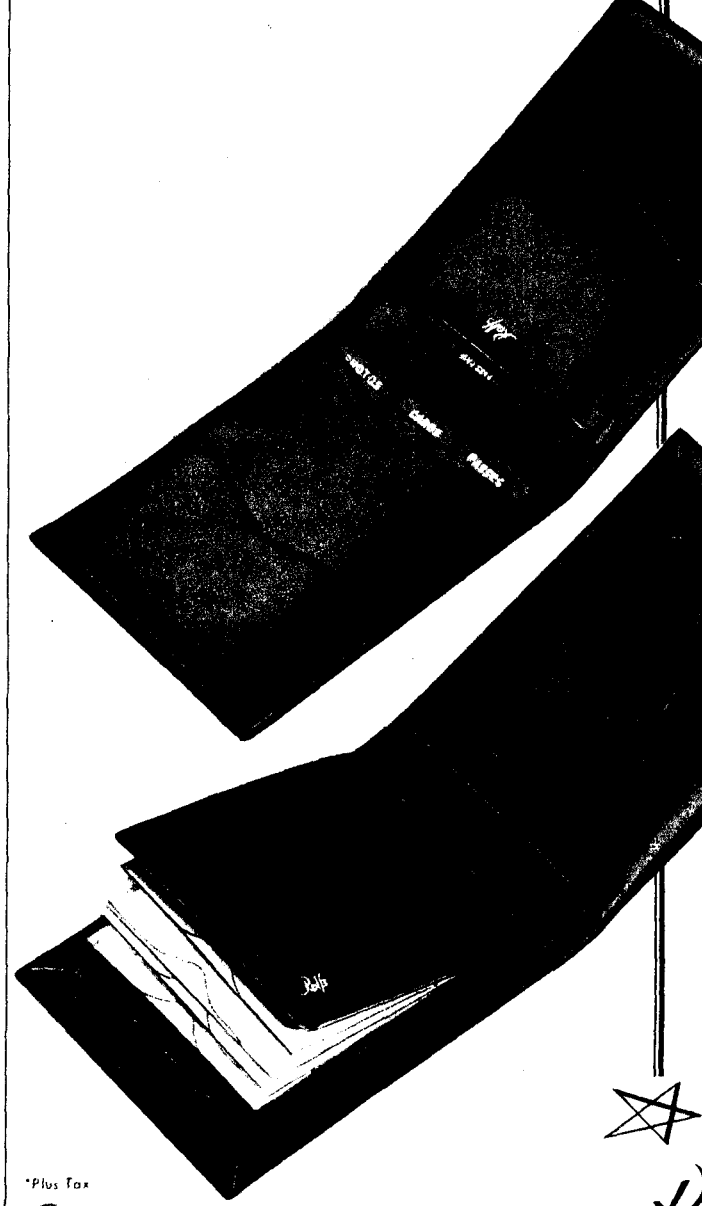

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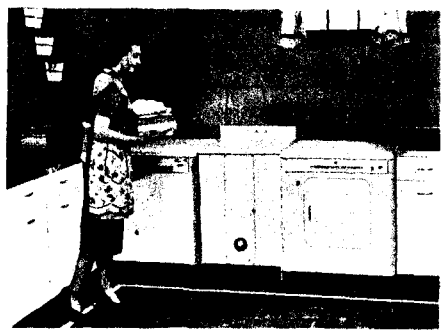

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with no other horse even close, and downhill he went, in one glorious slide. My admiration for the little guy seemed to go with it. He got sour and nasty, and I didn't like to have him around any more. He was always squawking and taunting me. Sounds familiar, doesn't it? Well, finally he went back to the States, broke. He was a game little guy, the gamest I ever met, until I ran into Kivu. As a matter of fact Jackie was a lot like Kivu. I guess that's what made me think of him. He wasn't out hunting big game with a spear, but he was doing just as tough a job. And when he fell apart, he fell completely apart." He paused. "I guess the really good guys are like that," he said. "When they fall, well, they go right to the bottom, and there are no stops, no net to save them. They die the way they lived—or at least they go into oblivion the same way. Hard and fast. And that's what happened to my jockey. He never got up in the big time again. He tried everything, but he never made it. He was through, finished, washed up, as a direct result of Paris in the spring."

"What's the moral of the tale?" I asked patiently.

"Well, it seems to be this. Or, let me say I understand it this way, interpret it so. You can't spoil anybody unless they go along at least halfway. Just like you can't con anyone unless they're part crook, or willing to play along in a shady deal. So what the hell, a man's responsibility is really limited to himself. If you found out, through me, that you're not as brave as you think you are, well, that's not my fault. You would have found out ultimately anyway. Oh, I admit, it's nasty of me to have helped that discovery find the light of day in your soul, but damn it, I didn't put caution there in the first place, and I didn't make you find out. Just as I didn't force anybody to sign for this movie you're afraid I'm going to blow out of my nose. Just as I haven't ever forced any dame to marry me, or sleep with me. I've always taken care of my end, and I've always gone along just the way I've wanted to, without thinking of what the final result might be."

"And that's not immoral, I suppose."

"Oh, sure it is," he said quickly. "But I'm not running as a moral guy. *You* are. So you should be the one to behave morally, because you're fond of making moral judgments. I'm not interested in that. I'm just going along, trying to live a little before I die."

"I've just made a moral judgment," I said, "and I'm even going to act on it."

HE SEEMED to agree completely. "Well, that's okay, perfectly all right. Just as it's okay for you to leave tomorrow. Just as it's okay for you to judge me and condemn me, and even laugh like crazy if an elephant stomps me to death. But make sure you learn something from me, kid. Make damn' sure of that."

"I think I have," I said. But I wasn't sure; not at the time.

"Well, that's all right, then," Wilson said. "That's the important point. Get something out of everything you do, especially if you're a writer. You want to say anything else?"

"Oh, go to hell," I said lamely.

He smiled delightedly and clapped me on the back. "Pete," he said, "you had me worried. Now I'm sure that we're really still friends."

I pulled away from him. He had succeeded in making what I had to say sound ridiculous. "The gripe's bigger than that," I said. "That's just the personal side, and what you say is probably right. It's not only your honey-sweet charm that draws people in. Their self-interest is usually at fault as well. But never mind. I find that mildly disgusting, that's all. What I find worse is your own irresponsibility to yourself, to your job, your art, if you want to get high-brow. You're always pushing it aside and devoting your main efforts to a horse or a jockey, or some outside passion, and you never really level with what you're truly involved in. Maybe it's to have an excuse if the pictures don't turn out, I don't know, but that's what you do. And this time it's worse than ever before. This time you're risking the success of the whole venture, just to satisfy a peculiar personal appetite of your own. This time you're even letting the pure mechanical job you have to do go by the boards. Really producing something you feel strongly about has been abandoned long ago. And what for? Why are you doing this? To kill an elephant. To kill a marvelous thing, one of the rarest, most noble beings that walk this crummy world. You're being a louse—to do a lousy thing. Because I've seen them now outside the circus (where they look a little ridiculous) and I know what I'm talking about. Well, in order to kill one of them, you're ready to forget the rest of us, and let the whole damn' show go down the drain. It's not a passion this time that's guiding you, that's pulling you away from your responsibility. A passion would be an excuse. This time it's a crime. Because it's a crime to kill an elephant. And in order to commit this crime you're willing to ruin everyone else. If you were running out on the picture because of a woman or a better offer, or because you'd suddenly gotten bored with the whole thing, I'd go along. But this way, it's even too rough for my taste."

Wilson looked intensely serious for a minute. He drew reflectively on his cigarette. I knew that something I had said had made an impression on him. Most of it, I realized, had gone past him into the warm African night, but something had struck him in that strange way it occasionally did, had pierced into his armor-plated process of thought. He was pausing now to give his answer weight. I knew him so well, I thought.

"Kid," he said, after a long pause, "you're wrong. It's not a crime to kill an elephant. It's bigger than that. A crime—what the hell, that isn't much. And that isn't it. It's a *sin* to kill an elephant, you understand, a sin. As basic as that. The only sin you can buy a license for and then go out and commit it. And that's why I want to do it before I do anything else."

IT WAS a smooth take-off. Hodkins turned and nodded to Delville and me as we rose over the town of Tatsumu and the surrounding countryside. "We're getting an early start," he said. "Have time to go down to the lake and take a look at what the boys are doing."

"All right," I said. "It's the safest way to go hunting with John."

He grinned and banked to the right. We were up about a thousand feet, and we rose higher now and passed over the mountains that bordered the lake. Then we started down once again toward the tree-covered plain. Hodkins pointed out the hunting camp. The neat rows of huts lay placid in the morning sun. There was no sign of life. We flew up along the shore, following the road we had taken so often, and found the truck. It was parked among the trees. There was no sign of Wilson and his companions. A herd of antelope was grazing not a hundred yards from the long vehicle. We flew on toward the mountains again, until they seemed much too close, and then Hodkins turned. He stared down at the ground, his eyes searching everywhere. Suddenly he smiled and nodded. He cut the engine, and we swooped lower. There among the trees was Wilson, the fat elephant hunter and Kivu. They looked up an-

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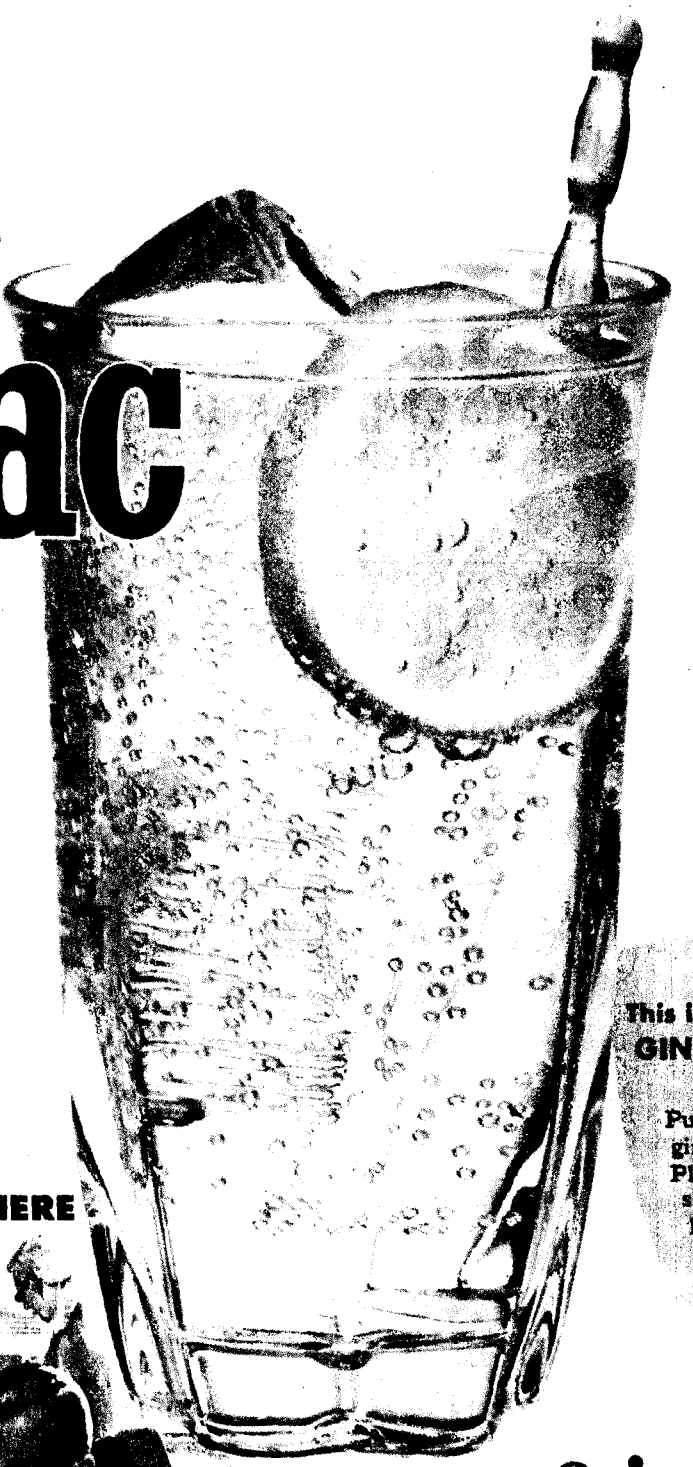

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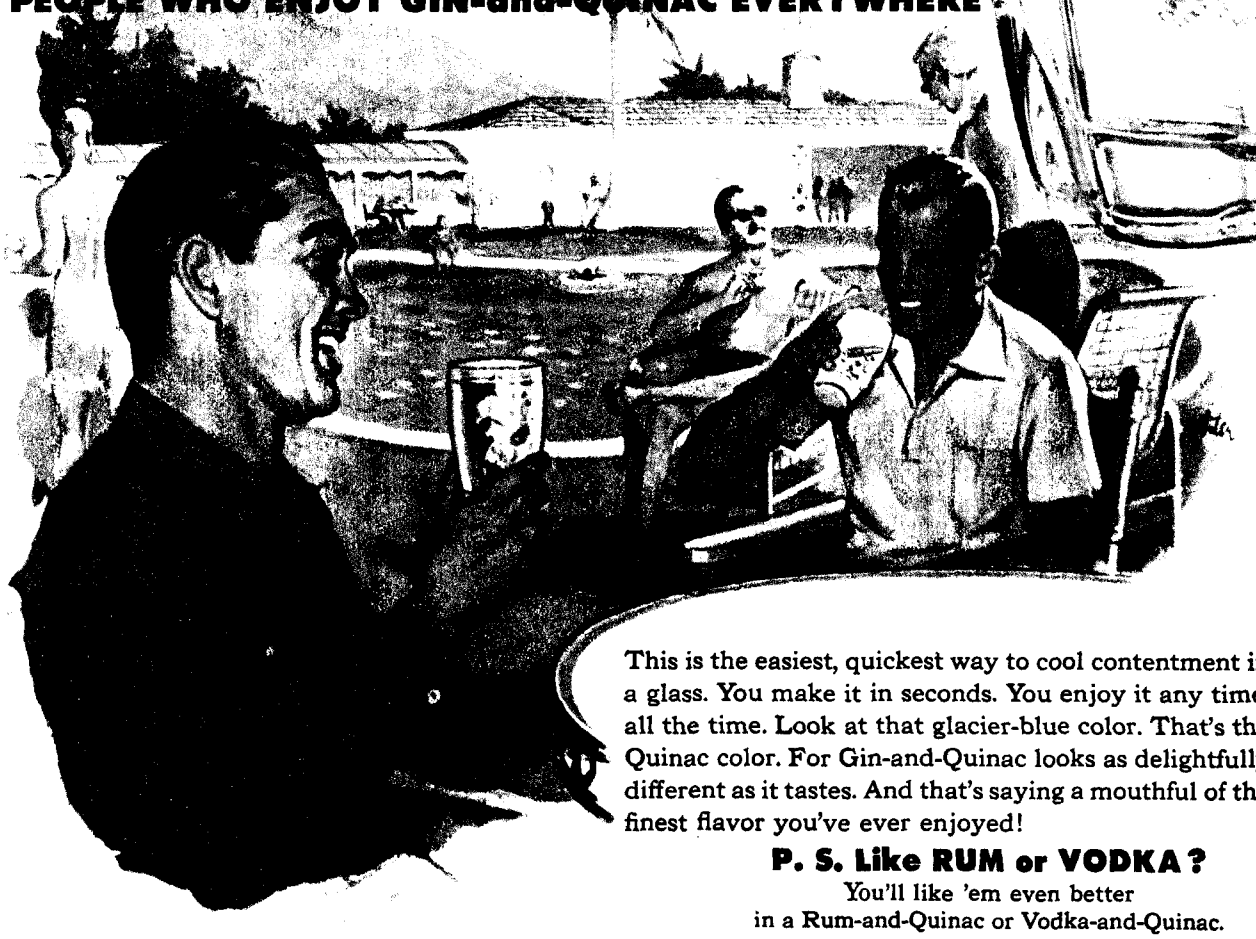

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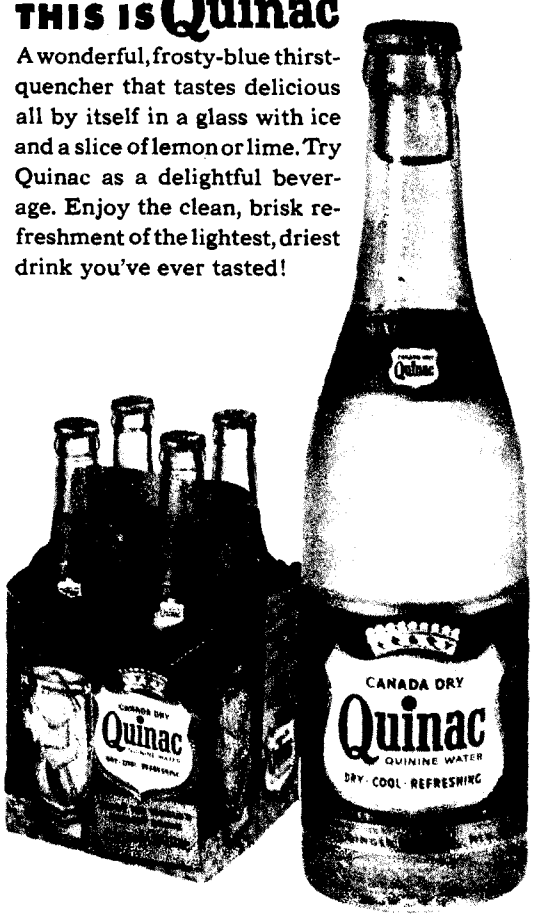

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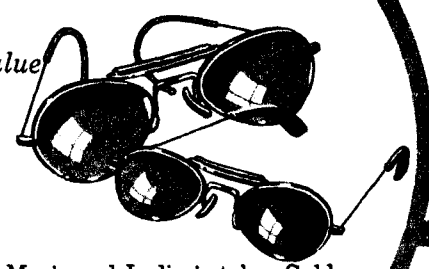

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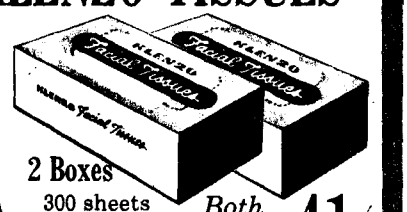

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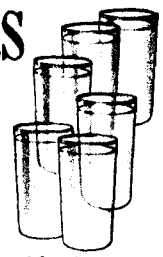

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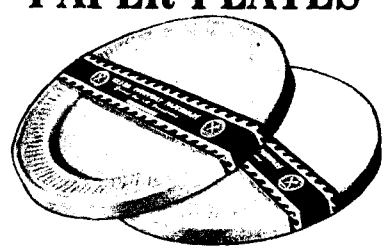

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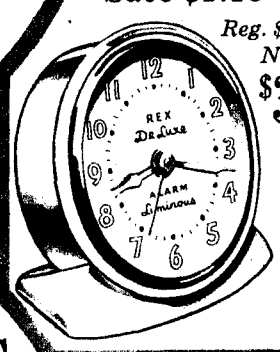

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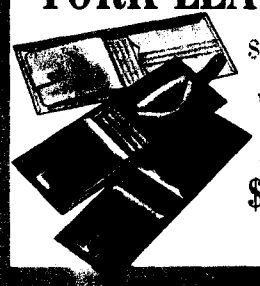

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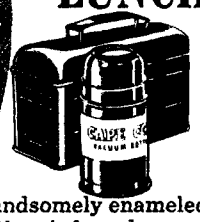

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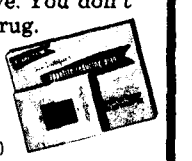

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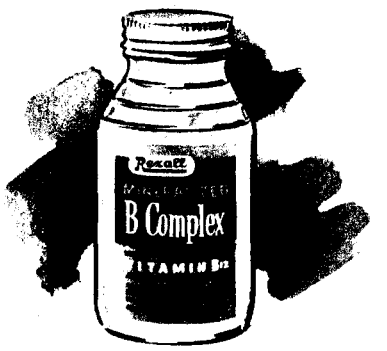

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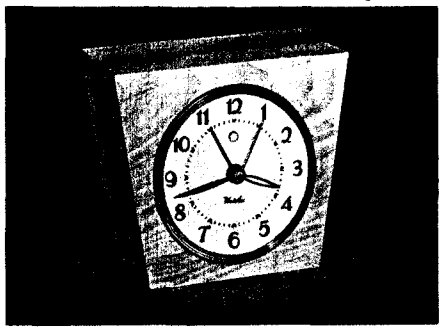

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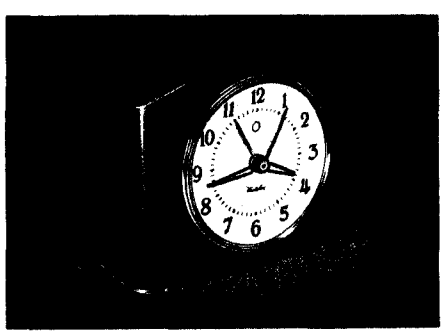

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grily. Wilson waved for us to go away.

"He's afraid we'll scare the game," Hodkins said, "but there isn't an elephant in sight." He shrugged and pushed down on the throttle. We rose and flew back toward the lake. "Now we'll go up toward the Semliki," he said, "and see if there's anything there."

In ten minutes we were over the mouth of the river. The country was swampland, flat, water-soaked fields, with the brown muddy river water showing everywhere between the bushes. The plane banked hard to the left, and we stared down at a small herd of buffalo charging through the shallow water. Their hoofs splashed among the weeds as they ran. Hodkins circled lower and passed over the herd once more. The leader, a huge bull, stopped and glared angrily up at our plane. We flew on. A family of hippos took to the deeper water as we passed over them, and then we saw our first Semliki elephants.

The cows were bathing their young. They turned and crashed through the brush when they saw our shadow. We were down at about two hundred feet above the swamps, and we saw another herd of elephant on the opposite side of the river. There was a large bull with huge tusks, very much like the one we had seen the previous evening. We circled and came back in a power-off glide, flying within fifty feet of the huge bull. He lifted his trunk, and I knew that he was trumpeting the alarm signal. The small herd under his command turned inland, following the riverbank.

"I guess the old boy was right," Hodkins said. "Lots of game here."

Delville looked unhappy. He had been clinging to his seat throughout all of the acrobatics. "There is game here," he said, his voice apologetic as always, "but it is hard to approach. This swampland—it is difficult even for a boat."

HODKINS turned the plane back into the direction from which we had come. In a few minutes we were over the edge of the lake again. We rose higher, climbing toward the clear, smooth air.

It was late afternoon when we landed in Stanleyville. Delville's wife drove out onto the runway.

"I was worried about you," she said. "Where is Mr. Wilson?"

"He stayed on for a couple more days," I explained.

"Well, if everybody is all right, that is all that matters," she said. "You do not agree, Mr. Verrill?"

"I most certainly do," I said.

"You had better telephone the Sans Souci," Mrs. Delville said. "Our people have arrived from London."

We drove over to our hotel, the Sabena, where I telephoned. I spoke to the room clerk at the Sans Souci and explained who I was. The next voice I heard was Landau's. "Pete?" He sounded worried. Just the way he said my name made me realize that he suspected the worst.

"Welcome to Africa, Paul."

"Where are you? Where's John? What's happening?"

"I'm at the Sabena. I'll come over later and explain things to you."

"Come right away," he said.

"I'd like to take a shower first. We've just arrived."

"Well, come in half an hour. And don't be late, please."

I found him on the porch of the Sans Souci. He was dressed in a checkered shirt and slacks, exactly what he would have worn in Santa Monica at his beach house. He looked grave, but he managed to smile as he shook my hand and said, "It's good to see you, Pete. You frightened me when you spoke to me on the telephone. You sounded ominous."

"Sorry. I didn't mean to," I said.

Landau snapped his fingers and a boy came running. He ordered a gin fizz for me. The waiter responded with a spirit of amazing willingness.

"What have you done to them?" I asked. "I've never seen them move that fast for anyone before."

Landau grinned, very pleased with himself. He said, "My good manners and my obviously exalted station in life tend to influence servants everywhere."

That was true. No matter where he appeared, he had the same effect on the hired help; they hung around in droves, seeing to it that he was well served. Headwaiters, hotel managers and butlers immediately recognized Landau as a king.

"Now then, tell me everything, Pete," he said.

"I can't, Paul. It's much too long. Let me just say that I've found out that what you told me in London was no exaggeration. You were right. I should have listened to you then."

"What did I tell you in London?" he asked. He seemed puzzled. "Come on, now, don't make a mystery of things."

"You said Wilson was insane, or heading in that direction. You were right. One hundred per cent right."

"Why do you say that? Where is he, anyway?"

"He's at the mouth of the Semliki River hunting elephants," I said. "And chances are he won't be back here for quite a while."

"What?" He looked amazed. Then he was immediately on guard. "Now, please, don't make jokes, Pete. Please. Things are complicated enough, and I'm in no mood for it."

"It's no joke. That's where he is, with a native tracker and an elephant hunter, and he probably won't come back until he's killed a big tusker."

"That's incredible. You mean he won't be here tomorrow when the rest of the company arrives?"

"Not a chance in the world," I said. "He's half a day's journey from the nearest road and an eight-hour drive from an airfield the big plane can land at, and there's no telephone or telegraph service, even if he wanted to come back, that is."

He stared at me. "But we're supposed to start shooting in five days," he said. "He knows that."

"He doesn't care. He's almost forgotten all about the picture. All he thinks about are elephants and how to kill them."

His agile mind skipped ahead. "Are you no longer friends?" he asked.

I SHOOK my head. "I've told him what I think of him, and he's indicated what his feelings are about me."

"Good God," he said.

"I want to go back to London as soon as possible. I don't ever want to see him again if I can avoid it. I'm fed up. I know I've let you down, but I'm through."

"What about the script?" he asked.

"I sent that to you from Entebbe," I said. "Didn't you get it?"

"We got half of the corrected final draft, but that's all," he replied, the horror in his voice growing.

"Well, I sent the rest. It's probably following you here now."

"And you want to leave?"

"That's right. Tomorrow, if there's a plane."

He grew calm. I suppose he realized that he must deal with each problem as it arose. "You can't do that," he said. "Just think of what it would do to the morale of the company. They'd think something terrible was wrong. I can't start the picture that way."

"Something terrible is wrong, Paul."

He started to answer me and then changed his mind. "Look," he said, "I have other worries now. Don't add to them. A few days of waiting won't hurt you. There's so much to do here. The equipment hasn't arrived. The camp near Pontiaville that we'll use to house the crew isn't ready. Nothing's organized. Don't make my work even more complicated by bringing your personal problems into it now."

Basil Owen, the unit manager, arrived at our table. "I must speak to you, Mr. Landau," he said. "There's

COLLIER'S "Say, why don't we eat in for a change?" JACK MARKOW

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been no word about the trucks with the equipment."

Landau held him off. "In just a minute," he said. "Let's take a walk, Pete."

We went through the lobby of the hotel, down to the river. Native women were doing their washing in the brown water, while on a small wooden pier in front of us, sixty or seventy Negroes were waiting for the long canoe which served as a ferry. Landau walked majestically along the water front, surveying the shabby confusion of life on the Congo River. I was astonished how very much at home he seemed here. I had always believed that outside of Hollywood and New York he would not be able to exist. I realized right then and there that that was a foolish notion. He had obviously lived in every kind of wild surroundings, in poverty and splendor, and somehow he had managed to push his way through it all.

"I'll tell you about the equipment, Paul," I said. "First things first."

"There seems to be a good deal that you can tell me," he said.

We walked slowly among the palm trees while I told him the story of our safari, of how Wilson had lost interest in looking for locations as he became more and more obsessed with killing an elephant. Strangely enough, it sounded rather mild. Again and again he asked me what specific thing Wilson had done to antagonize me, and my answers sounded surprisingly feeble even to me.

"He shot at a doe. That's not very sporting, I know, but it doesn't sound like a thing that could break up a friendship," Landau said.

"The doe was just finishing a nap," I explained, "and he shot at it from a truck. He steadied the rifle on a bar on the truck's side."

Landau shrugged. The ethics of hunting were obviously not very important to him. "All right, it sounds fairly lousy. But what did he do to you?"

"Actually nothing, I suppose. But his manner, that strange, superior taunting attitude he can assume. The way of ignoring you that he has, outside of all the insults."

LANDAU smiled faintly. "You talk about insults, when I'm worrying about starting a picture in five days without a director and without equipment." He stopped and watched the pirogue start out across the river. "I think you should relax a little," he said. "We'll get together tonight, and discuss everything, point by point."

"But what is there for me to do?" I asked. "I want to get out of here, Paul. I never want to see Wilson again, or Africa, for that matter."

He looked thoughtfully at the surrounding jungle. Then, very slowly, he mopped his brow. "I can understand how you feel," he said patiently. "I warned you about him, if you'll remember. But still I say you've got to help."

"How, Paul? Just tell me how, short of shooting him in the head."

"Well, for one thing you've got to help me get him back here," he said. "Because if he's not back here in three days we'll all be ruined."

"You're asking for the impossible."

"We'll see, we'll see. I've faced tougher problems in my life."

"Have you? Well, go out and lead Wilson to an elephant and fix it so that his rifle shoots the beast through the brain. Then you'll have solved what you're up against today.". . .

We sat in the bar of the hotel, each one of us equipped with one of Landau's cigars. I had the place of honor, on the producer's right. Hodkins was across the table from us, explaining the logistics of the thing, trying to make it all sound less hopeless.

"There's only one thing I could do," he concluded. "If I had the single-engine plane that's at Entebbe, I could fly over the village, or wherever John is, and drop him a message to meet me at the Lake Albert airstrip."

"That can be arranged," Landau said impatiently. "I'll have it here tomorrow afternoon."

HODKINS glanced dubiously at his watch. "I rather doubt that, sir," he said. "You see, a telegram would take a day to get there and the pilot could still only get as far as Tatsumu by tomorrow afternoon. It's a big risk flying in the late afternoon over that forest in a single-engine plane."

Landau puffed on his cigar. "And you must have a single-engine plane to get John?"

"At that field, yes. If we can get him to drive to Tatsumu, I could get him in the twin-engine."

"He won't drive to Tatsumu unless he's shot his elephant," I said once again. "He might drive an hour to come and talk to you, but that's all."

"All right, then let's proceed on that basis," Landau replied. "Now, what can we do about the equipment?"

"Well, I could fly over the hunting camp and drop a note for Paget to come and meet me at the landing strip as well. You'd know why he's there with the equipment then."

"Good idea, Hod," Landau said. He turned to me. "Mr. Hodkins is quite a help, isn't he?"

"He's our eyes, ears and brains, that's all," I said. "If it weren't for him John would still probably be straying through the African brush."

Landau nodded pensively. "Let me ask you something, Hod," he said after a pause. "Why couldn't you leave today in the twin-engine Rapide and drop all the messages? Get that done?"

"Because the Rapide's overdue for a checkup, and tomorrow's trip over the forest is all we should risk," Hodkins replied.

Landau shook his head, like a confused field marshal assuming a new command. "Everything is so complicated here. No communications of any kind, no transport—"

"And no director," Basil Owen said. "It would have been a lot simpler to shoot the entire thing in Kenya."

"Or in Florida," Landau sighed. "We could all be in Miami on week ends."

Hodkins excused himself. Whatever other problems there were, he wanted no part of them. Landau asked me to step outside onto the veranda.

"What do you think?" he asked, as we stood in the darkness, looking out at the quiet river.

"About what?"

"About who should go down with Hod to see Wilson."

I looked at him with surprise. I knew what he was going to suggest. "I'm damned if I know," I said. "You're the logical choice. You're his partner."

"Please don't remind me of that," he said. "In any case, I don't think I can. There'll have to be someone here when the company arrives."

"Well, send Basil down then."

He got suddenly angry. The strain was beginning to tell on him. "What an idiotic thing to suggest," he said. "Basil has no influence with John. None whatsoever. But you could carry my message, and you could argue with him. I don't think he knows how serious the

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situation is. We have a budget on this picture, you know."

"Why don't you send Kay?" I said. Kay Gibson was the star of the picture, and she was due to arrive the next day. "She's a woman and an actress, and she has a strong will of her own."

He shook his head even more forcefully. "Come on, Pete," he said. "Stop it. You know that if she sees him in this condition she'll take the first plane back to the States. Her contract hasn't been completely approved yet, and that would be all the excuse she'd need."

"All right," I said. "Suppose I go and threaten and plead with him to come back, and suppose he tells me to go to hell. Then what?"

"Then we'll see. Let's not answer that question until we come to it. I think he'll listen to you. If you apologize to him, and tell him that you want to keep your friendship going—"

"Apologize to him? What the hell for? He should apologize to me."

"Pete, Pete, for God's sake. Use your head. What'll it cost you to say, 'I'm sorry'?"

"Nothing. Not a cent. I'll do it under one condition."

"What's that?"

"That I take the plane home not more than a week after I get back."

"You've got a deal," Landau said. Those were always fateful words in the picture business, and I should have been on my guard. But I wasn't. I had been in Africa too long.

THE next day, a Sabena DC-4 arrived, carrying the entire company. The entrance to the airfield was crowded with the citizens of Stanleyville who had come to see the famous American stars. A few had even climbed up into the neighboring palm trees to get an unobstructed view of our actors. They were rather disappointed as the technicians and crew members appeared.

"What do you do?" I heard an aggressive boy of about ten ask Fielding, our cameraman.

"I try not to get in the way," Fielding said.

Finally Phillip Duncan and his wife and Kay Gibson came down the ladder. A cheer went up. Duncan waved. Landau and I hurried forward to help them into a waiting car, and we drove off at high speed toward the Sans Souci.

"Well, Peter," Kay said enthusiastically. "It's nice to see you alive. I thought you'd be trampled by a charging buffalo by now."

"We didn't meet any, or I would have been," I said.

"Where's the ogre?" Duncan asked. "Why wasn't he there to meet us? I bet he's with one of these black ladies and has forgotten all about us."

"He isn't here," I said.

"He's out looking for locations," Landau said hurriedly.

"Locations? Haven't you got them all picked yet? What have these guys been doing down here all the time?"

"Working on the script," I explained.

"I hope it's better," Kay said.

"What she wants to know is if her part's any larger," Duncan said. "She feels she's just a foil for me the way it is now. She listens; I do all the talking."

"I don't mind your doing the talking," Kay said. "I just feel I'd like to have some inkling of what my character is about. I don't mind if I don't say anything throughout the whole film, as long as I'm playing a human being."

"You're absolutely right," Landau agreed, from the front seat. "And you'll see—the changes the boys have made have taken care of that."

Duncan winked broadly at me. "As long as you haven't taken away any of my best lines," he said.

They were shown to their rooms in the hotel, and a few adjustments had to be made. Kay's suit was dark and moist and had to be changed.

Landau took me aside once more while the others were unpacking. "Be sure and not let on about the nature of your mission tomorrow," he said. "And warn Hodkins to keep quiet at dinner tonight."

"I'm not as big an idiot as you think," I told him.

Kay Gibson appeared, dressed in sharkskin trousers and a big straw hat. She declared herself ready to see the town, and I volunteered to be her guide. The Duncans and Landau joined us, and we went shopping. Everyone bought huge supplies of tomato juice, and pork and beans, so that they might be prepared for any catastrophe. While Paul Landau paid, Duncan's wife took me aside.

"What's it like?" she asked. "What kind of a camp have they built?"

"It's all fine," I said. "You'll love it."

"Oh, yeah," she said. "Don't give me that double talk. Have you seen it?"

"No," I said, "but I trust implicitly in the efficiency of the company."

"I don't," she said.

"Oh, don't worry about any of it," Kay said, joining us. "It won't be heaven, but it'll be all right." She beamed at me. "I can't tell you how I've been looking forward to all of this." She took a deep breath. "Africa! I've always wanted to come here."

The morale was quite high at dinner that night. The hotel was more comfortable than anyone had expected, and the food was quite good. Fielding, the cameraman, had joined us, and he added the only sour note. "The vegetation," he said at least five times during the meal. "It's so thick. I keep looking at it through my finder, and it loses its value."

"But we're not shooting here, Ralph," Landau said hurriedly. "The country's different where we're going."

"I'm sure it is," Mrs. Duncan interrupted. "If John had anything to do with choosing the locations, it's going to be just dandy."

"Where *are* we going, Paul?" Kay asked.

"South," Landau said vaguely. "A hundred miles from here. And then to Jasindi."

"Where's that?" Duncan asked.

"On the shore of Lake Albert," Hodkins said.

"Is that nice?" Kay asked.

Hodkins and I exchanged glances. "It's interesting country," he said. "All of Africa is, for that matter." He was covering himself with glory.

"Oh, I'm sure it is," Kay Gibson said heartily. "And I want to see as much of it as I can while I'm here. Don't you feel that way, Peter?"

"Well, I've been here quite a while," I said, thinking of my imminent departure. "And I've seen a lot."

"Oh, I don't feel that way," she said. "I'd like to stay here for years and see it all."

"You may," I said in a very low voice, so that Landau couldn't overhear me, but she was much too excited to listen to any warning.

IT WAS after eleven when Hodkins and I drove back to the Sabena Hotel. The porch was crowded with members of the British crew that had been engaged to work on the picture. They looked strangely out of place, with their predominantly blond hair and pink skin. In direct contrast to the optimistic mood that had prevailed at dinner with Kay Gibson at the Sans Souci, there was a general tone of bitterness here. The first shipment of the crew's jungle clothing had arrived, and the hats that had been bought for them were the main source of discontent. They were all the same size, all too large, all made of heavy dark brown felt. As we walked across the crowded porch, several members of the crew angrily clapped their hats on. They looked like figures out of a Disney cartoon, white-skinned dwarfs, with huge, brown mushroom heads.

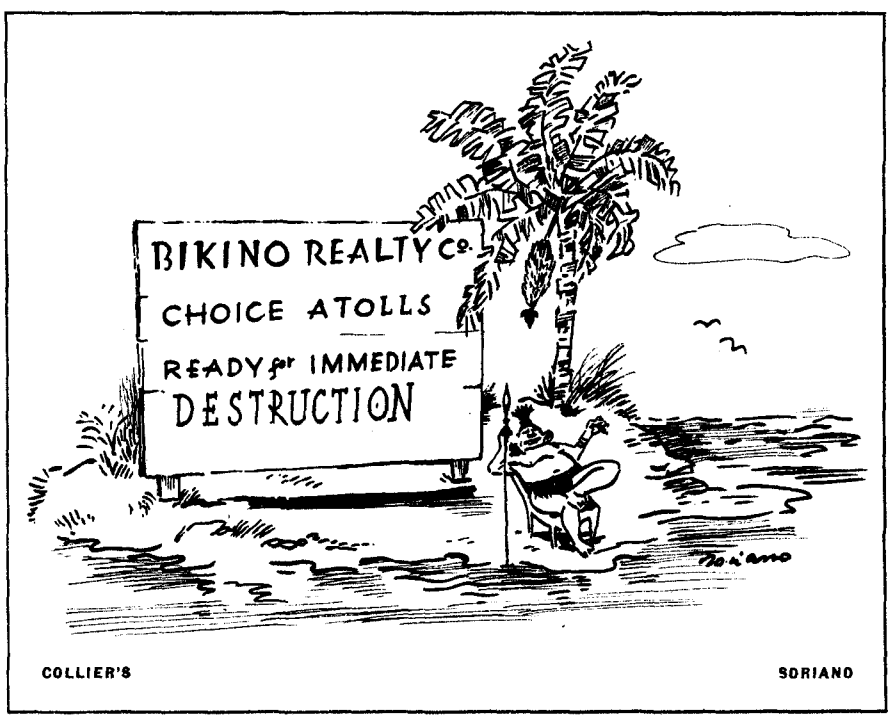
"Oh, something will be done about it," I declared grandly, when detained. "Don't worry about a thing."

"Something better be done about it," the sound man said. I knew that whatever revolution might ultimately take place, it would be caused by some small inconvenience of this kind.

It started to rain. The first fat drops fell with a great noise onto the leaves of the palm trees, and as I reached the door of my room it began to pour. There was the sound of thunder, and the water came down in sheets. It bounced off the porch of the hotel and formed swift rivers along the paths.

"The little rains have started," Hodkins said. "Right on schedule."

"Can you imagine what it's like in



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Kivu's village?" I said. "No cement floors there, you know."

Hodkins grinned happily. "Wilson is sitting in the mud, protecting his rifle. The natives are singing the rain song, and the leopards are prowling around outside," he said. "He may actually be rather anxious to come back tomorrow. It may all solve itself."

"It may at that," I answered doubtfully. I thought of Wilson out there in the rain and the wilderness, cooped up in a native hut, planning the death of countless wild beasts, letting his madness run on unchecked, and I felt certain of one thing: Whatever else might be running through his head, he was certainly not thinking of us. He had had Hollywood long ago. He was having Africa now.

WHEN Hodkins and I took off the next morning, it was still raining, but the trip was uneventful. As soon as we landed, he started arguing with the customs official inside the bamboo hut, trying to explain that we were not leaving the Congo but that the plane was, when there was the noise of a plane passing overhead. I followed Hodkins outside. The single-engine Beechcraft circled and landed. Landau's master plan was unfolding step by step.

Looschen, the pilot, grinned as he shook hands with us. "Let's go inside, fellows," he said. "I'm not quite as fit as you are. Haven't been on safari."

"Well, you missed something," Hodkins said. "It was a wonderful trip."

"I bet it was. What's the deal now? I take your old boat back to Nairobi, and you go on with mine and collect more medals?"

"That's it, I guess," Hodkins said, smiling. "Unless you want to relieve me right now."

"Oh, no, old boy. It's quite all right. You carry on."

Hodkins turned to me. "By the way," he said, "we'd better get some cloth and tailor our messages. We've got to do it right, don't you know."

The customs man supplied us with string, and Looschen, who had flown the Beechcraft in, produced an old undershirt that had been forgotten in the baggage compartment of the Beechcraft. I tore it into long thin strips. Then Hodkins made small neat pockets out of them with a needle and thread, and we rolled up Landau's messages and put them inside. A .276 Mannlicher shell served as a weight in each one. Looschen was watching us, an amused smile on his face.

"You chaps are awfully clever," he said. "But I'd like to know just whom you've lost."

"Wilson," I said. "He's gone off with a she-elephant, and we're dropping him a lock of his wife's hair just to remind him of his obligation to the human race."

"Doesn't sound too unlikely," the pilot said. He followed us to the edge of the runway. "Well, take care, boys, don't fly too low over those trees; you've only got one fan on that kite."

Hodkins and I got inside the Beechcraft and fastened our safety belts. Looschen waved casually and hurried back into the hut. It was raining steadily. The wheels of the plane made deep tracks in the red clay as we taxied up to the end of the runway. Hodkins winked at me and put his thumb up. We were a very "pukka" crew by now. I unfolded the map across my knees. The messages were on the floor.

We rose very quickly through the rain. The speed of our flight kept the windscreen clear, as we banked steeply among the clouds. In half an hour we were over the hunting camp.

Hodkins flew very low over the huts, but there was no sign of life. He circled out over the lake and we passed over the camp once more. "No truck, is there?"

I looked at my watch. It was a little after one o'clock. Normally no one was out hunting at that time of day, but as the rain had done away with the heat, it was quite possible that Wilson had decided to stay out in the field.

"There's the Pole," Hodkins said. We turned sharply once more and flew past the main hut. Zibelinsky, Paget's assistant, was standing in the doorway of his hut waving to us. "Guess they're all gone," Hodkins shouted. "We'll fly up toward the Semliki." He tipped his wings quickly from side to side as a recognition signal, and we flew on.

The ceiling was very low along the shore line, and we were forced down to an altitude of a hundred feet. The winding road passed constantly from his side of the plane to mine, and he banked sharply every few seconds to keep it in view. I started to sweat. The warm air inside the cabin and the constant twisting motion of the plane were having an effect on my empty stomach. I put my head down in my hands.

"The loving cup's right under the seat," Hodkins said cheerfully.

"Never use one," I said. We banked sharply to the right, doubling back in a tight circle.

"Trucks," Hodkins said. "Take a look at them, will you?"

WE WERE diving down toward the road again. The ground was rushing up at me at a strange angle, and I caught a glimpse of a row of trucks stopped at the side of the road. A figure in khaki jumped out of the lead vehicle and waved a large, battered hat.

"Paget," I said. I couldn't say more.

"I do believe it is," Hodkins said. "We'll drop Message A. Have to make a new approach first." We circled back. Hodkins put down his flaps into the approach position and I handed him two of our streamers.

"We'll cut our air speed a little for a more accurate bombing run," he said. "You all right?"

"I'm alive," I groaned.

"Awfully close in here, isn't it?" he said. He seemed unperturbed. "By Jove, I do think it's strange seeing old Paget on this road. He must be going down to the village to pick up John."

"With all of the trucks full of motion-picture equipment? That sounds fairly unlikely."

"Well, this road leads nowhere else, you know." We were flying very slowly now, the plane hovering over the tops of the trees. Hodkins opened the small window next to his elbow, and held one of the streamers in his fist. Then he dipped the wings and released his package. I saw it fall into the road just ahead of the lead truck.

"Jolly good shot, what?" he said, beaming. He seemed very pleased with himself. I sat watching his hands pull back on the wheel. I didn't trust myself to look outside. Hodkins signaled with his wings, and we went on. I noticed that he was looking at the engine-temperature gauge, and that he was frowning. "Gets a little hot when you fly her like that with the flaps down," he said. "We'll go upstairs and cool her off before we start after old John."

We climbed up through the dense clouds, and Hodkins retracted the flaps. I could see nothing but white mist on

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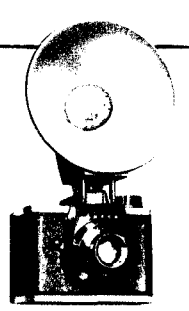

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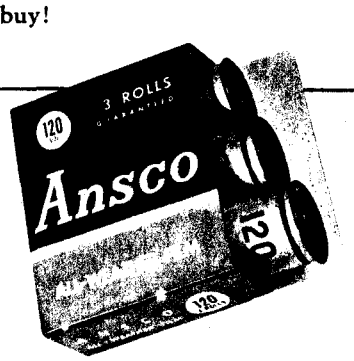

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all sides of us. I took a cigarette and lighted it. I was feeling a little better now that we were flying on an even keel. "Awfully strange," Hodkins said, shaking his head. "All those trucks down there on the wrong road. Can't imagine what Paget's doing."

I didn't care. I was trying to recover. A few minutes later the engine had cooled sufficiently, and we started down through the clouds again.

"Watch the road," Hodkins said. "It's over on your side again."

I did as I was told. The road twisted back to the left. "On your side now."

Hodkins nodded. We flew on. In a few minutes we caught sight of the village. "We'll buzz them now, and then drop Message B," he said.

THE village passed quickly under our wings. There were a handful of native children standing in the rain.

"The truck's there," Hodkins said as we pulled away. His eyes seemed to be capable of seeing everything at once. We circled back and then made our first slow run over the tops of the grass huts. I caught sight of a white man towering over the crowd of natives.

"That was John, wasn't it?" I asked, once we were climbing away again.

"John and the fat fellow both. They looked pretty muddy."

"The whole place looks muddy."

"It is, I believe. I'll pass them under your wing this time."

I nodded. The engine-temperature gauge was rising out of the yellow field and approaching the red once more. If we crash and burn, I thought, Wilson will have had his way after all. He'll have spoiled us by remote control.

"There they are."

I pressed my face against the side window. Wilson was standing ankle-deep in mud in the center of the small village square. He didn't bother to wave. He was squinting up at the plane, his hat pulled down low over his face to protect him against the rain.

"It's John all right," I said.

"Looks like a bloody great albino witch doctor, there among the blacks, doesn't he?"

"I guess that's what he is by now."

We circled back and dropped a duplicate message. The needle of the temperature gauge was well inside the red field. Hodkins was looking back at the receding village. "Got them both," he said. "Jolly good bombing."

"Jolly good," I answered weakly. I pointed at the gauge. Hodkins grinned and nodded.

"Upstairs we go," he chirped. "Have to cool her off before we try to land."

We flew around for over ten minutes in the white soup, and then went down again to look for the landing strip. We found it near the lake, halfway between the hunting camp and Kivu's village. We touched down in a sea of mud, and Hodkins cut the motor.

We waited for half an hour on the empty field. Then the first truck arrived. It was Paget. "Well," he said, "quite a surprise to see you chaps."

"Pleasure is all yours," Hodkins said. "Say, you're on the wrong road, aren't you?"

Paget grinned maliciously. "There's been a change in plans. Sent you a telegram from Tatsumu this morning. Mr. Wilson's decided to start shooting the picture here."

"What?" I couldn't believe it. He was obviously a partner in John's latest practical joke.

"Yes, that's it. Made up his mind yesterday when we finally cleared the trucks through customs. Wants to start shooting here instead of at Masindi. Says the village is every bit as good. The company can live at the hunting camp. I've already arranged for the grub and all that."

"What about Masindi?" I said. "The village set is already built there. It cost a fortune."

"But it's not as authentic as this one," Paget said, smiling falsely. "And as Wilson pointed out, it would mean clearing all the equipment again to get it back into Uganda. So he decided to write off the village there. He plans to shoot the destruction sequence in Masindi, and that's all. Once he's all through in the Congo, that is. Quite logical, don't you think?"

"The logic of a madman. How does he know the two villages will match? How does he know we can all live at the hunting camp?"

"Take it easy, old boy," Paget said happily. "Everything will be all right. He's the boss, you know. We're all just employees."

"Didn't John think of asking Landau's advice? That's the least he could do," I said.

Paget was grinning even more broadly now. "He didn't think of that," he said. "Didn't have time. He made his decision, and then he went out with old Ogilvy again. Looking for his big tusker, don't you know."

"Be a bit of a shock for old Paul," Hodkins muttered.

"What about the hunting?" I asked weakly. "Have they shot anything?"

"Nothing yet," Paget said. "Wilson's waiting to get a really good elephant. Hasn't seen anything worth his while as yet. I must say, he's quite a game bloke. Lives right there in a hut like a native king."

"Good God." I thought of Landau and the company. To bring them here would be the final insanity. They would have to be flown to Tatsumu, and then driven over the endless dusty road and then to the hunting camp. It was too much to ask of anyone.

"It's really not such a bad idea, Pete," Hodkins said, trying to see the brighter side, "if the bloody Belgians would only allow us to come in here with the Rapide. The company could fly to Tatsumu in a DC-3, and then I could ferry them right to this place in short hops. It's logical all right."

"What about the weather?" I said. "You couldn't shoot in this rain."

"Weather's bad all over," Paget said. "Anyway, as I said before, he's the boss, isn't he?"

Paget climbed inside the Beechcraft to get out of the pelting rain, while Hodkins tramped around the field, inspecting the ground. He hurried back when he heard the sound of a truck approaching.

"The field's all right," he said. "I'd land even a DC-3 here if they'd let me."

The familiar vehicle we had used so much on our "safari" drove up to the plane. Ogilvy got out. There was no sign of Wilson.

"John is very put out," he said, without a word of greeting. "You'll scare all the game buzzing the area like that."

"He's not coming here, then?" I asked amazed.

"No, he sent me. I've got all the instructions."

Paget's story was confirmed. Wilson had made his command decision and would accept no alterations.

"Think there's any sense in my going to see him?" I asked Hodkins.

The pilot shook his head. "Don't think you'll accomplish much, Pete, and if we waste all that time we won't be able to make Stanleyville tonight. Have to stay in Tatsumu. Probably worry everybody to death doing that."

"Do you think we can get back through this weather?"

"I think so. If we get started now."

"Well then, let's go," I said. "We've done our duty."

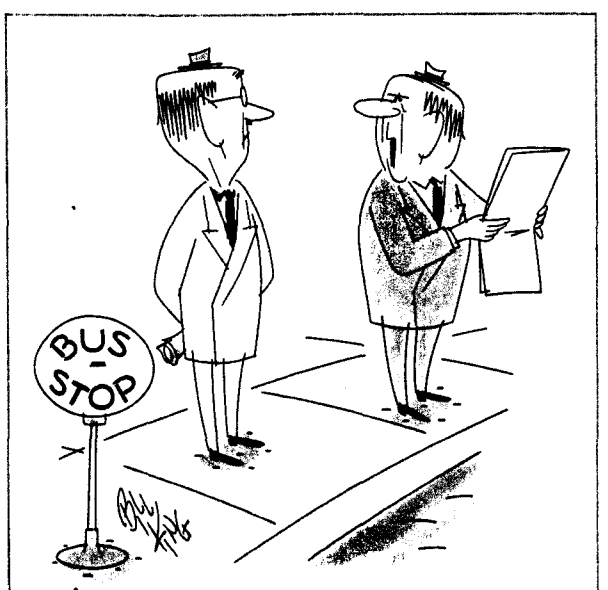
"Oh, just one more thing," Ogilvy said. "Mr. Wilson would like more gun oil and ammunition the next time you fellows come. He said to be sure to give you the message."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"That's all. And don't forget about the game. Fly around our area, if you *have* to come over this way."

I HAD often wondered just how Landau would behave in a real crisis. I had really never seen him confronted by anything more serious than a violent disagreement during a story conference, or a complicated business transaction, or an argument over a gin-rummy score. I remembered that he had an unpleasant way of losing his temper with nearby employees when things went wrong, but that is only an overtone of a man's reaction to trouble. Landau's attacks on waiters and secretaries were no worse than anyone else's explosions. On the whole, he usually seemed to stand up pretty well when in danger of losing money or prestige. He was logical and fairly controlled, and accepted the worst, when it finally came, with great coolness and elegance.

However, this was different. This was no disaster involving a calculable loss. This was the end, not necessarily for Wilson, who was bringing it about, but it was certainly the end for Landau, his unwilling partner. Paul would undoubtedly be the one to receive the largest share of the blame, just as Wilson would certainly have received whatever glory might have been won. If everything went wrong, and the chances were strong that it would, people



"Well, he made his first money since getting out of college last week. Sold the watch we gave him for graduation!"

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would merely associate Wilson with the disaster in a good-natured, tolerant way. "Well, that's the ogre for you," they would say with a smile. "Everything withers under his hand." And they would hurry off to sign a new contract with him. That was not true of Landau. A unified cry would go up against him from all sides, and he would be declared basically at fault, solely responsible. I felt sorry for him as we flew back now with our news of defeat. A financial calamity coupled with irresponsibility was the correct formula for the end of a Hollywood career. One was bad enough, but a combination of both was almost always fatal.

WE PASSED over Stanleyville and made our approach. There were large puddles on the runway, and it was still raining steadily. Great sheets of water rose on both sides of us as the wheels touched. In the distance I could see two figures standing in the open doorway of a hangar.

"There he is," Hodkins said. We taxied toward the hangar. I saw Landau step out into the rain and start toward us. A very military-looking trench coat was draped across his shoulders, and a large pipe jutted out from under the brim of his white tropical helmet. Basil Owen was walking next to him, wearing one of the brown felt hats.

"Poor old Paul," Hodkins said. "I don't envy him his job."

"Neither do I."

"He might as well go and lose himself in the jungle—the way things are going now."

The propeller stopped. We opened the doors and crawled out of the plane. Landau caught my elbow in his most paternal manner and steadied me as I stepped off the wing. He glanced apprehensively at both of us, at our greenish faces that must have corroborated his worst suspicions.

"Well, give us the news," he said.

We started toward the shelter of the hotel veranda on the other side of the road. "Your partner is crazy as a coot," I said slowly. "He wouldn't come to the airstrip, but I saw him from the plane. There's no doubt about his madness any more."

"Where was he?"

"In a native village, a few miles from the shores of Lake Albert. He didn't wave to us. He was sore because he thought we were scaring the game in the surrounding country."

"Did you drop the messages?" Owen asked. He was quiet and reserved.

"Sure. But Wilson didn't come to meet us. He sent his hunter to the field." I patted Landau on the shoulder. "Now prepare yourself for a shock, Paul," I said. "He's changed everything. He wants the principals and a skeleton crew to come to the hunting camp near the village, and he wants to shoot there instead of at the Masindi location."

Landau closed his eyes for a second and took a deep breath.

"He thinks the village where he is now is a better location," I said.

"But the village is already built at Masindi," Landau said in a controlled voice.

"He wants to use that set for the destruction sequence," I said. "The rest he wants to do where he is now."

Landau's mouth closed firmly. His teeth ground down on the stem of his pipe. "Well, that's not so hard to talk him out of," he said. "We'll get the equipment started for Masindi, and then his hands will be tied."

Hodkins shook his head. "The equipment is there with him, right now. He got hold of Paget yesterday and made him reroute it to the village."

Landau stopped in the middle of the street. "I don't believe it," he said. "I just don't believe it."

"We saw it, Paul," I told him gently. "Come on, let's get in out of the rain."

He refused to move. "But it can't be true. Doesn't he know he's risking the lives of the company and the crew? Doesn't he ever think of anyone but himself? Doesn't he realize—"

"Paul, come on."

He stood for another minute or two in the pouring rain. His long, dark face covered with beads of perspiration. Then he started toward the porch. "What's it like there?" he asked, in a new voice. He had accepted the worst and was trying to get used to it.

"A mud flat, covered with squat, brown straw huts," I answered. "The surrounding country is like Masindi. It's raining there—"

"But where would we live?" Landau asked. "Damn it!" He controlled himself once more. He closed his eyes, and shook his head, as if he were trying to shake himself out of a bad dream. "He knows that even a skeleton crew will involve at least twenty people. Where will they sleep and eat?"

"In the hunting camp," Hodkins told him.

"And what's the food like?" Landau asked.

"Quite good. It gets better as the marksmanship improves. What *we* ate was lousy," I said.

"Please don't make one, single, solitary joke today," Landau pleaded. "That goes for everybody. No wisecracks, no sarcastic remarks. Only straight answers and questions." He looked out at the rain-soaked jungle all around him. "Oh, why did I ever choose that maniac to be my partner?" He shook his head, wiped the sweat off his brow, and leaned back in his chair. "Will someone bring me a map," he said to Owen.

"We've still got a chance, Paul," I said. "If the rains stop we *could* shoot down there. It would look very real, you know, the natives and the mud. Probably help the picture."

LANDAU shook his head. "I'm not going to let him do it," he said. "The crew is my responsibility, and so is the cast. I won't send them to a place like that."

"But what can you do?" Owen asked. "We must start, you know."

"I'll call off the picture," Landau said gravely.

"But you can't. We've already spent a hundred thousand pounds."

"I'll pay that back. I don't know how, but I'll manage. It may take years, but it's better than having someone's life on your conscience."

He sounded very dramatic. I could see him now as a very old man, working as a cashier in an Indian general store in Kampala, going to the bank and depositing the last fifty pounds of a lifetime of labor into a London account, and then walking very slowly along the arcades to a small, hot room, knowing that at least *he* had behaved honorably and had paid off the debt incurred by his insane partner. It would be like the last shot in one of those old German movies—the gray-haired, broken-down bum, walking slowly home, stopping to pause in front of the local movie theater and staring at a marquee which would, of course, be carrying the real villain's name in large, glorious letters.

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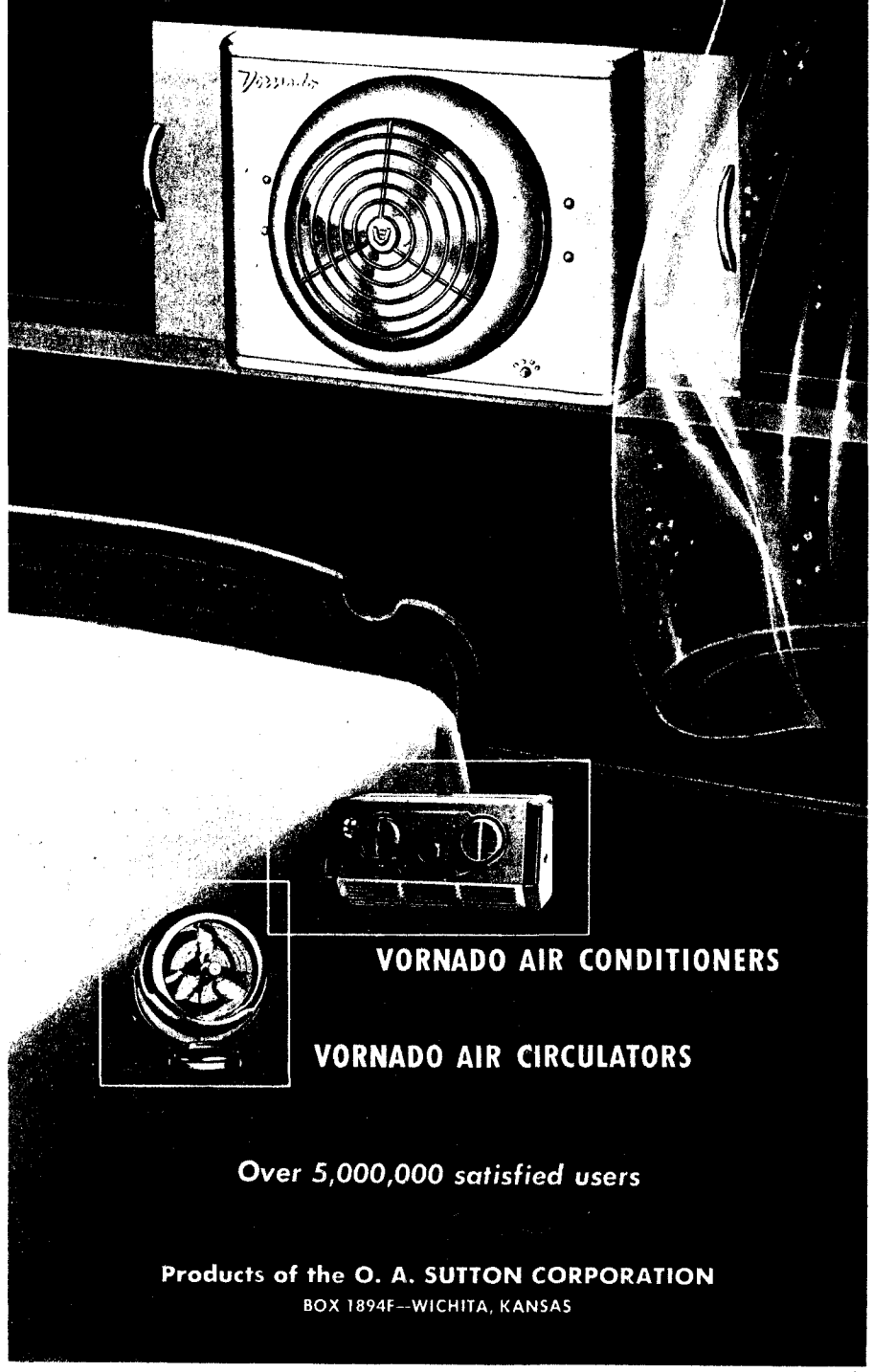

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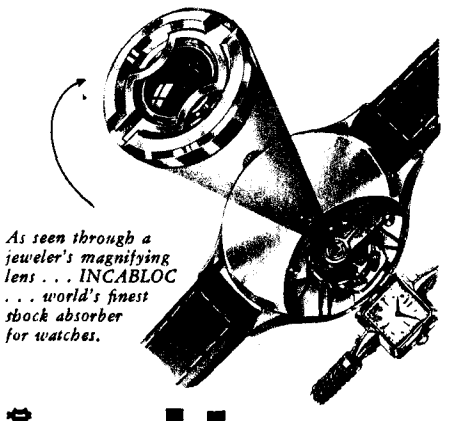

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life to pay back a hundred thousand pounds, Paul," I said.

He shrugged. "What do you want me to do? Send everyone down there, knowing that they're going off to their doom?" he said.

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that," Hodkins said.

"Anyway, you can put it up to them," I suggested. "Tell them the truth—that it'll be rough, but that it undoubtedly will make for a very distinguished film."

"No," Landau said slowly, "we can't do that. Either we call it off or we play along with Wilson. We can be honorable or crooked. No middle road."

"But why not tell them the truth?" I asked. "It seems sensible."

"Because then they will be obligated to help us. They will want to behave honorably because we're in trouble and we've been honorable with them." He scratched his nose with the mouthpiece of his pipe. "No, there are only two things to do. Call it off and accept disaster, or lie to them and hope luck will help us through it."

"That's much too complicated for me," I said. "I think it's always better to tell the truth, Paul."

LANDAU got up abruptly. Duncan and his wife had just driven up to the veranda in a taxi. They were both wearing white pith helmets. Kay Gibson arrived an instant later in another car. Landau waved to them and then stood watching their approach. It made me nervous to have to face them, not knowing what plan we were to follow.

"What'll we say, Paul?" I asked. "Come on, make up your mind."

He waved my question aside with an outstretched palm. "Never mind, never mind. Not now."

"But, Paul, Kay knows we went out on a reconnaissance flight."

"I said never mind."

Kay Gibson and the Duncans were involved in a mild quarrel as they crossed the crowded veranda.

"Why didn't you wait?" Kay asked. "I told you I'd only be a minute more."

"Phillip hates to wait; you know that, Kay," Mrs. Duncan said. "And we knew there was another car." They came up to our table. Hodkins and Owens supplied more wicker chairs.

"Well, what about it, Pete?" Duncan asked aggressively. "What's the ogre up to?"

"Nothing has changed much," Landau said.

"We're asking Pete, Paul," Mrs. Duncan said, adopting her husband's aggressive tone of voice.

"And he'll answer you, only I'm giving you a brief résumé of the situation."

"That's just what we don't want," Kay said. "We want to know it all, the whole horrible truth. When do we start? Where do we go? How do we get there? Where is the new version of the script? How long will we be where we're going?"

"I'm only the hired man, you know," I answered. I looked at Paul, hoping he would soon come to my rescue.

"Ask Hodkins," Duncan said. "He's not in the picture business, so he's not apt to be quite such a foul liar."

"Oh, I wouldn't know how to answer any of those questions," Hodkins said.

"Come on, Paul," Duncan said harshly. "Enough of this crap. What cooks? What's going to happen? We all going back to London tonight, or are we going to make this picture?"

"Yes, Paul," Kay added pointedly. "Stop all this nonsense. We're not children, you know."

Landau emptied his pipe into the ash tray in front of him on the table. I could see that he was busy with his decision. They had been fairly unpleasant with him, just at the instant when he had felt protective. They had threatened him, not knowing that they were entirely in his hands, perched on his large palms, helpless and exposed. He stuck the empty pipe into his coat pocket and passed his forefinger, like a windshield wiper, across his brow. "Everything is under control," he said. "As soon as the rain lets up a little, the cast and a skeleton crew are going to be flown to a location selected by John on the shore of Lake Albert, and we will start working."

"Well, that sounds better," Duncan said. "Now we'll be off and resume our shopping. Are you coming, Kay?"

"I most certainly am. In your car."

They rose, smiled acidly, and left. Landau looked slowly at the rest of us. "Do you think we have a chance to make it?" he asked. "One single, solitary chance? Or are we all proverbial snowballs in hell?"

"I think we have a chance," I said.

"I certainly hope so," Basil Owen said stiffly.

"Everything will be all right. We just have to get those Belgian fellows to close their eyes a little, and we'll fly everyone in there without a hitch," Hodkins said.

"Leave the general closing of eyes to me," Landau told him. We all agreed to that. Hodkins and I started back to our rooms.

"It'll work out," the pilot said. "You'll see. It's not nearly as risky a place as the old boy thinks. Everything in life always appears to be ten times worse than it really is, don't you know."

"I haven't always found that to be true," I said.

"Oh, I certainly have," Hodkins said. "In any case it's the only way a fellow can keep going." . . .

Now that the die had been cast, there was only one hero in Stanleyville, and that was Landau. He did everything. He was a perspiring Napoleon planning his hundred days. He took care of the officials. He arranged the necessary messages to Wilson so that everything would be in order once the company arrived. He made the actors feel secure by giving a caviar-and-champagne dinner for them. Beyond all that, he seemed at the last moment to receive the help of those powers to whom he usually addressed his most agonized words of despair—the rains subsided. The sky cleared momentarily, and the expedition got under way.

I had one more brief discussion with him the day before they left. It happened that he discovered I had made reservations to fly back to Europe, and he immediately summoned me to the bar of the Sans Souci.

"Are you really going to leave me to face John alone?" he asked, once I had been served a drink. "Are you really going to do this to me, Pete?"

"That was our agreement, Paul. Remember? One more week—"

"I didn't ask that," he interrupted. "I asked are you going to leave me to face him alone?"

"But what help would I be?"

"If you don't know," he said in a tired voice, "well, then I can't tell you. It's all right. You can go. I won't argue about it."

"I just don't know what good I'd be doing."

"All the good in the world," he said heatedly. "That's all. You'd be supporting me. Backing me up. Doing all the things friends are supposed to do for each other."

I felt very weary. "For how long do you feel you need support?" I asked.

"Until the day we start shooting."

"That's all? You're sure? This will be my final contribution."

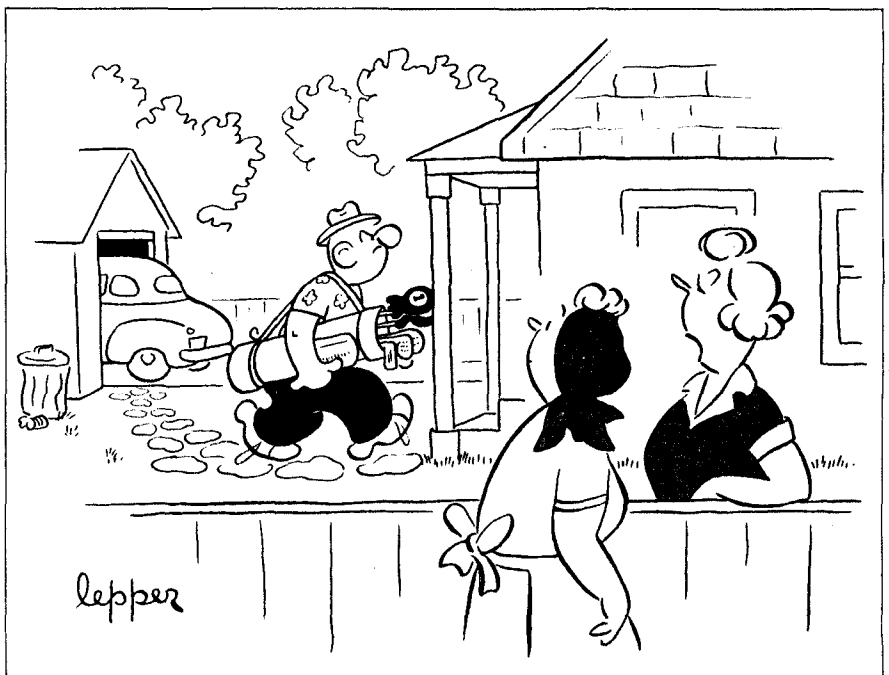
"I give you my word of honor," Landau said.

THE journey was uneventful. It was late afternoon when we landed on the strip near the lake. The trucks from the camp had not yet arrived. Landau walked nervously up and down in the late heat of the day. I tried to calm him by telling him that we still had two hours of daylight, and that the plane would require at least two trips before the whole company was assembled.

"But suppose the trucks don't get here?" he asked.

"They're bound to get here. It's less than an hour's drive."

"But suppose they don't. What happens to us? Do we sleep here? John never thought of that, I'm sure."



"I don't know whether he's harder to live with in winter when he doesn't play, or in summer when he does"

COLLIER'S — EDWIN LEPPER

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"Paul, relax. We could walk to the hunting camp if we had to."

The Rapide circled the field. We watched Hodkins make his approach with a good deal of apprehension, but he proved to be absolutely correct in his calculations. The plane landed with at least a third of the runway to spare. Fielding and his camera crew got out and kissed the ground. Landau barely smiled at their antics. He continued to pace up and down along the edge of the runway. Only when the truck convoy arrived did he quiet down a little. He supervised the loading of the camera gear, getting in Fielding's way most of the time, and then took his place in the cab of the lead vehicle. Everyone except the sound man had arrived, and as the light was failing, we presumed he would be flown in the first thing in the morning.

WE DROVE along the winding road into the hazy evening light hung in a wide pink belt over the lake. Hodkins stood next to me, leaning on the roof of the cab. "Familiar, isn't it?" he said.

"Like coming back to a horrible home you thought you had left forever," I said. "But I'm afraid it's going to turn out to be a disappointment. Wilson will prove to be right, and everything will work smoothly and splendidly."

"Well, let's hope for the best."

It was almost dark when we arrived at the camp, and everyone was dusty and tired. No one said anything. They didn't even try to make out their surroundings.

"Where do we go, Paul?" Duncan bellowed. His face was covered with a thick layer of dust, and only his angry eyes were visible.

"I don't know. I've never been here either."

"I'll show you," I said. I led them down the familiar road that bordered the lake. The main hut was less than fifty yards away, yet I could hear quite a few of the crew members grumbling as we walked through the deep sand. Outside the doorway of the hut I stopped and turned back to the others. "Now you're in for quite a pleasant surprise," I said.

"Lead on, Pete, damn it," Duncan groaned. "I'm ready for anything."

We stepped inside the hut, pushing back the straw curtain that covered the entrance. It was quite dark. The table was set as if for a large banquet. There were burning candles everywhere that gave the place a dim, festive light, and standing at the bar we saw Wilson. He was alone, dressed in a dinner jacket, wearing a black tie. He turned, as if surprised by our entrance, and only then did I see that he had a small monkey perched on his shoulder.

"Oh, do come in, chaps," he said in a broad British accent, smiling his snake charmer's smile. "I've been so looking forward to seeing all of you again."

It was one of Wilson's elaborate jokes, the kind of thing he loved to plan and carry out. But as it continued, I began to feel that there was a basic truth underneath. Paget appeared in a white shirt with a black bow tie, and so did Ogilvy. They had been rehearsed in their parts, and they performed them reasonably well. Drinks were served with more elaborate bowing and scraping, and although we all laughed and enjoyed ourselves, it didn't stop there. It went on, Wilson playing the English gentleman in the jungle, and Paget and Ogilvy aping him, obeying his commands. I realized that, with it all, he was telling us he was king here.

Movie directors usually raise themselves to princely station by the power they wield temporarily, but Wilson was more than a prince now. He moved as if a powerful light were trained on him, tracking his every step, and as he overplayed it strenuously, he ultimately succeeded in making everyone uncomfortable. The crew stared at him as if he had completely lost his mind. The Duncans, Kay Gibson and the rest of us played along with him all through dinner, asking him questions in the most courteous phrases, and excusing ourselves for the way we were dressed.

Duncan made the most of his role. "I'm really horribly put out, old boy," he said again and again, "but some bloody fool, excuse me, ladies, insisted on loading the plane with cameras and sound gear. You know the sort of thing, old boy. And they just didn't bring our dinner clothes along."

"Shocking," Wilson said, frowning.

"Savages," Kay said archly. "Well, nothing is the same any more today, is it? Life the way it used to be, well, it just *is* no more. Graciousness, manners, dress—all that is gone, I'm afraid."

"The war," Wilson said. "My deah, we should all have died long before it was over. We should be peacefully resting in our graves, and we wouldn't have to witness this—this burial of our way of life."

I was watching Landau as they went on. He had laughed good-naturedly in the beginning and had avoided the monkey on John's shoulder as much as possible, but now he was getting nervous. He felt embarrassed in front of the crew, who had started to withdraw, one by one, to their huts. We were almost alone. Paget and Ogilvy sat stiffly, smoking cigarettes with extremely long bamboo holders. The rest of us, in our dirty safari clothes, kept to one side.

LANDAU coughed and cleared his throat. "John, shall we stop the kidding now?" he asked.

"Kidding? My dear boy, I don't understand, I'm afraid."

"I'm serious, John. We have to get started tomorrow. Fielding's got to go out to the location, and you've got to look at the costumes—"

"I'm perfectly prepared to do anything you suggest, old boy," Wilson said. Hodkins laughed happily; Wilson looked very coolly in his direction. "The airplane driver, he's in a revoltingly good mood tonight, isn't he?"

"John, please," Landau wailed. "I'm serious."

"Well, what is it, Paul? Do anything you like, within limits, of course."

Landau tried to control his temper. "Well, first of all, drop that phony accent, and then please, damn it, abandon your role of great white hunter and become a movie director once again."

Wilson looked at him for a long time with his most poisonous stare. "Listen, you Balkan rug peddler," he said, shedding his British accent, "my role of great white hunter, as you put it, is entirely my own business. It doesn't concern you one damn' bit. It's a holy thing, you understand? You will refrain from talking about it, even thinking about it. Because it's much too serious and important a subject for your low mind to try to grasp. It's a passion that's beyond you. I'd have to explain the smell of the woods and the sound of the wind to you. I'd have to make you over again, blot out all the years you've spent on pavements in cramped shoes—"

"I'm not interested in your hunting,"

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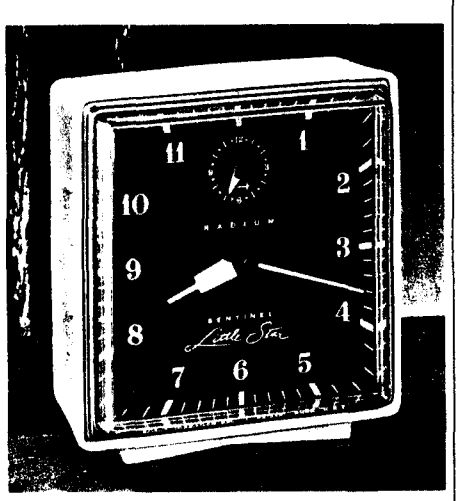

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Landau managed to say. "It doesn't mean a thing to me. Only when it interferes with the picture—"

"How has it interfered? When?" Wilson asked.

"Why, I haven't even got the ending of the new script yet," Landau said.

"You haven't?" Wilson's manner changed again, as if he were remembering another part of his act. "Oh, dear me," he said. He turned toward the entrance of the hut. "Kivu!" he called loudly. "Kivu!"

The tracker appeared.

"The script, Kivu. You've been correcting it, haven't you?"

"Ndio, bwana." Even *he* had been carefully rehearsed. He disappeared.

"It has to be typed and copies have to be made. We're losing precious time," Landau said.

"Of course, of course."

KIVU re-entered the hut. He was carrying the last fifty pages of the script in one hand and his spear in the other.

"That'll be all, Kivu," Wilson said archly. "See you tomorrow at five."

The tracker nodded and tossed the script onto the cleared dining table. Landau rose and started toward it, but as he did so an unexpected thing happened. The small monkey on Wilson's shoulder had been attracted by the rustling of the papers, and he leaped down toward the script simultaneously with Landau.

"The ape," Landau said, terror in his voice. "Somebody hold the damn' ape."

But no one moved. It was too comic, too bizarre. Landau took hold of one end of the manuscript, and the monkey clutched the other. For an instant they both pulled, and then, very quickly, the monkey reached out and tried to scratch Landau with his free hand. The man released his hold on the script and stepped back, leaving the monkey the master of the situation. In an instant the small animal was swinging around the rafters of the hut, grasping his prize. Two or three pages of the script fluttered to the floor, and then he went on, the speed of his acrobatics increasing. He was distributing the pages we had slaved over, like a little boy dropping leaflets at a fair. Wilson and the others roared. Paget had taken one of the rifles and was aiming it at the monkey, offering to shoot him down.

"The frontal brain shot," Ogilvy shouted. "And don't miss."

Landau stood glaring at Wilson, and then turned abruptly and left the hut. The laughter of the others rose to an even higher pitch. Hodkins caught the monkey and forced the papers out of his hand. Wilson was doubled up with laughter, coughing violently. "Oh, God, oh, God. This makes it all worth while," he roared.

"You better go after Paul," Hodkins said. He gave me the manuscript. Paget had collected the stray pages.

"Yes, you must tell him everything is all right," Kay said. "He's apt to walk right out into the lake, the poor man."

I left the bar. Landau was in his hut, unpacking his things. He looked up as I came in. "I was wrong," he said. "I should have called the whole thing off and sent for a strait jacket."

"Oh, I don't think so, Paul. This is kind of a good sign. He's almost himself again, if he's devoting his time to practical jokes."

Landau glared at me. "I can't take it any more," he said. "I'm through, washed up. I'm going back to Stanleyville in the morning."

But at breakfast the next morning he seemed restored to his usual self. He spoke to Wilson as if nothing had happened. When Kivu brought the monkey, he got up and left and went outside to supervise the loading of the trucks. Half an hour later, seated with Wilson in the first truck, he led the procession out of camp.

We drove through the cool, early-morning air and arrived at the village. The sun was just coming up. Again we realized that Wilson had prepared things for our arrival. A quarter of a mile before we drove into the village square, we saw natives lining the road. They cheered when they saw Wilson and ran after him. And once his truck had stopped in the village, they clustered around, shouting and dancing. An old man began to beat on a wooden drum, and a long line of girls issued out of one of the grass huts. They started to dance, holding onto one another's waists, moving rhythmically with the drumbeat. In spite of the fact that it had been ordered long beforehand, the dance had a wonderful quality of improvisation. The dust rose around the shuffling feet. The round, smooth faces shone in the sun. The full-fleshed shoulders tipped back and forth. The drumbeat grew faster. Another, smaller, drum joined in. Then Wilson moved out into the center of the square, waving his hat.

They screamed with joy. Wilson stood there, grinning, among the sweating dancers, turning and smiling at them all. A small black child ran out to him, and he caught it up in his arms, while the crew members stood all around us taking pictures with their hand cameras.

"He's not insane," Laudau said. "He's far beyond that. A strait jacket alone wouldn't do. A strait jacket and a padded cell would be the minimum I'd settle for."

In another corner of the square, a native cockfight had started. Four of the young men of the village had been painted white and adorned with feathers, and now they circled one another, swinging long knives. Wilson moved out of the center of the square of dancers, with the native child in his arms, and went over to watch them. A swarm of natives followed him, cheering wildly.

"Isn't this something?" I heard him say to Kay Gibson. "Isn't this just something?"

"It's wonderful, John," she said.

It took an hour for the festivities to subside. Then Wilson devoted himself briefly to Fielding and the camera crew. He ambled around the village, followed by a swarm of Negroes, planning the week's work.

"God, what a performance," Duncan said to me. "They really love him."

"Why shouldn't they? Everyone does in the beginning," I said.

Wilson came over to us. "Well, Pete, I was certainly surprised to see you again," he said. "The bitter moralist. What the hell are you doing here?"

"I just came to witness the beginning of the end," I said.

He shook his head. "You should be back in Paris, kid," he said, "devoting yourself to literature, writing all the things you know nothing about."

"Did you get your big tusker?" I asked him.

"I'll get him, don't you worry."

"Maybe you weren't meant to sin. Did you ever think of that?"

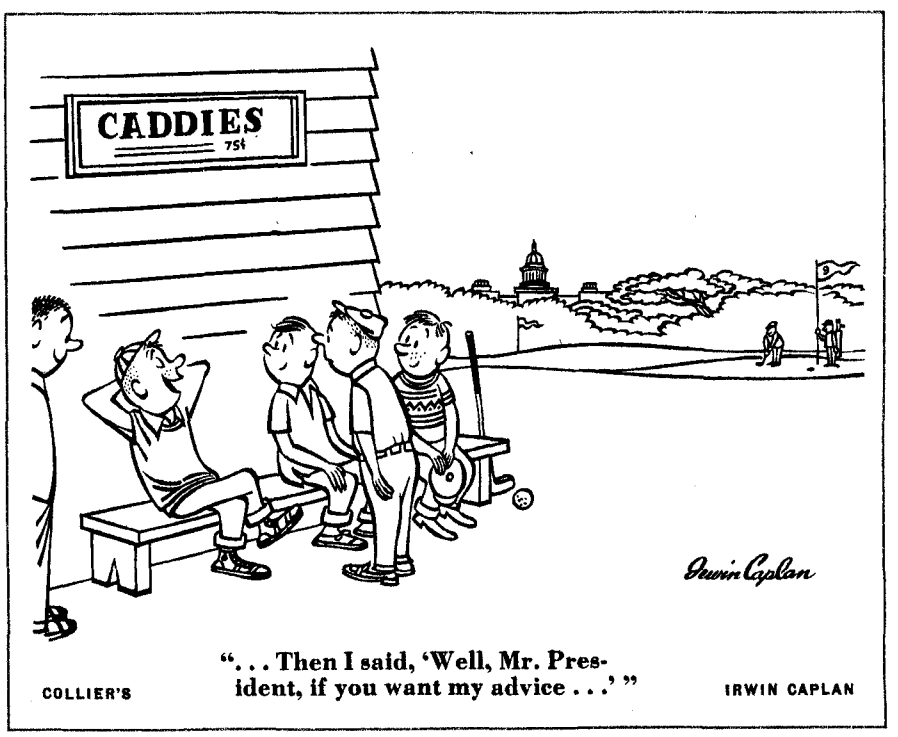
He shrugged. "Just stick around," he said. "If you can't live yourself, you might get a kick out of watching someone else do it."

THE next day he was greeted again by hordes of cheering natives. But the weather changed just as the cameras were being unpacked, and it started to rain. It grew dark and lightning flashed across the sky. We took shelter in the bamboo huts, where we waited until lunchtime. Then it was decided to return to the hunting camp and try again in the afternoon.

But the rain continued. Only at night did it subside. At daybreak the next morning it started to pour once again. Wilson, Paget and Ogilvy decided to continue their hunting. The rain did not affect that, and now I understood why Wilson had insisted on changing the site of the location. He could utilize the rainy days here, continue his quest.

"No work today, guys," he would call out on each of the following rainy mornings, and then shout in a heroic voice, "Hunters, man your spears."

The truck with the hunting equipment would appear then, driven by Paget, and Wilson and Ogilvy would climb into the back of it. The same procedure went on for four miserable days. Landau was in despair, while Wilson was frankly delighted. The discomfort of the entire company made up somehow for the lack of game. Every-



"... Then I said, 'Well, Mr. President, if you want my advice . . .' "

COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN

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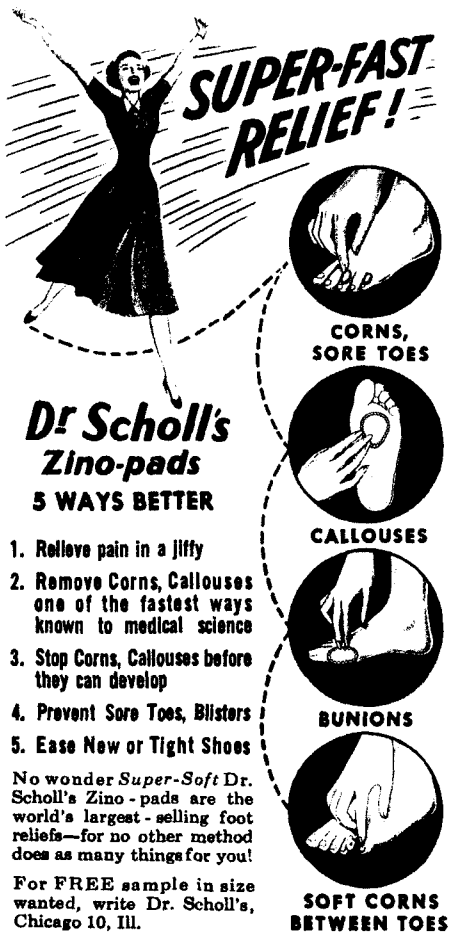

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one was suffering, which seemed to make his frustration more bearable. He was not getting his "big tusker," but they were not getting their movie made either.

On the fifth morning there were patches of clear sky over the lake, although it was still drizzling. Wilson decided to stay in camp, thinking that the weather might clear. He sat in the main hut with Paget and Ogilvy, cleaning his rifle. I was reading quietly in a distant corner. Hodkins joined them.

"No luck yet? No elephants?"

"Oh, we've seen quite a few, Hod," Wilson said. "Just not a big tusker. Not the kind I want."

"We'll get one," Ogilvy said. He rubbed his callused naked feet. "We have time. Another week yet, before these rains really let up."

"You think so?" Wilson asked hopefully.

The fat hunter nodded slowly. He was completely unconscious of the actual venture that existed all around him. He had no interest of any kind in the picture. The actors and the technicians seemed to be there quite by chance so far as he was concerned. He never spoke to them, never really looked at their faces. They were not hunters, so there was no purpose in considering them. Landau he avoided, sensing a natural enemy. He looked up briefly now as the producer pushed the bamboo mat aside and came through the door. Landau nodded to the hunters and sat down near me with a copy of the schedule.

"Too hot to work in my hut," he said. "It's like the inside of a Turkish bath." He looked over at Wilson and then spoke to me out of the corner of his mouth. "He never looks at the script in his spare time, does he?" he said.

"He's afraid to lose his artistic spontaneity."

"Is that it?"

"Oh, sure. He gets much more inspiration out of squinting down the barrel of his rifle."

"Interesting character, isn't he?"

"Fascinating."

"If he only weren't such a damn' bore."

WILSON looked over at us. "What are you two grousing about now? Aren't you happy, Paul? You're on the spot, the weather's clearing, and I'm standing by to rush out with my camera and start making you rich. What the hell is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," Landau said and turned away.

Wilson got up and started pacing up and down. "A swell couple of friends I have," he said. "I'm risking my neck to make them rich and famous, and they sit stewing in their fat and grumbling. Lord, what a sad lot! My companions, my home-town buddies!" He spat. "Come to Africa and find out who's on your side. Come into the wilderness and learn about civilized man."

"Turn the record over, will you, John?" Landau said. Hodkins got up and left the hut.

Wilson shook his head and looked over at us. "No guts, no sense of humor, no comradeship," he said. "Well, I'm glad I've found out about both of you. I won't have to drag you along any more."

"That's for sure," Landau said, anger creeping into his voice. "This is my last association with you."

"Will you sign a paper to that effect?"

"Any time."

Wilson turned to the others. "You heard him. You're witnesses. We've just dissolved Sunrise Productions, this date, this place. A great American corporation falls by the wayside." He laughed dryly. "This is the happiest day of my whole life."

A native had come up to the entrance of the hut. He knocked on the bamboo mat and stood waiting patiently in the rain.

"There's a boy outside, John," said Paget.

"Well, ask him to come in. He can be another witness for us."

THE boy came in and stood at attention in front of Ogilvy. He muttered something in Swahili, and the fat elephant hunter answered.

"What is it, Ogilvy?" Wilson asked.

"Kivu sent him. He's out at the village. He's seen something. Elephant."

Wilson cocked his head to one side. "Is that right?" he said. "Where'd he see them?"

"A couple of miles from the village. But that was two hours ago. The boy came back here on foot."

"Well, let's go," Wilson said. "What are we waiting for?"

"They're probably a good way off by now, John," Paget said.

"We've got nothing else to do." He had already picked up his hat and rifle.

"The weather's clearing, John," Landau said. "We might be able to work this afternoon."

"And we might not. Come on, let's get going."

Landau got up, his entire face trembling. "We could maybe get half a day's work if it clears. John, for Heaven's sake, be reasonable."

"It won't clear," Wilson said. Paget and Ogilvy were putting their rifles together. "Anyway, if it does, you can bring the company out to the village, and we'll come back too."

"But you'll be miles away somewhere in the bush."

"We'll get back," Wilson said irritably. "You just stand by here and get the company together. You're supposed to be doing something, you know, except sit on your fat—"

"But you won't be there," Landau said. "We've been waiting for days to start the picture, and now just as our luck is about to change, you take off."

"My luck may change too, you know," Wilson said angrily.

"John, please," Landau pleaded. "The sun will come out and you'll be miles away—"

"Don't tell me where I'll be," Wilson shouted. "Hell, send your boy Pete along to make sure I know when it clears up, if you don't trust my judgment."

"Will you go with him and see to it that he doesn't forget that we're waiting to start our movie?" Landau asked me.

"He doesn't need me."

"That's right. And it might be risky," Wilson said.

Landau looked imploringly at me. "Please, Pete, go with them."

"Sure, Pete," Wilson said. "Paul will take care of your family if anything happens."

"I'll go," I said. "I'd just like to have a rifle, that's all."

Wilson grinned. "You won't need one on the truck," he said. "Because that's where you'll be anyway!"

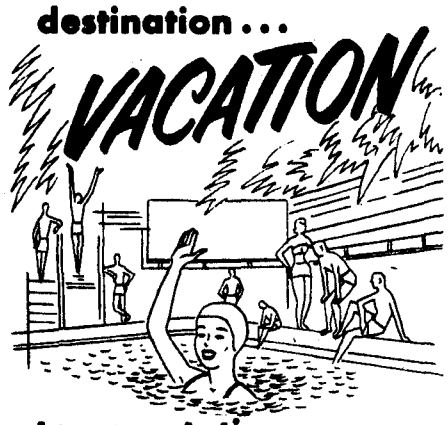
"All right, John," I said. "Come on. With God's help this may be our last afternoon together. That'll make anything worth while."

"If it clears up we'll be there," Landau called after us. "Don't forget."

We went out into the rain. The na-

destination . . .

VACATION



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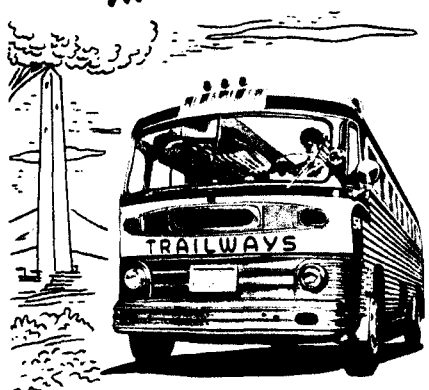

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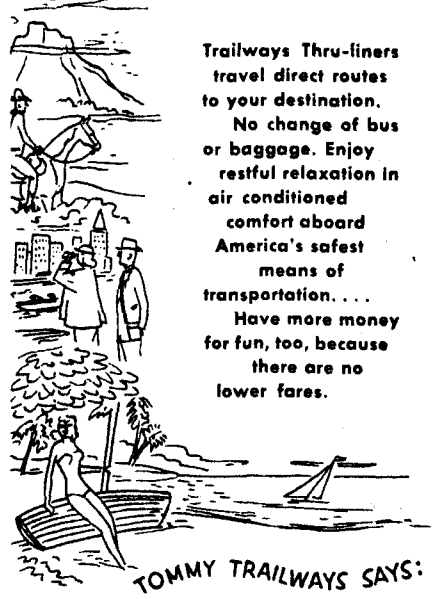

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tive followed us, mumbling Swahili to Ogilvy.

"Maybe we'll get our elephant today, John," Paget said hopefully. "I've got a funny feeling—"

"Well, we'll see, Vic. We'll see. Stranger things have happened, you know," Wilson said. Then he fell silent. The strained look had come over his face once more.

HE STOOD there in the rain as I had so often seen him during the past weeks, his hat pulled down low on his forehead, his bony face wrinkled as he squinted through his glasses, one long, thin arm stretched out holding onto the side of the truck, and the other curled around the barrel of his rifle. He seemed unconscious of anything around him, of the green hills crowned with white, mushy clouds, and the gray expanse of the lake on the other side of us. He didn't seem to notice the rain, or the clean smell of the moist air, or the constant movement of the truck under his feet. He was lost again. The torturer within him was forgotten, or had retired at least temporarily, had been suppressed as had the many other facets of his personality: the pretentious side, the snob side, the humane side, the comic, clowning side, as well as the practical, intelligent side he could sometimes display. And as I watched him, I decided that he was as much a stranger to me as he had ever been. I knew what he might say at any given moment, but what he really felt, what he really might do under a given set of circumstances, was still a mystery.

And as is usual when one looks for a long time at a face that has been friendly on a good many occasions, I started remembering all of my original liking for him. He'd changed a lot this last month, I thought. He'd got vaguer when he was vague, and sharper when he was sharp, and meaner when he was mean. Africa had made him more pronounced in every respect, had underlined every one of his characteristics. He had somehow become a caricature of himself, the sometimes benevolent, sometimes spiteful, and often boring favorite uncle on whose whims everyone's fortunes depended. That was why my liking for him had vanished. He was an unbearable extreme now. And the fact that he had allowed this to happen—and had rather enjoyed the process—made it seem worse. He had been self-indulgent, which is something he had never been before. He had stopped looking at himself from an outside viewpoint. He had just let himself go, abandoned himself to his appetites. He was the walking expression of the radical climates of an overly ardent man.

"There's the village," he said curtly to Paget, pointing out through the rain.

We passed the first row of grass huts and rolled into the village square. The natives stood in the shelter of their doorways, grinning at us, out in the pouring rain. A few children ran out and stood staring up at us, as brown and naked as the mud under their feet. Ogilvy was talking to the oldest of one of them. He turned to Wilson, his fat, pasty face glistening with raindrops.

"Kivu's not here. He's out tracking the elephants. Two of the other hunters are out with him."

"Find out in which direction they've gone," Wilson commanded.

"Out toward the Semliki," Ogilvy translated. "One of the boys says he'll show us the way."

"All right, then," Wilson said. "A little child shall lead them." He nodded to the boy, and the little Negro got into the cab next to the other two natives. We drove out of the village again.

The ground was very moist, and the truck left deep tracks in the tall grass. Occasionally the wheels spun and we hung momentarily in place, but then we ground on again. There were large patches of water covering the low ground, and we had to pick our way through them. Every once in a while the little boy's brown arm would point out of the window, and we would follow in the direction he had chosen.

The rain stopped, and the heavy clouds moved more quickly through the sky. We passed through a patch of sunlight.

"It's clearing up," I said.

Wilson didn't answer. He looked briefly up at the blue sky, and then went on staring out at the country in front of us. After a few more minutes the truck stopped.

"What's the matter now?" Wilson asked Ogilvy.

"There's a boy out there," the hunter said. "He's coming over this way."

A native, dressed in khaki shorts and carrying a spear, was running slowly through the shallow water toward us. His figure was reflected in the surface and he seemed to be stepping across the clouds that were mirrored around his feet. Once he had arrived next to the truck, Ogilvy spoke briefly to him in the language of the region.

"It's not far now. We'd better walk."

"What about the company, John? It's clearing," I said.

Wilson hesitated an instant. Then he climbed down off the truck. "They can wait," he said. "This won't take long. And *I've* been waiting a good deal longer."

"Better ask him if the elephants are still around," Paget said to Ogilvy.

The fat hunter scowled. "You think I'd have us walking through this water if they weren't?" he said. The little boy was standing on the running board, watching Wilson and Paget start out.

I CAUGHT up with Wilson. "John, are you sure we shouldn't go back?" I asked. "It might clear for only one afternoon and then go on raining for days."

"You go back if you like," he said. "You can shoot the scene."

"But you told Paul—"

"Forget it, will you." He broke his rifle at the breach and inserted two shells. "You coming along?" he asked, sounding surprised.

"Sure. I guess I'll be all right as long as I stay close to Ogilvy."

The water was well up over our ankles. It soaked quickly through my mosquito boots. Once inside, it stayed there and grew warm. The native led straight across three huge puddles into the higher grassland. The vegetation was thick. There were more bushes than any place where we had hunted, but no trees.

"Buffalo country," Paget said. He was chewing on a straw. I glanced quickly at him. He looked nervous. A tsetse fly droned around our heads, and we all followed its course. Finally it lighted on Ogilvy's bare leg. He slapped it quickly, but there was a tiny red mark when it fell away.

We went on, following a spur of high ground. A few minutes later we saw Kivu. He was squatting on his heels, his spear buried deep in the soft ground. He rose as we approached. On his brown, shining face there was a look of pride and eagerness, the look

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of a man who has almost accomplished a long, difficult task, who has suddenly found the end to be in sight and who is able to report this news to a chief he admires.

"Mingi tembo. Mingi." He pointed out through the brush and rattled on in Swahili to Ogilvy.

"He says there's a big fellow," the hunter translated. "Tusks down to the deck. But there are cows and young ones with him."

Wilson's face was very pale. The skin covering his jaws was wet. The edges of his mouth were lined with a dry crust. "What do we do, Ogilvy?" he asked. "You're the boss."

THE fat man scratched the bite on his leg. It was bleeding slightly. He made a smudge out of the blood with his thick fingers. I looked quickly up at his face. He was thinking, his eyes passing over the flat, treeless country in front of us, as he looked for a logical answer to the problem that confronted him.

"I don't know," he said. "It's got me worried. Bloody cows. And this grass is awful high."

"Not a tree to climb in about twenty miles," Paget whispered.

Kivu's eyes went from one to the other as they spoke. He looked impatiently at Wilson.

"We've got three guns," Wilson said. "And it's not hard to hide in this grass."

Still Ogilvy seemed to be hesitating. "Hate to shoot a cow when she's got a little one," he said. "Always an awful fuss made about that."

Wilson scratched his thin chest. "Why don't we take a look? We've been waiting for this for a week now. How many chances do you think a guy gets?"

Ogilvy nodded. Despite the fat that covered his face, he looked strained and wan. "All right, Mr. Wilson," he said. "We can take a look. But you're wrong about getting only a couple of chances. And even if it were so, it's never a reason to do something that's wrong."

"You make me think of Delville," John said softly. "You're acting just like him, and after all those explanations of how dumb he was."

Ogilvy didn't answer. He spoke briefly to Kivu, and we started forward in single file. The ground rose slightly once more, and we found ourselves on the top of another rounded ridge line. Kivu squatted down in the grass, and we followed suit. In the distance on our right I could see a white tickbird flying very slowly. Then there were others, circling against the blue sky. Ogilvy rose very slowly and peered out, his legs bent, his huge body hovering in a strained, awkward position. He nodded once more, and Kivu started moving again. I felt Paget's hand on my arm and turned with surprise. "Stay back," he said in a low whisper.

"What about you?"

"I've got a gun," he said. "I'll go on a little way."

"I'll go as far as you do."

He swallowed and brushed the sweat away from his lip with a nervous hand. "We'll stay back a little. Too many's no good."

Kivu was crawling on his hands and knees now. I could see his green skullcap and the tan soles of his feet. Wilson and Ogilvy were directly behind him, crawling steadily forward. Paget stopped and sat down on the path the others had beaten out for us. He pointed off to the right. There were two elephants visible above the top of the grass not more than a hundred yards away. Ogilvy and the others had stopped too and were sitting in the shelter of the weeds.

We crawled toward them. Wilson was on his knees next to the fat hunter. Kivu was ten yards farther on. There was the sudden sound of trumpeting, very shrill and high. One of the cows had begun to sense trouble.

"It's no good," Ogilvy was saying. "Believe me, it's no good. I don't like it."

Wilson didn't look at him. He was staring down at the ground. "What does Kivu say?" he asked.

"Don't care what he says," Ogilvy replied. "I don't like it. I've killed over five hundred of them, and I tell you this is not the day."

"Ask him," Wilson said. He was trying to control his temper.

OGILVY waved to the tracker, and he crawled back toward us. He looked up questioningly, the whites of his eyes standing out from the dark skin of his face. The fat man whispered to him, and the tracker replied immediately, without hesitation.

"He's willing to try," Ogilvy said. "It's his word against mine, Mr. Wilson."

Wilson didn't look up. His right hand gripped the flattened reeds next to his knee. "Will you go?" he asked. "That's all I want to know."

Ogilvy nodded. "I have no choice," he said.

"All right," Wilson said. He looked over at Paget. "You don't have to," he whispered.

Paget didn't move. He just sat there, biting on the straw between his teeth. Wilson turned and spoke to the tracker. "All right, Kivu," he said.

For just a moment the tracker seemed to smile, but it was impossible to know whether it was only as simple an expression as that. For there seemed to be a fleeting look of fear mixed in with his delight and triumph. Then the tracker turned quickly on his hands and knees and crawled on. The two white men followed him. I looked over at Paget. He was still sitting there, biting the straw. All at once

"Henry made it for me out of an old bottle"

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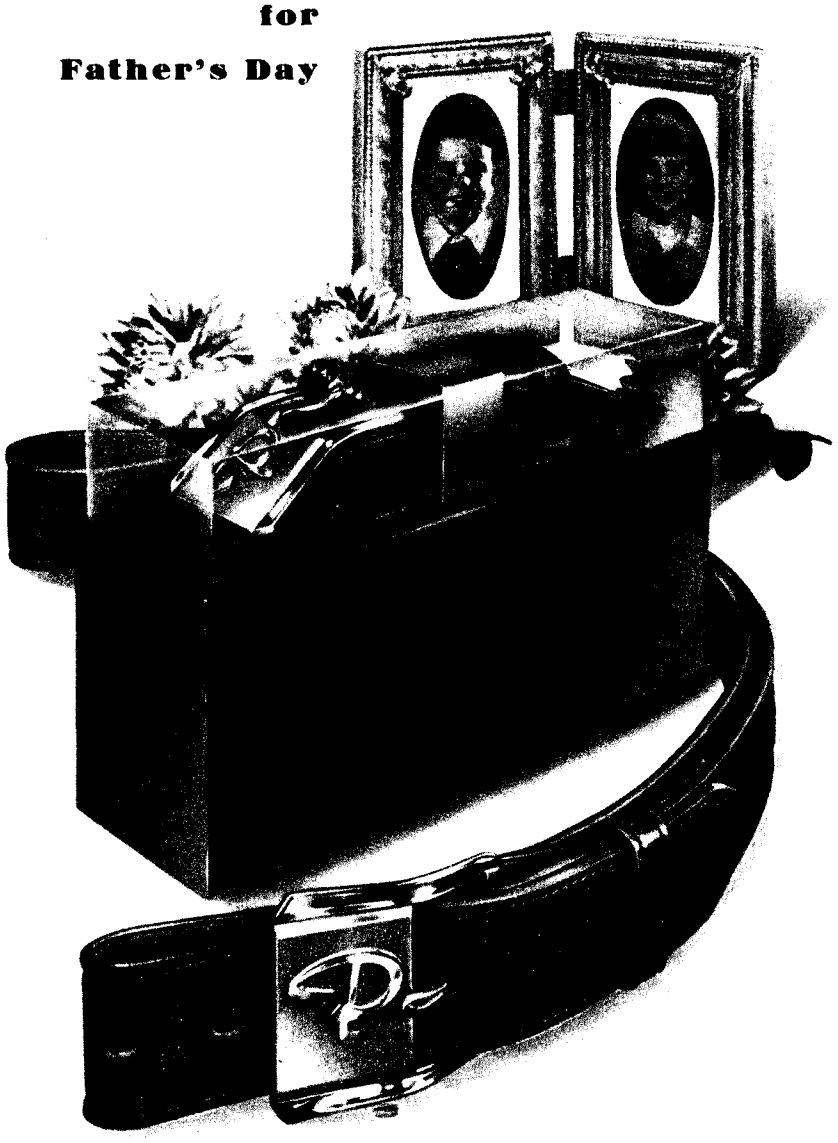

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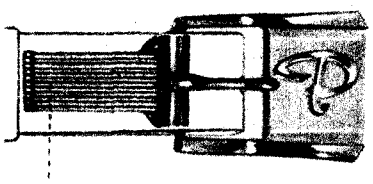

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he spat it out and turned back toward the high ground from which we had come. I followed him.

We crawled up through the alley until we were on the top of the ridge again, and there we stopped.

"Watch them better from here. See the whole herd," Paget said.

I nodded. The entire herd was there in front of us, the cows and the small elephants nearest us, and the big bull Kivu had reported farthest away. He turned as we stood there watching him, and I saw the sweep of his tusks, that went down out of sight into the grass, and then very quickly his trunk came up and started moving through the air like a periscope, its small end twisting in all directions, sniffing the air. Then his distant trumpeting floated across to us against the wind.

FOR an instant I caught sight of Wilson and Ogilvy. They were in the center of the herd, incredibly close to one of the bulls, and they seemed not to be moving.

The trunks of some of the other elephants were high up above the grass now, and the trumpeting that floated toward us was constant. They were starting to move in all directions, searching for the danger that they sensed was among them, their trunks high in the air. They looked pathetic and blind, and yet huge and indestructible. I caught sight once more of one of the hunters, but it was only for an instant, and then all at once there was the flat sound of an explosion. The big bull stopped in his tracks, his ears flared out, and he trumpeted once again. There was another shot, and he stepped backward, a slow recoiling step away from danger, and then he fell back suddenly into lifelessness.

"He's got him!" Paget shouted. The phrase seemed to hang in the air like one of the explosions, meaningless and past, for tumult had started in the high grass in front of us. The elephants were moving fast now, in confusion, trumpeting, thrashing with their trunks, their ears flaring as they trotted toward one another and then fanned out once more. For one second I thought I saw a spot of green among them, and then it seemed that a body was being lifted and flung through the air. Then there was the sound of another shot and another. One of the cows slid forward into the grass. The rest of the herd turned and started moving very quickly in a uniform direction, cutting wide paths through the grass as they rushed off in full flight.

Paget shouted to me and started toward the place where we had seen the bull elephant fall. I followed him, but we had gone only about seventy-five yards when Ogilvy rose up slowly in front of us. He looked at us and turned away. His face was white. Paget and I stopped and followed him at a walk. He was cursing, in a low, angry voice, cursing steadily as he made his way to the place where the bull had gone down. An instant later I saw Wilson. He was sitting in the grass, throwing up. He got slowly to his feet and stepped over his rifle. I caught sight of his face; there was no sign of triumph, only complete and final despair.

"You got him, John," Paget shouted.

Wilson turned on him viciously. "Shut up!" he screamed. "Shut up. All of you."

He moved wildly through the thick grass, walking with large, spiderlike steps. The dead bull lay twenty yards to his left, but he went on, moving away from it. I glanced over at the corpse of the elephant. The sprawled body of the huge beast had a terrible look of uselessness about it, as if it had never been alive, had never been able to move under its own power. But his feet looked even more tragic than the rest of him. Their size and familiar shape had a final look of sadness, of hopeless death. There were millions of flies on his bleeding head, millions of dirty little bodies spoiling the face's last look of nobility. I had stopped without noticing it. Now as I looked up I could see the others thirty yards away, standing very still. I hurried after them, and then I saw what lay in front of them. There was a dead cow on her side with a bullet hole just behind her front leg, and not ten feet away was the twisted body of Kivu. His small, creased face was half buried in the sand. The rest of him was smashed beyond recognition. I looked away quickly, but the picture of brown skin covered with blood and dust clung to the inside of my head.

"My God, John," I said.

He shook his head. Tears were streaming out of his eyes. He pushed past Ogilvy and Paget and started off across the fields. We stood watching him go, the thin, khaki-clad figure walking rapidly toward the ridge line behind us, with the golden grass up around his hips, and the clear blue of the sky beyond his head.

"Poor, bloody nigger," Paget said.

Ogilvy scratched his leg. "No," he said. "It isn't the day for it. It isn't the day for a man to die." He stepped back very slowly, his eyes on the body in front of him. Only when he was deep in the surrounding field again did he turn and walk forward. We followed him back to the truck.

John was sitting on the truck bed with his back resting against the cab when we arrived. The two natives and the boy were standing in front of the hood. They looked frightened. Ogilvy went over to Wilson.

"We've got to tell them, John," he said quietly; "because they'll have to go after him."

"And what about the ivory?" Paget asked. The horror had already left him. The tracker was dead, but that was not such an unusual thing to happen on safari.

"Never mind that," Ogilvy said irritably. Wilson had still not answered. "I'm going to tell them now," the hunter went on. "The driver can take us back to the village and then come back."

"Go ahead," Wilson said.

Ogilvy still hesitated. "He knew what he was up against," he said finally, but it sounded forced. "Especially as I told him it was a mistake to go on."

"He wanted to please me," Wilson said slowly. He bit his lip. "Game little jig. He just didn't know any better."

"More likely he had his eye on a bonus," Ogilvy muttered. Wilson looked up at him with an abrupt movement of his head.

"You think that was it?"

The hunter shrugged. "What difference does it make?" he said. "He's bought it, and that's that."

"What do you think, Pete?" Wilson asked. He stared dazedly at me. I felt sure that I knew what he was after. He wanted to hear the truth. He wanted to hear someone else say the same thing that was running through his mind.

"I think he was just like Jackie," I said slowly. "The same story, the same pattern, only quicker and rougher."

"Go on."

"What for? You know the rest. You saw him. He didn't fall off a winner, and he didn't go broke. He just got stamped to death."

"For God's sake, Pete," Paget started.

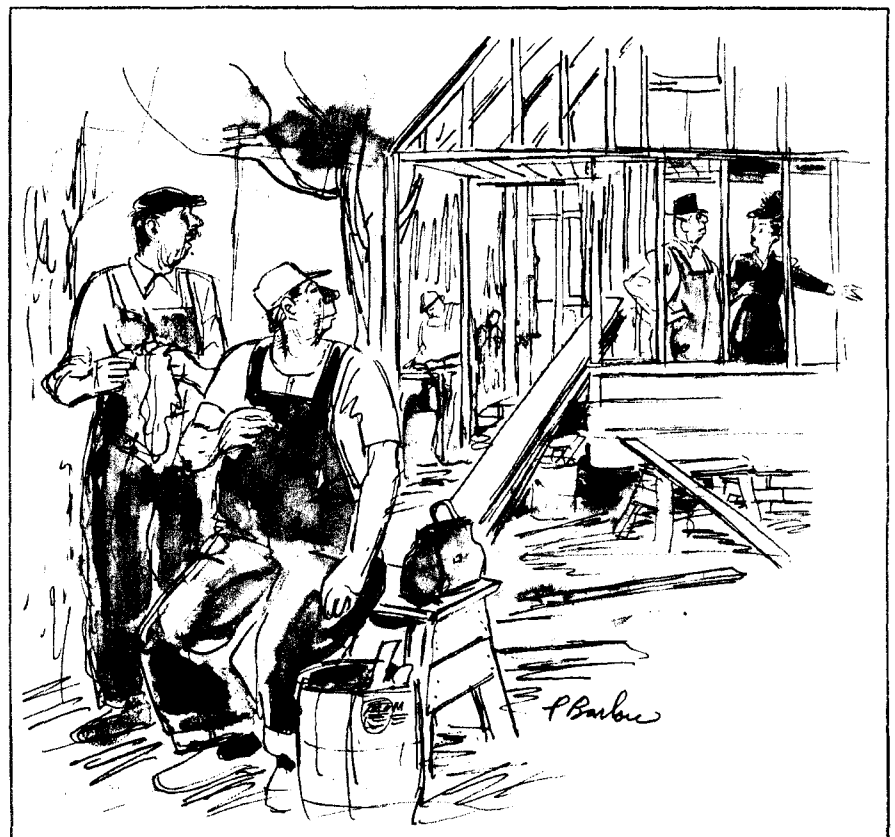
I turned on him angrily. "You'll notice I'm not worried about the ivory, Vic. That sounded worse to me than what I've just said."

THEY stood there for a long time, the fat hunter on one side of the truck, and Paget on the other. I climbed up on the truck bed with Wilson. He glanced over at me.

"It's a shame you can't talk Swahili, isn't it?" he said. "You could tell the boys all about me."

"They'll see for themselves," I said.

Ogilvy turned abruptly, as if someone had awakened him out of a deep sleep, and then he walked around to



COLLIER'S "There goes the old dinette back in again" PERRY BARLOW

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the front of the truck and spoke to the two natives. They stared at him, wide-eyed. Then they turned and ran off in the direction in which we had come. We watched them go.

They were about a hundred yards away from the truck before they slowed down to a walk, and we saw them moving close together, starting to walk side by side. Even at that extreme distance we could see that they had taken each other by the hand.

The little boy had crawled into the cab. We could hear him whimpering. "Tell him to shut up, will you, Vic?" Wilson said.

Paget nodded. He got in behind the wheel, and we could hear him speaking softly to the little boy.

"You want to ride back there?" Ogilvy asked.

WILSON nodded. The fat hunter crawled into the cab with Paget. I held onto the wooden sides of the truck as it started to sway and tip. I hadn't noticed how rough the country was on the way out, but now I was very conscious of it. Wilson lighted a cigarette. His knees rolled back and forth with the movement of the truck, and he had to hold on to one side to steady himself. We reached the road, and the dust rose around us on all sides. Wilson started coughing. He shook his head, and swallowed.

"You know, the funny thing is," he said in a low voice, "that I started out to be a nice guy. Just like you. The way everyone starts out, I guess. Nothing ever went wrong, nobody was ever unhappy." The noise of the motor ground on. "Not for years and years," Wilson muttered. "Then all at once it started—people I knew getting into trouble, getting sick, dying. All kinds of lousy things happening all around me. All the hell of life. I tried not to see it for a while, tried to look away, but that didn't work; and so I started to change with it, getting calloused, selfish, not feeling anything as strongly any more. I could sense it happening to me. Just a slow change, and pretty soon I was no longer what I started out to be. And nothing else was either. Like you're on a train passing through the country, leaving hayfields and farms and coming into the gray, dirty outskirts of a crummy town. Damn, how I hated it. Hated life for changing, hated myself for going along. Nothing solved itself any more. Nothing worked out. All I thought I could do was just keep living. And I didn't know until too late that that wasn't enough. Because by that time there was no way to change back, and so I just had to let myself slide and keep going along. You know what I'm talking about, kid?"

"Yeah, I guess so, John."

He shook his head slowly, and then he went on. "What you said about Jackie was right," he said. "This little guy was just like him, kid. Just exactly like him." He pulled at his hat, and got up, his big-knuckled hands clutching the railing next to him. The wind blew back the brim of his hat. The dust bit into his eyes. "A little soul's been stamped out, Pete. D'you understand? A little soul." He was shouting against the wind, like a deaf man.

I didn't answer. We drove into the village. The company trucks were parked in the square, and the camera was set up. Paget stopped. All of the natives had been hunched together on one side of the square. They were sitting on the ground waiting for the picture to start. I saw Landau and the others turning toward us.

"Go on, Paget," Wilson shouted. "I'm not getting off here."

But it was too late. Ogilvy had already opened the door on his side, and the native boy had jumped out. He ran screaming across the square. I could understand only one word of what he said: Kivu. The natives rose to their feet. For an instant they stood in awed silence, and then they broke out in all directions, wailing and shouting. Three or four of the younger men ran to the chief's tent and sat down behind the long wooden drums, and began to pound on them.

"Go on, Vic," Wilson shouted once more. He grabbed his rifle and smacked the stock against the side of the cab.

Ogilvy slammed the door, and we drove out of the village again. A chicken ran across our path and I could feel the front wheel pressing over its body. Then we turned sharply to the right and started down the road toward the hunting camp. Wilson threw his rifle down and turned his back toward the breeze. We drove on. The only noise was the whining of the gears and the churning of the motor. We joined the main road that ran along the edge of the lake. From very far away we could hear the faint beating of the drums.

"Stop," Wilson shouted. "Damn it, stop."

The brakes squealed. The cloud of dust grew thicker and thicker until it obscured the sun and the sky. We were left choking in a golden-brown fog.

(It is strange when I think of that moment now, now that it's all in the past, all the hard, bitter work that followed, with Wilson a changed man, a gaunt, silent scarecrow, moving among the actors and the lights and the crew, doing his job, and his job only, the job that he hated to do, the movie he had to start when everything else was over, creating the foolish make-believe when his mind was still burdened by the reality he could not stamp out; a gaunt, empty man who never spoke to anyone unless it was necessary, never smiled, never looked anything but haunted and troubled. And that moment seems even stranger now when I think back and remember the success that greeted the release of the picture, the success that everyone connected with it basked in. Everyone except Wilson, that is, for he never saw the film.)

WE STOOD there in the hot dust, and everything seemed pointless and lost. Wilson leaned down and spoke to the men in the cab in front of us.

"What are the drums saying, Ogilvy?" he asked.

There was a long silence and then the answer came in a deep voice from behind the brown steel in front of us. "The drums? Oh, just about what you'd expect, I suppose."

"What's that, Ogilvy?"

"They're telling everybody what happened, that's all. The bad news." He paused. "It always starts with the same words," he went on. There was a strange malicious sound in his voice.

"What are they?" Wilson asked.

Ogilvy coughed, and then when he spoke he sounded as if he were savoring each word, as if somehow he wanted to slide them deftly into Wilson's brain. "White hunter, black heart," he replied. "White hunter, black heart."

Wilson nodded slowly. It seemed that he had suddenly felt the need to make sure that it had all really happened, and now he appeared to be satisfied that none of it was a dream.

"Drive on," he said. ▲▲▲

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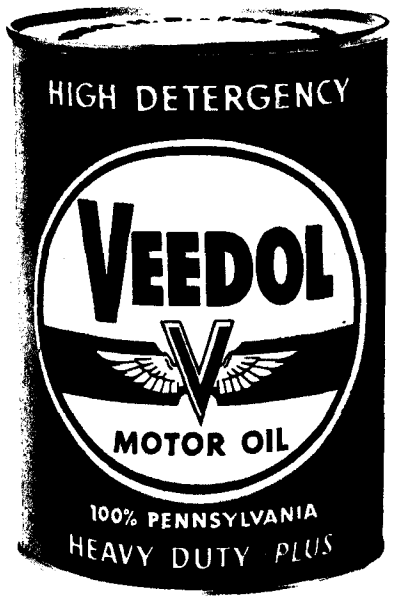

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Concluding: THE FABULOUS SATCHEL PAIGE

"Time Ain't Gonna Mess

Nobody tells the aged Browns pitcher what to throw or how to live—or when to qu

MR. LEROY (SATCHEL) PAIGE, the tall, urbane and seemingly imperishable relief-pitching star of the St. Louis Browns, cast a startled glance at Joe DiMaggio during an all-star charity game in Hollywood a while ago. Before his eyes, the thirty-seven-year-old Clipper, who had come out of retirement to make one last appearance at bat, took a couple of swings in an elderly fashion, then popped out feebly to short. The sight absolutely dismayed Mr. Paige.

Back in 1926, when Paige was pitching for the Chattanooga Black Lookouts, in the Negro Southern Association, DiMaggio was a San Francisco schoolboy of eleven. In 1935, when Paige was a 10-year semipro veteran and already a legend in the land, DiMaggio was still a year away from the Yankees. Thirteen years later, when Paige was just breaking into the majors as a Cleveland rookie, sports writers were calling DiMaggio the Yankees' grand old man. Now, when Paige was being hailed as one of the best relief prospects in baseball, DiMaggio was bowing out of the game.

With time jumping around like that, no wonder Paige was confused.

Mr. Paige, whose own age is believed to fall somewhere between forty-five and fifty-three, is unalterably opposed to time. As soon as he learns the hitting weaknesses of one generation of sluggers, for example, time does away with them. Time also makes off with pitchers—a circumstance Paige feels is not only an inexcusable affront to his profession, but harmful to society in general.

"All this comin' and goin'," he says indignantly. "Rookies flyin' up the road and old-timers flyin' down, and nobody in between but me and ol' John Mize, standin' pat, watchin' 'em go by.

"And I ain't even sure about ol' John," says Paige. "Maybe he's flyin' on, too. If he is," Paige adds, accusingly, "I can always watch 'em go by myself. Time ain't gonna mess with me!"

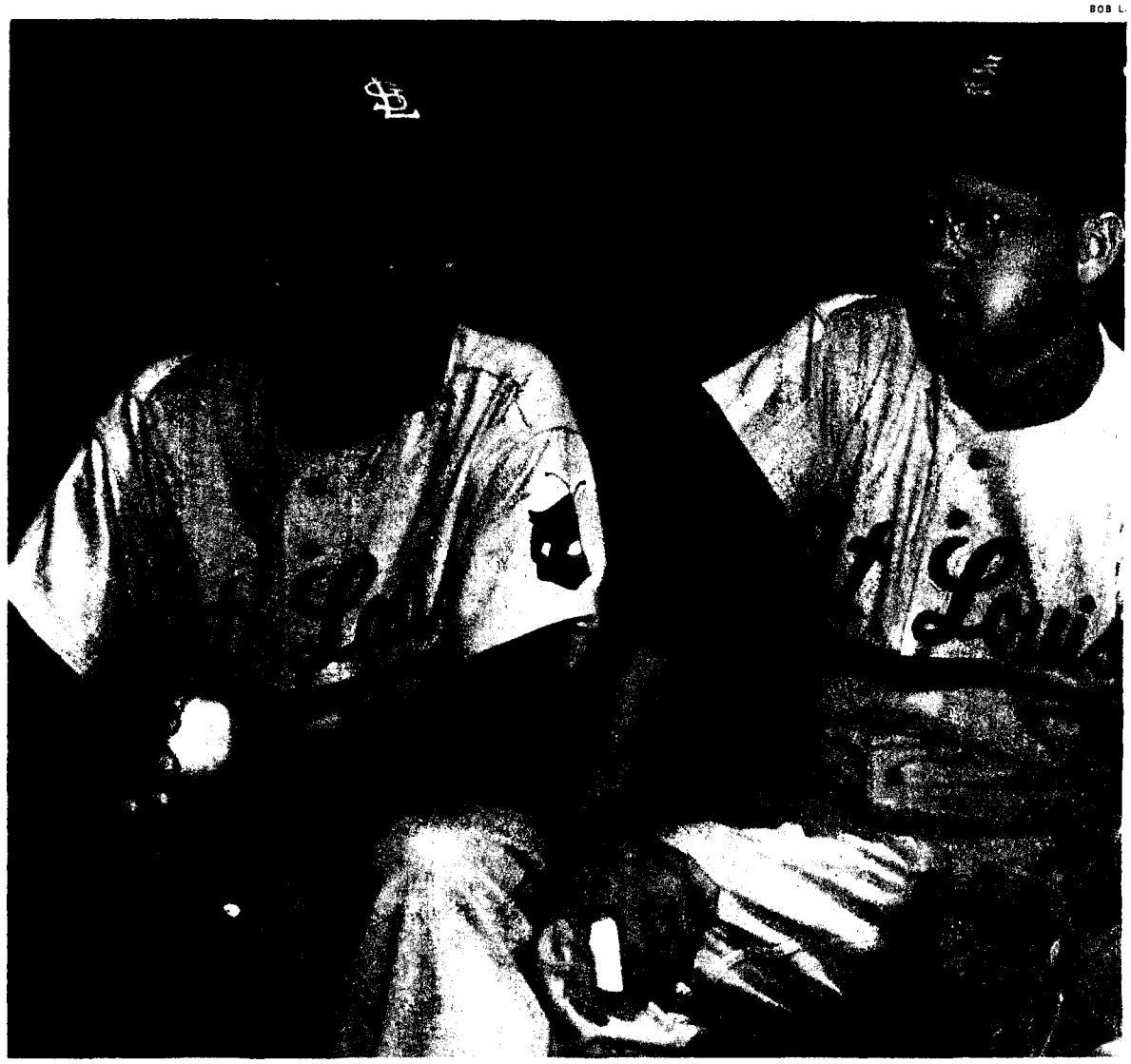
This last seems to be indisputable fact. Paige currently is enjoying what is probably his thirtieth year as a professional pitcher. In that span, he has not only set athletic longevity records, but has pitched and won more ball games (some 2,000 out of 2,500), traveled more miles (nearly a million), drawn more customers (an estimated 10,000,000), seen more astonishing sights and thrown a faster fast ball than any other moundsman known to man.

"I've never seen anything quite like Lee-roy," says Browns owner Bill Veeck, who also was a schoolboy of eleven when Paige was with Chattanooga. "He's been my hero since 1934 when I saw him beat a Dizzy Dean All-Star team 1-0 in 13 innings in California. Last year, when the wise men were saying he'd come apart if he pitched more than three innings once a week, he worked in almost a third of all our games and won 12 and saved 10 for us. He was easily the best relief man in the league, in my opinion, and the only Brownie to make the All-Star team."

Veeck pondered. "If this keeps up," he added reflectively, "what will he be like five years from now?"

Paige is too busy with the here and now to consider such questions. Age or no age, he is the Browns' highest-paid player, at $25,000 a year. To hold this exalted status, he is obliged to keep pace with the other Browns, some of whom were born after he started pitching for pay.

The sight of Paige keeping pace can be deceptive, of course. Before games, when other players are prancing around, swinging four bats, doing knee-bends and so on, Paige may be seen reclining gracefully in his canopied contour chair by the Browns' bull pen, throwing gently to a catcher, counting the house or possibly playing "skidoodle."



BOB L.

Combative catcher Clint Courtney (right) calls Paige "a very smart man," lets him call own pit

"Skidoodle is a game I invented some years ago to exercise without doin' myself permanent harm," Paige says. "I throw the ball on one bounce to another man, he bounces it back at me. We jangle around. Nobody falls down exhausted."

Paige has conditioned himself so long and so well that on a hot day he can warm up his celebrated right arm with five or six pitches. Par for most pitchers is about 15 minutes of steady throwing. Browns manager Marty Marion never tells the old gentleman how to live or what to throw. Even Clint Courtney, the Browns' combative catcher, has given up trying to get him to follow pitching signals, since Paige will throw what he wants to, anyhow.

Courtney's restraint is doubtless wise, for what Paige wants to throw has impressed many of the American League's most formidable hitters. Mickey Mantle, who up until recently had hit Paige one for ten, says flatly that he would "rather face any other pitcher in the league in a pinch situation." Detroit's Johnny Pesky, who at last count also had just one hit off Paige in many tries, says he hesitates to think what might have happened had Paige come to the majors while in his youth. "He used to average 15 strike-outs a game, five days a week," Pesky says wonderingly. Outfielder Bob Nieman, also of Detroit, adds that he saw Paige load the bases with none out against Cleveland last year, and then retire the next three men on 12 pitches. "That stayed with me," Nieman says.

Paige's battery mate, Courtney, gives three reasons why the elderly pitcher is a present danger instead of a disturbing memory to hitters. "You hear about pinpoint control," Courtney says, "but Paige is the only man I've ever seen who really has it. He threw me six strikes out of ten pitches over a chewing-gum wrapper one time. Also," says Courtney, "his fast ball still burns my mitt when he lets it go, which is whenever he needs it. Finally, he just thinks faster than most hitters. Satchel is a very smart man."

What Paige thinks about various hitters can usually be heard by fans some distance from the Browns' bull pen during games. Sitting in his chair, Paige keeps a running commentary going, most of it seemingly for his own benefit.

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with Me"

By RICHARD DONOVAN

All this comin' and goin'," he glowers. "I'm standin' pat"

WIDE WORLD

Before becoming Bob Feller's teammate on Indians, Satch beat him in exhibitions

"Don't ever feed that man low outside," he cautioned himself recently, as Mantle came to bat. "He will harm you." Ferris Fain, the 1952 American League batting champion, once caused Paige to cry a rhymed warning to the man pitching to him. "Throw it high, the skin will fly," hollered Paige. When Larry Doby of the Indians is up, Paige usually suggests using "the barber." (The barber is Paige's name for a high, inside pitch that shaves the batter's chin.)

Mickey Vernon, of the Senators, is the only man who leaves Paige speechless. For some mysterious reason, Vernon hits Paige almost at will.

Because Paige is the oldest established one-man traveling baseball spectacle now active, the Browns' management feels squeamish about cramping him with rules. He is on the honor system, which is to say that he does not have to stay in hotels with the team on road trips if he wishes to stay with friends, as he does in about half the towns the Browns play. Nobody orders him into bed by midnight. He is presumed to have outlived most of the ballplayer vices and so escapes spiritual lectures. All he is expected to do, besides win, is to appear on time for trains, practice or games.

That requirement, unhappily, is the very one Paige has to struggle hardest to meet. Punctuality undermines him, somehow. When he is late nowadays, guilt sits so heavily upon him that he usually assumes some other character, completely foreign to his normal self, to help bear it.

On such occasions, Paige often comes into the dressing room in the character of a hurt or outraged man and makes some immediate and inscrutable statement, such as, "They oughta bust the clocks down there!" or "The taxi drivers is in cahoots!" or "He was bound to send me air mail!" Translated, these comments mean that Paige was late because the clocks in some hotel were wrong, or that the taxi drivers were in league with the opposing team to delay him or that some friend kept him so long he had to take a plane to catch up with the team.

Paige's real character, as opposed to his character when tardy, is an arresting blend of warmth and reserve, humor, cunning, dignity, slapstick and competitive drive—all governed by one of the most penetrating, though unschooled, intelligences in or outside baseball. Whether he appears as the soul of assurance in a desperate situation on a ball field, or as a lean, expensively dressed, rather regal, languid and melancholy-looking man on the street, the rare but unmistakable stamp of originality is upon Paige.

"I'm Satchel," he sometimes explains simply, when people try to fit him into various molds. "I do as I do."

Doing as he does, Paige communicates his personality to whole ball parks full of fans with theatrical ease. Every time he rises from his bull-pen seat, even to get a drink, an excited murmur runs through the stands. When he starts his slow, slightly bent, sadly comic amble to the mound to save a game, fans get the impression from him that the whole situation is too simple for concern. This unconcern is the essence of Paige and always causes the crowd to explode in appreciation.

Major League Fans Never Boo Him

Even opposing fans are for Paige. In Boston last year, for example, he went in to put down a Red Sox uprising and was promptly shelled for an unbelievable six runs before he could get the side out. Throughout this disaster, the Red Sox stands sat in stony, embarrassed silence. When he finally wobbled off the diamond, the cheers could be heard in Cambridge. Paige has never been booed in the majors.

Because he has pitched so long, and has disappeared so many times into backwoods baseball in this and other countries, many fans have lost track of Paige and have come to the conclusion that he is deceased. During spring training this year, he says, he was riding in a Los Angeles cab when he noticed the driver scrutinizing him in the rear-vision mirror. Finally the driver shook his head and exclaimed: "No, it ain't possible. He's passed."

"Who's passed?" Paige inquired guardedly.

The driver explained that for a minute he could have sworn his passenger was a famous, long-gone pitcher named Satchel Paige.

"I knew Ol' Satch well," the driver sighed. "Even though I was only a little child of eight when he was in his prime."

"When was that?" asked Ol' Satch, gloomily.

"About 1913," said the driver.

Paige's mother, Mrs. Tula Paige, who is eighty-three and has never seen Satchel play, also has certain delusions about him. She thinks of him as a child who has wandered into a shiftless, sinful life. For 30 years, she has remained inexorably opposed to his playing baseball, writing him regular instructions about attending Mass and avoiding gambling, late hours, wild women and other evils.

"I sure wish she'd change her mind about baseball," Paige complains. "It's a big strain when your mama ain't with you."

Other Browns players do not share his mother's view that Paige requires protection from the hazards of life. They have heard stories about how he once made his way on foot across tropical jungles to escape romance, and how he was later feted by Venezuelan savages. They have heard how he personally intimidated a brave bull in Mexico, and how he was canonized in 1935 by the North Dakota Sioux. These stories, among dozens of others, have given Paige an aura of wisdom, experience and mystery impressive to many veteran ballplayers and practically all rookies.

Occasionally, when reminiscent moods overpower him, Paige himself gives his clubhouse

How to Stay Young

1. **Avoid fried meats which angry up the blood.**
2. **If your stomach disputes you, lie down and pacify it with cool thoughts.**
3. **Keep the juices flowing by jangling around gently as you move.**
4. **Go very light on the vices, such as carrying on in society. The social ramble ain't restful.**
5. **Avoid running at all times.**
6. **Don't look back. Something might be gaining on you.**

Leroy Satchel Paige

The great man in action. Catcher Courtney says he still has a fine fast ball when he needs it—and many hitters agree

WIDE WORLD

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admirers, and a select few others, a glimpse or two into his adventurous past. These reviews are never complete without discussion of the fans. Fans have always fascinated Paige. In South America, where he played winter ball off and on for 20 years, they were always running him around, trying either to carry him on their shoulders or decapitate him with machetes.

Fans from Venezuelan Jungle

The fans Paige remembers best lived in the wild country of northwestern Venezuela. These fans were short, dark, fierce fellows who ran about the forest in G strings, shooting poisoned arrows at birds and occasional oil-line workers. Every so often, some of them sneaked into the Maracaibo ball park and had to be run out to keep them from scaring the customers and stealing baseballs.

"The only time I seen these fans," Paige recently recalled for some teammates, "I was on a jackass ridin' around in the jungle sight-seein'. I was wearin' some cream-colored pants, a sport shirt and two-tone shoes, as I recollect. When I come to a clearin' in the forest I thought I'd get off and rest. But the clearin' was jammed with these fans, sittin' around in front of a big grass house and eatin' pig and roots and bugs and all that mess they eat. When they seen me," Paige said, "they grabbed up their blowguns and aimed right at my new Stetson hat."

For a long time, Paige gazed silently at the fans and the fans gazed silently at Paige. Then, he said, one of them ran into a hut, returned with a baseball and stood pointing from the ball to Paige and jabbering excitedly. The blowguns came down at once, Paige said, and he was thereupon obliged to dismount and join the fans in a meal of pig, roots and bugs. They gave him a blowgun of his own, and wouldn't let him leave until the day was almost gone.

"I could of been a big man in that outfit if I'd stayed on," Paige concluded offhandedly. "But I had to get on back to the States, where I also had some fans."

Paige has grown so used to autograph hunters among his stateside fans that he often fails to observe them closely. In Phoenix last spring, a slight, partially bald, agitated-looking man came bounding into the Browns' dressing room after an exhibition game. Paige was reclining in a whirl bath at the time, but he borrowed a pen from the man and signed his program obligingly. When the man suddenly began firing ad-lib witticisms, however, twitching his eyebrows and sidling around bent-kneed, Paige, who is the official humorist on the Browns, began to regard him so coolly that he finally crept away.

"Who was that character?" Paige asked Browns trainer Bob Bauman as he emerged from the bath.

"Groucho Marx," Bauman said.

Paige, who mourns this unfortunate meeting, blames it almost entirely on the fact that Marx was not wearing his stage eyebrows at the time, not on his own failure to scrutinize Marx properly. Usually, of course, Paige does not have to peer at anyone in particular, since he deals with fans mostly in groups.

On train trips, for example, other players usually arrive at stations singly, or in pairs. Paige almost inevitably appears at the center of a large and enthusiastic delegation. Friendly and relaxed, he nevertheless maintains a certain reserve toward his admirers, as befits a man who has been one of the authentic folk heroes of America's Negroes, not to mention thousands of others, for many years.

When Paige takes to the road, he usually carries one enormous bag containing four conservative suits, several pairs of shoes, bottles of pills, ointments and philters to combat anticipated ailments, and a great miscellany of other items. One of the 20 cameras he owns inevitably dangles from a shoulder strap. Redcaps compete desperately to carry his luggage. As Paige strolls regally along the train platforms on his way to the Browns' car, all the cooks and porters hang out of car windows on both sides to salute him.

"All right, brothers," Paige exclaims, waving and grinning broadly as he passes. "Let us ramble."

In the club car, Paige is inevitably surrounded by other Browns players, who consider him a library of general information and probably the most authoritative train-window commentator in the land.

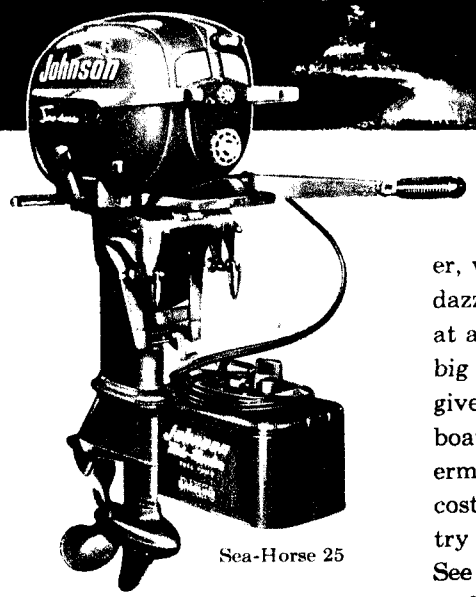
Paige thinks creatively in almost any field, which is to say that even though he may not know what he is talking about on some subject, what he says nevertheless sounds more factual than the facts. Recently, for example, Paige told one teammate how to make straw hats. This man, who had once worked in a straw-hat factory, came away convinced that he had spent years laboring in error. In a conversation on the theory of engineering stresses with ex-Brownie outfielder Frank Saucier, an honor student in engineering who is now in the Navy, Paige waxed so eloquent that Saucier had to retreat to his books to reassure himself.

Home Life Is Tabooed Subject

One subject Paige rarely discusses is his home life. The main reason is that his pretty second wife, Lahoma, does not approve of mixing his public and private affairs.

At home in one of the two large, dark-brick houses he owns in Kansas City, Missouri, Paige usually moves with the patriarchal gravity of a settled landholder. (He lives in one house, rents the other.) A restless man, he constantly prowls about the trophy room, the Chinese antique room and the 12 other rooms, including his roost on the second floor.

Paige's home activity tends to dampen the natural ebullience of the many relatives and friends always to be found in the household, several of them on a semipermanent basis. But it has little effect on Mrs. Paige, who has a strong character, or on his four children: Pamella, five; Caroline, two and a half; Linda, one and a half; and Leroy, Jr., six months. Mrs. Paige, who first caught her husband's eye as a clerk in a Kansas City camera store when he wandered in to buy film six years ago, keeps him on rather short tether, which he seems to find agreeable, since he grumbles about it all the time. Paige's first wife, Janet, a vivacious Pittsburgh waitress whom he married in 1934 and from whom he was divorced some



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roblems? Love? Satch has the answers

years ago, also kept him on short rein. Too short, he says.

Outside his home life, no field of conversational inquiry is too remote for Paige to venture into. If other players have problems with love, finances, batting averages, falling hair or whatever, Paige may be counted on for remedies. Occasionally, of course, he comes upon something that ruffles his composure.

In the club car of a Chicago-bound train this year, some players presented Paige a book called How to Pitch, by Cleveland's wealthy squire, Bob Feller, Paige's junior by perhaps 15 years. Retiring to a window seat with this volume, Paige, who has beaten Feller a staggering number of times in exhibition games, at once began snorting and shifting about.

"Here, now!" he exclaimed, starting up in astonishment at one point. "Is that how you do it?"

A few pages later, he leaped up and began to execute one of the illustrated techniques. But he couldn't seem to get the hang of it.

"That's a good book," he informed one of his teammates later. "Only thing is, if I start pitchin' the correct way now, I'll probably break my arm. I just about broke it once," he said, darkly, "and I can't risk it again."

When Paige just about broke his arm, he was in Mexico City, in 1938, at the peak of his fame and pitching power. Throwing a simple sidearm curve one day, he snapped his arm so badly that he couldn't lift it. Back in Kansas City, the doctor who examined him said flatly that he was through.

No news could have been more inconceivable to Paige. His arm had lifted him from poverty and childhood delinquency in Mobile. It had survived Canadian cold, 117-degree desert heat, thousands of all-night bus rides and greasy hamburger joints and cheap boardinghouses. It had stood up to every trial to which Paige could subject it, including four Negro world series and East–West all-star games before crowds of 50,000 and up. Had it been of a different hue, major-league club owners might have paid up to $150,000, cash, for it at 1938 prices.

All this notwithstanding, Satch Paige couldn't lift it. Within a month, the only job he could get was as a coach for the Kansas City Monarchs. For the next year, he traveled with the Monarchs' second team, growing more and more obscure and irascible. "Man," Paige says, "it was a long year."

Days of Bitter Frustration

It was an interminable year, hard on the young players trying to expand under the brooding shadow of the former "greatest pitcher in the world," and impossible for Paige, who seemed to grow taller, thinner and grimmer-looking every day. By 1940, when he was thirty-four, or thereabouts, and hadn't pitched for 14 months, Paige was ready to quit.

Then, just before a Monarchs game one afternoon, a queer thing happened. Someone overthrew first in a pregame warmup and Paige ambled over, picked up the ball and threw it back to the pitcher. It was the most unobtrusive of acts, but just about every player on the field seemed to see it and to stop stock still.

Walking thoughtfully toward the dugout, Paige picked up a glove and called for a ball. Without a word, the Monarchs' catcher left the plate and stationed himself about pitching distance from Paige. Then Paige began to throw, easily at first, then harder and harder. Nobody moved, the stands were silent, the game waiting. The catcher called: "Easy, Satchel, easy!" But Paige leaned into his pitches until the ball seemed to diminish in space. Then, abruptly, he stopped, and gazed around at all the eyes upon him.

"Well," he said. "I'm back."

The news traveled fast. Semipro club owners flocked around with contracts as soon as they heard, and the

Next Week

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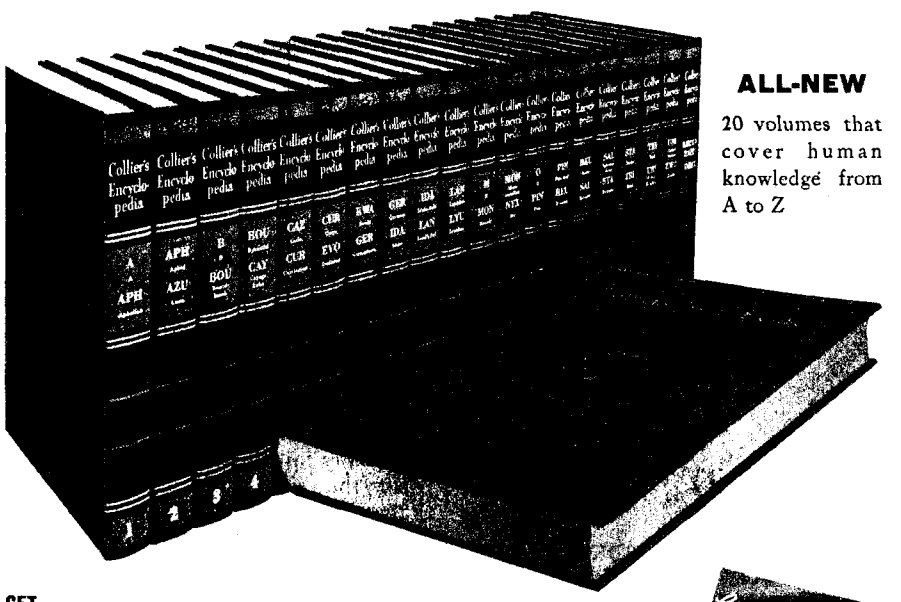

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Browns fans had a close miss last winter. "I was kinda tire

fans began to roar. Life once again became a pleasure for Paige. He traveled far and wide, showing new generations of hitters a whole new assortment of curves, floaters and so on, to go with his fast ball, which he now used only in the pinches. His fan mail was staggering. His income as a solo performer ranged up to $35,000 a year.

"It was all so nice," Paige recalls, "that I almost forgot time was passin' and I hadn't begun to do what I'd always wanted."

What Paige had always wanted was to play for a major-league club. By 1946, when every hot stove buzzed with rumors that the big-league color line was about to be broken, Paige lived at a high pitch of excitement.

"Maybe I was too eager," Paige says. "But then I figured that with all those writin' men sayin' I'm due for the Hall of Fame and all that ruckus—well, I figured I'd be the first one under the wire."

When Jackie Robinson became the first one, Paige went on pitching for semipro teams without comment. When Larry Doby and others followed Robinson, Paige spoke less and less.

"When 1948 come around," Paige says, "and I still got my nose to the window, I realized what the club owners was thinkin'. They was thinkin' that when I was with Chattanooga, Larry Doby wasn't bawn."

However, Bill Veeck, then owner of the Cleveland Indians, was not thinking just that way.

"Abe Saperstein, who owns the Harlem Globetrotters basketball team, and who always seems to turn up when Satch needs him, had been after me for a long time to sign him up," Veeck says. "But Lou Boudreau, who was managing Cleveland, didn't think it was there any more. Still, he was desperate for relief men so he put on a catcher's mitt at the stadium one day and says to Satch: 'All right, here's the plate. See if you can get it up here.' Well," Veeck says, "Lee-roy threw 50 pitches. Forty-six of them were strikes. That was that."

Hard Words From a Publisher

If the Indians management was convinced, some sports writers were not. J. G. Taylor Spink, publisher of the influential St. Louis Sporting News, let go as follows:

"Many well-wishers of baseball emphatically fail to see eye to eye with the signing of Satchel Paige, superannuated Negro pitcher. . . . To bring in a pitching rookie of Paige's age . . . is to demean the standards of baseball in the big circuits."

"I demeaned the big circuits considerable that year," Paige says. "I win six an' lose one."

The night that Paige walked out of a quarter century of circus baseball into the rarefied atmosphere of the big leagues, some 20,000 fans at Cleveland Stadium rose for ten minutes of unbroken roaring. Paige obliged by blanking the Browns for two innings in relief.

By the end of the season, Paige, besides his six-and-one record, had an earned-run average of 2.47, had struck out 45, made no errors afield and got himself two hits. Sports writers were so amazed that several of them voted to name him Rookie of the Year.

"I declined the position," Paige says calmly. "I wasn't sure which year the gentlemen had in mind."

When Paige joined the Indians, the news penetrated instantly to the remotest backwoods; all over the American League, crowds poured out to watch the legend in the flesh. The climax was reached on August 20th, when Paige started against eighth-place Chicago at Cleveland, and the all-time record night crowd of 78,382 paid to see him win.

Stomach, Feet, Teeth Act Up

Toward the end of the 1948 season, to Paige's vast surprise, certain creaks in his physical mechanism had begun to appear. "Ol' No. 1," which is what Paige calls his back muscles and diaphragm, remained in good shape. So did "Ol' No. 2," his pitching arm. But he was having a time with his nervous stomach—the product of too many years of barnstorming as "The World's Greatest Pitcher—Guaranteed to Strike Out the First Nine Men." His flat feet hurt and the emaciated calves attached to them seemed weighted with stone. On top of all this, the dentist had a message for him.

"The dentist says to me that all my teeth will have to come out," Paige recalls, with horror. "I says, doctor, I will not abide with store teeth, and he says, then you will not abide."

If emotion was on Paige's side, fact seemed to be on the dentist's. Paige felt worse and worse as the 1948 season closed, and he was full of miseries when he reported to the Indians in Arizona for the 1949 season. However, in midseason, when the hot weather began, he felt better and began to expand and advise the young pitchers in the devious ways of the game.

During one grindingly tight game with Boston, Paige was advising Mike Garcia, a young Cleveland pitcher of great promise. It was the last of the eighth, Cleveland led by one run, the Red Sox were up with nobody out and Garcia was squirming with nervousness in the Indian bull pen. He had just been told that he might have to go in for relief.

"Boy," said Paige, lounging back on the bull-pen bench and exuding vast confidence, "I wouldn't worry about them Red Sox. There ain't a hitter among 'em."

As Paige spoke, a pinch hitter singled sharply, and lead-off man Dom DiMaggio came to bat. "Now, this fella," Paige drawled, "there is a mess." DiMaggio singled to center and Johnny Pesky came up.

"Pesky!" Paige snorted, disdainfully. "Why they say that man can hit, I don't know. You just feed him in close on his knees . . ."

Pesky hit the first pitch for a single, loading the bases. While the dreaded Ted Williams strode to the plate, Paige clapped the quaking Garcia on the shoulder and declared, jovially: "Now we're gonna be all right."

As Satchel made this announcement, manager Lou Boudreau beckoned to the bull pen—not for Garcia, but for Paige. There was a moment of deep silence in the dugout. Then, as though in a trance, Paige rose from the bench.

"Son," he said, huskily, concluding his message to Garcia, "just remember, when you're disputin' the Red Sox, put your trust in the power of prayer."

Prayer got Paige out of the hole with the loss of but one run.

During the long August pull in 1949, all of Paige's miseries came back and the batters started injuring him repeatedly. Of the 31 games he appeared in that year, he won four and lost seven. The next winter, when Bill Veeck sold out as principal owner of the Indians, Satchel Paige's contract went up for sale. There were no takers.

New "Uppers" Dispel Misery

"That winter, I went back to that dentist," Paige recalled with annoyance, a while ago. "Well, he come at me with them pliers, and I reared back, and then we got to rasslin' and I give him a few knocks in the excitement. But he win," said Paige, taking out his uppers and gazing at them with grudging admiration. "Couple days and the misery was gone."

The end of Paige's miseries seemed to interest nobody in the majors in 1950, however, so he started back over the old itinerant trail, pitching any- and everywhere, and nearly doubling the $20,000 a year he had made in the majors. When the Giants and Braves offered him contracts in the pennant drive, Paige had to turn them down.

"I couldn't afford to lose money pitchin' for nobody but Bill Veeck," he says. "With Burrhead, I didn't feel it so much."

When Veeck bought control of the St. Louis Browns in mid-1951, one of his first acts was to sign Paige.

"Lee-roy was a must," says Veeck. "Everybody kept telling me he was through, but that was understandable. They thought he was only human.

"Later on in the season," Veeck added reflectively, "I began to think so myself. Satch won three and lost four for us. When he announced at the end of the season that it might be his last year, the wire services carried the story mostly for sentimental reasons."

When the juices of spring began to rise in Mr. Paige in early 1952, however, he set out for the Browns' training camp at

"Wanna hear a question I hit on that put my old man into a cold sweat?"

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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baseball," Satch says. But then . . .

Burbank, California, with no thought for last year's statements to the press. The California weather filled him with such energies that he could hardly wait for the season to begin.

When it did begin, however, the other Browns were also so steamed up that they were astonished to find themselves in first place.

"I was just a bull-pen pitcher," Paige recalls, with dismay. "Every man we put in the first four games went the route. The buck fever was among us. But I says to myself, look here, Satchel, them old-time ballplayers on them other clubs ain't loosened up yet. Wait 'til the hot weather hits them and they'll all be stompin' around up there on top, fightin' each other for that third of a game, that little piece of a game to put them in the lead. Then you'll be pitchin', I says to myself. Oh, my, yes."

By June, it seemed to Paige that he was pitching every other day. The fast-slipping Browns would get a slim lead, watch it begin to vanish and call loudly for Paige. If the opposition had managed to tie the score before Paige went in, games would go on endlessly, because Paige would yield no runs and his teammates could never get any when they were most needed.

By July 4th, Paige had appeared in 25 games. He had pitched 10 innings of an 18-inning game at Washington, holding the Senators to a 5-5 tie until the game was called at 1:00 A.M. Against the Indians, he had gone 11 innings of an incredible 19-inning game, finally losing it when he and the fans could hardly keep their eyes open. Time and again, he had gone in to protect one-run leads for the Browns and retired the best hitters of the American League, one, two, three. Watching him do just that to the Yankees one night, Casey Stengel, manager of both the Bombers and the 1952 American League All-Star team, picked Paige as one of his pitchers for the July dream game.

"That took care of the third one of my big ambitions," Paige says. "Before I'd hardly got started in my career, I'd played for a big-league club, pitched in a World Series" (two thirds of an inning with Cleveland in 1948) "and made the All-Star team. That did my stomach gas a lot of good."

Making Records for the Book

The rest of the season did his digestion little good, however. As the Browns went down and down to seventh place, Paige rose more and more often to pitch. By season's end, he had worked a staggering total of 46 games, struck out 91, and won 12 games, lost 10 and saved 10.

In the long grind, he had even worked against railroad timetables. At nine thirty one evening, with the Browns leading Washington by one run and due to catch a 10:30 train, Paige had come ambling in to stem a ninth-inning Washington rally. He retired three Senator hitters on nine called strikes and one ball. On the train later on, he had apologized for the ball.

"When the shootin' finally stopped," says Paige, "I found out I was tired. I figured a few hot baths and a few days layin' around the house would take care of that, and it did, as far as my frame was concerned. But I had another kind of tired. I was kinda tired of baseball."

This new fatigue took a long time to show up. Most of the winter, Paige took it easy around his house, doing a little carpentry and plumbing here and there, thinking he ought to fix up the back yard, and worrying about his 35 per cent income tax. Time and inaction were great problems. Winter, itself, was a problem. Satchel hated the cold—it had always driven him to the tropics in other years. In winter, time seemed to drag, leaving nothing to do but shoot some pool, or do a little after-dinner speaking around Kansas City, or answer his fan mail, or hunt, or regard the television, which wasn't much good for his pitching eye.

When He Got Out His Guitar

By early February of this year, the new fatigue really began to work on Paige. He descended the long staircase in his house like a remote chieftain, scattering relatives and friends right and left with a cold eye. He got out his Spanish guitar and sang gloomy tunes up in his room.

Then, one gray day, things came to a head. The first thought Paige had on awakening was of a talk he was supposed to give at a luncheon in his honor that noon. The thought wearied and depressed him. He put it out of his mind until midday, when some civic leaders called for him in a limousine. On the way downtown, he sat silent and somber. At a loss to explain Paige's mood, the leaders talked around it, finally inquiring, heartily, what he intended to say at the banquet.

Paige took his time answering. He roused himself slowly from a slouched position. He stared at the gentlemen.

"I'm gonna say that they got the wrong man for this speech," he said finally. "I'm gonna say I'm through with baseball! Worn out runnin' around! Sick and tired!"

That stopped all conversation. Many blocks farther on, the limousine approached a vacant lot where some piping, stick-legged boys were rushing the season with a pickup ball game. Paige began to stir restlessly at the sight. He looked away but his eyes seemed to be drawn back. He coughed nervously. When the limousine was passing the lot, Paige suddenly sat up and ordered the driver to stop. Despite the heated protests of the civic gentlemen, he got out.

"You run on along to the lunch," he said. "I'll just set here a while."

After the lunch, says one witness, the gentlemen satisfied their curiosity by driving back past the lot. They arrived in the middle of a hot ball game. The battery was Paige, six feet three and a quarter inches tall, weight 180, age indefinite, pitching; Slattery, four feet two inches tall, weight 85, age nine, catching. The up team, the Jackson Street White Sox, was hitting Satchel Paige unmercifully. Also, the umpire, Yogi Olzewschki, wasn't giving him the corners.

After watching the game for a moment, the dignitaries looked at one another with visible dismay and told the driver to move on.

"Empire," Paige was protesting happily as they vanished down the street, "are you by any chance in need of spectacles?"

"I see fine!" Olzewschki was shouting authoritatively. "Play ball, or I'll throw you out of the game!" ▲▲▲

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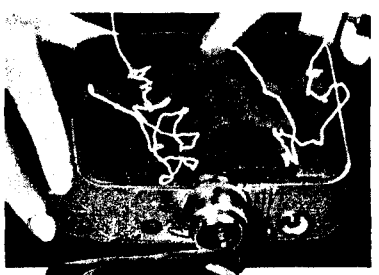

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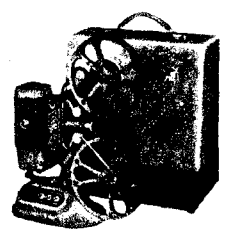

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ANOTHER *NEW* SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY

The Adventure of the SEALED ROOM

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE
and JOHN DICKSON CARR

A man and his wife had been shot. All entrances to the room had been locked from the inside. And it was not a case of murder and suicide

"George and Eleanor Warburton were lying face upward on the carpet," Miss Murray said. "Blood was still flowing from Eleanor's wound"

MY WIFE had a slight cold, as my notebook records, when on that morning of April 12th, 1888, we were introduced in such dramatic fashion to one of the most singular problems in the annals of my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

At this time, as I have elsewhere recorded, my medical practice was in the Paddington district. Being young and active, I was in the habit of arising betimes; and eight o'clock found me downstairs, distressing the maid by lighting the fire in the hall, when I was startled by a ring at the street door.

A patient at this hour could have come on no trivial errand. And, when I had opened the door to the clear April sunlight, I was struck no less by the pallor and agitation than by the youth and beauty of the young lady who stood swaying on my humble threshold.

"Dr. Watson?" asked she, raising her veil.

"I am he, madam."

"Pray forgive this early intrusion. I have come to— I have come to—"

"Be good enough to step into the consulting room," said I, ushering her in with a vigorous step, and meanwhile studying the young lady closely. It is well for a medical man to impress his patients by deducing their symptoms, and hence their ailments, before they have spoken at all.

"The weather is warm for this season of the year," continued I, when we reached the consulting room, "yet there is always the possibility of a chill, unless the room be well sealed against drafts."

The effect of this remark was extraordinary. For a moment my visitor stared at me with the gray eyes widening in her beautiful face. "A sealed room!" she cried. "Oh, my God, a sealed room!"

Her cry became a shriek which ran through the house, and then she collapsed on the hearth rug in a dead faint. Horrified, I poured some water from a carafe, dashed brandy into the water and, after lifting my patient gently into a chair, persuaded her to swallow it. Scarcely had I done so when the noise of that cry brought my wife downstairs and into the consulting room.

"Good heavens, John, what in the world—" And here she broke off. "Why, it's Cora Murray!"

"You know the young lady, then?"

"Know her! I should think I do! I knew Cora Murray in India. Her father and mine were friends for years, and I wrote to her when you and I were married."

"You wrote to India?"

"No, no, she lives in England now. Cora is the very closest friend of Eleanor Grant, who married that rather crotchety Colonel Warburton. Cora lives with Colonel and Mrs. Warburton at some address in Cambridge Terrace."

AS MY wife finished speaking, our visitor opened her eyes. My wife patted her hand. "Gently, Cora," said she. "I was only telling my husband that you lived in Cambridge Terrace with Colonel and Mrs. Warburton."

"No longer!" cried Miss Murray wildly. "Colonel Warburton is dead, and his wife so horribly wounded that she may be dying at this moment! When I saw them lying there under that terrifying death mask, I felt the evil thing itself had driven Colonel Warburton mad. He *must* have been mad! Why else should he have shot his wife and then himself in a locked room? And yet I cannot believe he would have done this dreadful action."

Grasping my wife's hand with both of hers, she looked up at me with pathetic appeal. "Oh, Dr. Watson, I did so hope you would help! Is there nothing your friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes can do?"

You may well believe that my wife and I listened with amazement to this tale of domestic tragedy. "But you tell me that Colonel Warburton is dead," I demurred gently.

"Yet the shadow remains on his name. Oh, is my errand so hopeless?"

"Nothing is ever hopeless, Cora," said my wife. "John, what shall you do?"

"Do?" cried I, glancing at my watch. "Why, a hansom cab to Baker Street at once! We shall just catch Holmes before breakfast!"

As I had expected, Sherlock Holmes was mood-

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ily awaiting his breakfast, the room acrid with the tang of his first pipe of the day, which was composed of leftover dottles from the day before. His Bohemian disposition saw nothing strange in Miss Murray's and my arrival at this early hour, though he was inclined to be querulous.

"The fact is, Holmes," said I, "that I was interrupted this morning—"

"Quite so, my dear fellow," said he, "as you were engaged in your usual practice of lighting the fire. Your left thumb proclaims as much." Then he caught sight of Miss Murray's grief-stricken countenance, and his harsh face softened. "But I think," he added, "that you could both do with a little breakfast before we discuss the shock which this young lady so obviously has had."

Not a word would he permit us to speak until I had consumed rashers and eggs, though Miss Murray could touch only a cup of coffee.

"Hum," said Holmes, with a shade of disappointment on his face, after our fair client had faltered out as much of her story as she had told to me. "This is indeed a grievous tragedy, madam. But I cannot see what service I can render you. A certain Colonel Warburton goes mad, he shoots first his wife and then himself. I presume there is no doubt of these facts?"

Miss Murray groaned. "Unhappily, none," replied she. "Though at first we had hoped it might be the work of a burglar."

"You *hoped* it might be the work of a burglar?"

I WAS much annoyed by the acidity of Holmes's tone, though I could not help divining its cause. Ever since, in the previous month, he had been outwitted and beaten by Mrs. Godfrey Norton, nee Irene Adler, his attitude toward the whole female sex had become more bitter than ever.

"Really, Holmes," I protested with some degree of asperity, "Miss Murray meant only that the work of a burglar-murderer would have saved Colonel Warburton's name from the stigma of suicide. I hope that you will not hold her responsible for an unfortunate choice of words."

"An unfortunate choice of words, Watson, has hanged a murderer ere this," Holmes said. "Well, well, we shall not distress the young lady! But is it possible, madam, for you to be explicit?"

To my surprise, a smile of singular wistfulness as well as strength illuminated the pale face of our visitor. "My father, Mr. Holmes, was Captain Murray of the Sepoy Mutiny. You will see whether I can be explicit."

"Come, this is distinctly better! Well?"

"Colonel Warburton and his wife," said she, "lived at No. 9 Cambridge Terrace. You will have seen many such prosperous, solid houses in the Hyde Park district. On either side of the front door, behind a small strip of rock garden, there is a room with two French windows. Colonel Warburton and my dear Eleanor were alone in the room to the left of the front door, called the curio room. The time was just after dinner last night. The door of that room was locked on the inside. Each of the French windows was double-bolted on the inside, but the curtains remained undrawn. No other person was there or hidden there; nor was there any other access to the room. A pistol lay at the colonel's right hand. There had been no tampering with any bolt or fastening; the room was locked like a fortress. These things, Mr. Holmes, you may accept as facts."

And, as I am now able to testify, Miss Murray spoke the literal truth.

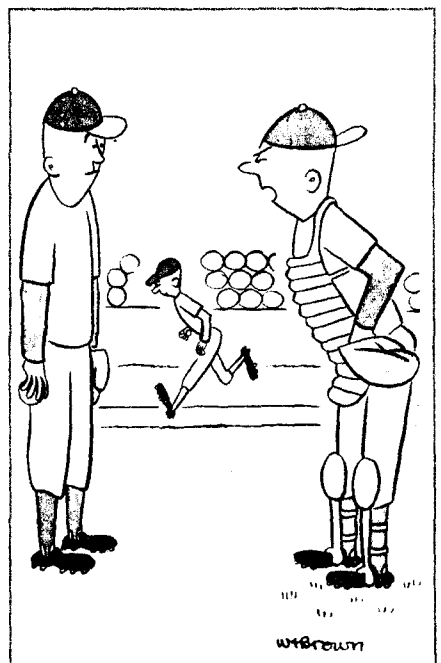
"Yes, distinctly this is more satisfactory!" said Holmes, rubbing his long thin fingers together. "Was it Colonel Warburton's habit to bolt the door upon himself and his wife—in the curio room, you said?—each evening after dinner?"

A sudden perplexity showed in our visitor's face. "Good heavens, no!" she answered. "I never thought of that."

"Still, I fear it cannot affect the issue. On the contrary, it strengthens the indications of madness."

Cora Murray's gray eyes were steady now. "No one, Mr. Holmes, is better aware of it than I. If it had been Colonel Warburton's wish to destroy Eleanor and himself—well, can I deny he would have bolted the door?"

"If I may say so, madam," remarked



"For a minute there, you had me worried. I thought you might strike him out"

COLLIER'S W. F. BROWN

Sherlock Holmes, "you are a young lady of uncommon good sense. Apart from his Indian curios, would you say that the colonel was a man of conventional habits?"

"Eminently so. And yet . . ."

"You would speak of feminine intuition?"

"Sir, what are your own boasted judgments but masculine intuition?"

"They are logic, madam! However, pray forgive my irascible temper of a morning."

Miss Murray bowed her head graciously. "The household was roused by the two shots," she continued after a moment. "When we looked through the window and saw those two crumpled figures lying on the floor, and the light of the shaded lamps striking a cold blue glitter from the lapis lazuli eyes of that horrible death mask, I was seized with superstitious dread."

Holmes was lounging back in his armchair, his old mouse-colored dressing gown drawn about his shoulders, in a bored and discontented fashion. "My dear Watson," said he, "you will find the cigars in the coal scuttle. Be good enough to pass me the box—that is, if Miss Murray has no objection to the smoke of a cigar?"

"The daughter of an Anglo-Indian, Mr. Holmes," said our fair visitor, "would scarcely object to that." She hesitated, biting her lip. "Indeed, when Major Earnshaw and Captain Lasher and I burst into that locked room, my most distinct memory is the smell of Colonel Warburton's cigar."

This casual remark was followed by a moment of intense silence. Sherlock Holmes had sprung to his feet, the cigar box in his hand, and was staring down at Miss Murray. "I would not distress you, madam, but are you quite sure of what you say?"

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes," retorted the lady, "I am not in the habit of meaningless speech. I remember even the incongruous thought flashing through my mind that incense would have been more suitable than cigar smoke in a room glimmering with brasswork and wooden idols and rose-colored lamps."

FOR a moment Holmes stood motionless before the fire. "It is possible that there may be a hundred and forty-first sort," he observed thoughtfully. "At the same time, Miss Murray, I should like to hear a little more of what happened. For example, you mentioned a Major Earnshaw and a Captain Lasher. Were these gentlemen also guests at the house?"

"Major Earnshaw has been a guest for some time, yes. But Captain Lasher"—was it my fancy, or did a blush tinge Cora Murray's face at mention of the captain's name?—"Captain Lasher merely paid a brief call. He is Colonel Warburton's nephew, his only relative, in fact, and is—is much younger than Major Earnshaw."

"But your account of last night, madam?"

Cora Murray paused for a time as though marshaling her thoughts, and then began to speak in a low but intense voice. "Eleanor Warburton was my best friend in India. She is an exceptionally beautiful woman, and I am not being unkind when I say we were all surprised when she consented to become the wife of Colonel Warburton. He was a soldier of distinguished reputation and strong character, but not, I should judge, an easy man with whom to share one's domestic life. He was inclined to be fussy and short-tempered, especially about his large collection of Indian antiquities.

"Please understand that I liked George well enough, else I should not be here now. And, though their life was not without its quarrels—in fact, there was a quarrel last night—there was nothing, I swear, to account for this present horror!

"When they left India, I accompanied them to the house in Cambridge Terrace. There we lived almost as though we were at a hill station in India, even to the white-clad figure of Chundra Lal, George's native butler, in a house full of strange gods, and perhaps strange influences too.

"No matter! Last night, after dinner, Eleanor demanded to speak with her husband. They retired to the curio room, while Major Earnshaw and I were in a little study called the den."

"One moment," interposed Sherlock Holmes, who had made a note on his shirt cuff. "A while ago you stated that the house had two rooms facing the front garden, one of these being Colonel Warburton's curio room. Was the other front room this den?"

"No, the other front room is the dining room. The den lies behind it, and the two do not communicate. Major Earnshaw was holding forth rather wearisomely when Jack hurried in. Jack—"

"A welcome arrival?" interposed Holmes. "I take it you refer to Captain Lasher?"

Our visitor raised her frank, clear eyes. "A very welcome arrival," she smiled. Then her face clouded. "He told us that on his way through the hall, he had heard the sounds of a quarrel between his uncle and Eleanor. Poor Jack, how annoyed he was. 'Here I've come all the way from Kensington to see the old man,' he cried, 'and now I daren't interrupt them. What keeps them quarreling all the time?'

"I protested that he was doing them an injustice.

" 'Well, I hate rows,' he replied, 'and I do feel, if only for Uncle's sake, that Eleanor might make more effort to get on with the family.'

" 'She is devoted to your uncle,' I said, 'and, as for yourself, it is only that she feels, as we all do, that you live your life too recklessly.'

"When Major Earnshaw suggested three-handed whist, at twopence a point, I'm afraid Jack wasn't very courteous. If he must be reckless, he said, he preferred to drink a glass of port in the dining room. So Major Earnshaw and I settled down to a game of bezique."

"Did either you or Major Earnshaw leave the room after that?"

"Yes! As a matter of fact the major did say something about fetching his snuffbox from upstairs." Under other circumstances I felt Cora Murray might have laughed. "He rushed out, fumbling in all his pockets, and swearing he couldn't settle to cards without his snuff.

"I sat there, Mr. Holmes, with the cards in my hand, and as I waited in that silent room it seemed as though all the nameless fears of the night gathered slowly round me. I remembered the glitter in Eleanor's eyes at dinner. I remembered the brown face of Chundra Lal, the native butler, who has seemed to gloat ever since the death mask was brought into the house. At that precise moment, Mr. Holmes, I heard the two revolver shots."

IN HER agitation Cora Murray had risen to her feet. "Oh, please don't think I was mistaken! Don't think I was misled by some other noise, or that these were not the shots which killed George and . . ."

Again she paused; and, as I now know, she had not been mistaken. Drawing a deep breath, she sat down again. "For a moment, I was absolutely petrified. Then I ran out into the hall and almost collided with Major Earnshaw. He was muttering some incoherent reply to my questions when Jack Lasher came out of the dining room with the decanter of port in his hand. 'You'd better stay back, Cora,' Jack said to me, 'there may be a burglar about.'

"The two men ran across to the door of the curio room. 'Locked, curse it,' I remember Major Earnshaw crying out. 'Lend a hand, my lad, and we'll have this door down.'

" 'Look here, sir,' said Jack; 'you'd want siege artillery against a door like that. Hold hard while I dash around and try the French windows.' As a result, all of us ran outside—"

"All of you?"

"Major Earnshaw, Jack Lasher, Chundra Lal and myself. One glimpse through the nearest window showed us George and Eleanor Warburton lying face upward on the red Brussels carpet. Blood was still flowing from a wound in Eleanor's breast."

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"And then?"

"You may recall my saying that the front garden is a rock garden?"

"I made a mental note of it."

"A rock garden with gravel soil. Calling out to the others to guard the doors and make certain no burglar escaped, Jack picked up a huge stone and smashed the window. But there was no burglar, Mr. Holmes. A single glance had shown me that both French windows were still double-bolted on the inside. Immediately afterward, before anyone had gone near the door, I went to it and found the door locked on the inside. You see, I think I *knew* there could be no burglar."

"You knew it?"

"It was George's fear for his collection," Miss Murray answered simply. "Even the fireplace in that room is bricked up. Chundra Lal looked inscrutably at the hard blue eyes of the death mask on the wall, and Major Earnshaw's foot kicked the revolver lying near George's hand. 'Bad business, this,' said Major Earnshaw, 'we'd better send for a doctor.' That, I think, is all of my story."

FOR a time after she had finished speaking, Holmes still stood motionless before the fire. His hand toyed with the knife whose blade transfixed his unanswered correspondence to the middle of the wooden mantelpiece. "Hum!" said he. "And the position now?"

"Poor Eleanor, though she may recover, lies badly wounded in a nursing home in Bayswater. It will be days before she can speak. George's body has been removed to the mortuary. Even when I left Cambridge Terrace this morning, with some wild hope of enlisting your aid through Dr. Watson, the police had arrived in the person of an Inspector MacDonald. But what can he do?"

"What, indeed?" echoed Holmes. But his deep-set eyes gleamed, and he lifted the knife and brought it down like a weapon against the envelopes. "Still—Inspector Mac! That is much better. I could not endure Lestrade or Gregson this morning. If the young lady will forgive me while I don coat and hat, we shall just go round to Cambridge Terrace."

"Holmes," cried I in protest, "it would be monstrous to encourage false hopes in Miss Murray!"

My friend looked at me in his coldly imperious fashion. "My dear Watson, I neither encourage hope nor do I discourage it. I examine evidence. *Voilà tout.*"

Yet I noticed that he slipped his lens into his pocket; and he was moodily silent, biting at his lip, as a four-wheeler carried us through the streets.

Cambridge Terrace, on that sunny April morning, lay silent and deserted. Behind the stone wall and the narrow strip of rock garden, lay the stone house with its white window facings and green-painted front door. It gave me something of a shock to see, near the windows toward the left of the front door, the white-dressed figure and white turban of a native butler. Chundra Lal stood there, as motionless as one of his own idols, looking at us; then he melted into the house through one of the French windows.

Sherlock Holmes, it was clear, had been similarly affected. I saw his shoulders stiffen under the frock coat as he watched the retreating figure of the Indian servant. Though the window immediately to the left of the front door was intact, a gap in the rock garden showed where a large stone had been prized out; and the other window, further to the left, had been smashed to bits. It was through this window that the native butler, on silent feet, moved inside.

Holmes whistled, but he did not speak until Cora Murray had left us. "Tell me, Watson," said he, then. "You saw nothing strange or inconsistent in the narrative of Miss Murray?"

"Strange, horrible, yes!" I confessed. "But inconsistent? Surely not!"

"Yet you yourself have been the first to protest about it."

"My dear fellow, I have uttered not one word of protest this morning!"

"Not this morning, perhaps," said Sherlock Holmes. "Ah, Inspector Mac! We are met upon the occasion of another problem."

In the shattered window, stepping carefully over fallen shards of glass, appeared a freckle-faced, sandy-haired young man with the dogged stamp of the police officer. "Great Scott, Mr. Holmes, you don't call this a problem?" exclaimed Inspector MacDonald, raising his eyebrows. "Unless the question is why Colonel Warburton went mad?"

"Well, well!" said Holmes good-naturedly. "I presume you will allow us to enter."

"Aye, and welcome!" retorted the young Scot.

We found ourselves in a lofty, narrow room which, though furnished with comfortable chairs, conveyed the impression of a barbaric museum. Mounted on an ebony cabinet facing the windows stood an extraordinary object: the effigy of a human face, brown and gilded, with two great eyes of some hard and glittering blue stones.

"Pretty little thing, isn't it?" grunted young MacDonald. "That's the death mask that seems to affect 'em like a Highland spell. Major Earnshaw and Captain Lasher are in the den now, talking their heads off."

To my surprise Holmes scarcely glanced at the hideous object. "I take it, Inspector Mac," said he, as he wandered about the room peering into the glass cases and display cabinets, "you have already questioned all the inmates of this house?"

"Mon, I've done nothing else!" groaned Inspector MacDonald. "But what can they tell me? This room *was* locked up. The only man who committed a crime, in shooting himself and his wife, is dead. So far as the police are concerned, the case is closed. What now, Mr. Holmes?"

MY FRIEND had stooped suddenly. "Hullo, what's this?" he cried, examining a small object which he had picked up off the floor.

"Merely the stub of Colonel Warburton's cigar which, as you see, burned a hole in the carpet," replied Inspector MacDonald.

"Ah. Quite so."

Even as he spoke the door burst open and there entered a solid elderly man whom I presumed to be Major Earnshaw. Behind him, accompanied by Cora Murray, her hand on his arm, came a tall young man with a bronzed, high-nosed face and a guardsman's mustache.

"I understand, sir, that you are Mr. Sherlock Holmes," began Major Earnshaw stiffly. "I must say at once that I cannot perceive the reason why Miss Murray should have called you into this private tragedy."

"Others might perceive the reason," replied Holmes quietly. "Did your uncle always smoke the same brand of cigar, Captain Lasher?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man with a puzzled glance at Holmes. "There is the box on the side table."

We all watched Sherlock Holmes in silence as he went across and picked up the box of cigars. For a moment he peered at the contents and then, lifting the box to his nose, he sniffed deeply. "Dutch," he said. "Miss Murray, you are quite right in your affirmation! Colonel Warburton was not mad."

MAJOR EARNSHAW uttered a loud snort, while the younger man, with better manners than his senior, attempted to hide his amusement by smoothing his mustache. "Deuce knows we are all very relieved to have your assurance, Mr. Holmes," said he. "Doubtless you deduce it from the colonel's taste in cigars."

"Partly, yes," my friend answered gravely. "Dr. Watson can inform you that I have given some attention to the study of tobacco, and that I have even ventured to embody my views in a small monograph, listing one hundred and forty separate varieties of cigar ash. Colonel Warburton's taste in cigars merely confirms the other evidence. Well, MacDonald?"

A frown had settled on the Scotland Yard man's face, and his small light-blue eyes peered at Holmes suspiciously from beneath his sandy eyebrows. "Evidence? What are ye driving at, mon!" he cried suddenly. "Why, it's as plain as a pikestaff. The colonel and his wife are both shot in a room that is locked, bolted and barred from the inside. Do you deny it?"

"No."

"Then, let us stick to the facts, Mr. Holmes."

My friend had strolled across to the ebony cabinet and with his hands behind his back was now engaged in contemplating the hideous painted face that stared above his head. "By all means," he replied. "What is your theory to account for the locked door, Inspector Mac?"

"That the colonel himself locked it for privacy."

"Quite so. A most suggestive circumstance."

"It is suggestive merely of the madness that drove Colonel Warburton to his dreadful deed," answered Inspector MacDonald.

"Come, Mr. Holmes," interposed young Lasher. "We all know your reputation for serving justice through your own clever methods, and naturally we are as keen as mustard to clear poor Uncle's name. But, devil take it, there is no way round the evidence, and whether we like it or not, we are forced to agree with the inspector here that Colonel Warburton was the victim of his own insanity."

Holmes raised one long thin hand. "Colonel Warburton was the victim of a singularly cold-blooded murder," he stated quietly.

Holmes's words were followed by a tense silence, as we all stared at one another.

"By God, sir, whom are you accusing?" roared Major Earnshaw. "I'll have you know that there are slander laws in this country."

"Well, well," said Holmes good-humoredly. "I will take you into my confidence, Major, by telling you that my case rests largely on all those broken portions of glass from the French window which, you will perceive, I have gathered up into the fireplace. When I return tomorrow morning to piece them together, I trust that I will then be able to prove my case to your satis-

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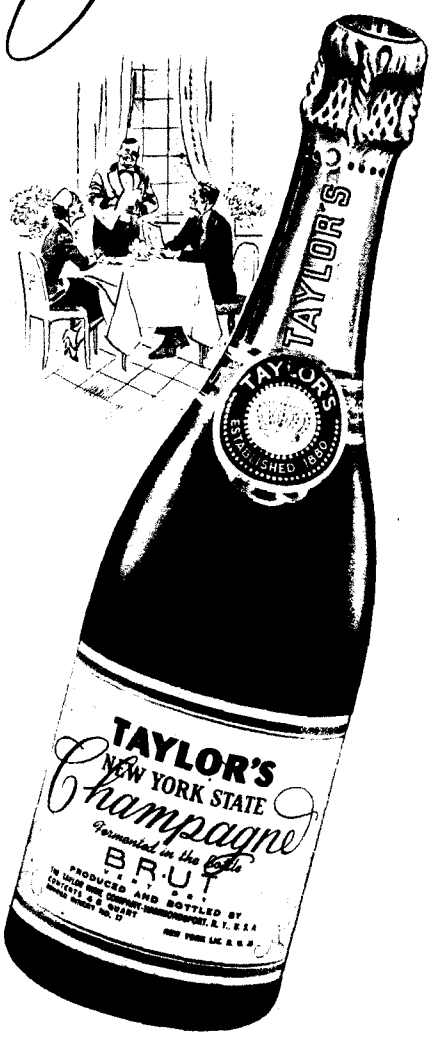

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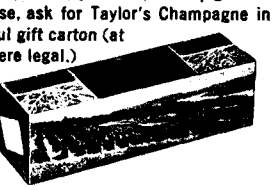

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faction. By the way, Inspector Mac, I take it that you eat oysters?"

MacDonald's face reddened. "Mr. Holmes, I have had aye a liking and a respect for ye," he said sharply. "But there are times when it is neither douce nor seemly in a man to—what the devil have oysters to do with it?"

"Merely that to eat them you would presumably take the oyster fork nearest to hand. To the trained observer, surely there would be something significant if you reached instead for the fork beside your neighbor's plate. I give you the thought for what it is worth."

For the long moment MacDonald stared intently at my friend. "Aye, Mr. Holmes," he said at length. "Verra interesting. I should be glad of your suggestions."

"I would advise that you have the broken window boarded up," replied Holmes. "Apart from that, let nothing be touched until we all meet again tomorrow morning. Come, Watson, I see that it is already past one o'clock. A dish of *calamari alla siciliana* at Pelligrini's would not come amiss."

DURING the afternoon, I was busy upon my belated medical rounds and it was not until the early evening that I found myself once more in Baker Street. Mrs. Hudson opened the door to me, and I had paused on the stairs to answer her inquiry whether I would be staying for dinner when a loud report rang through the house. Mrs. Hudson clutched at the banister.

"There, sir, he's at it again," she wailed. "Them dratted pistols. And not six months since he blew the points off the mantelpiece! 'In the interests of justice,' Mr. Holmes said. Oh, Dr. Watson, sir, if you don't get up there quick, like as not it will be that expensive gazogene that will have gone this time."

Throwing the worthy woman a word of comfort, I raced up the stairs and threw open the door of our old sitting room, just as a second report rang out. Through a cloud of pungent black-powder smoke, I caught a glimpse of Sherlock Holmes. He was lounging back in his armchair, clad in a dressing gown, with a cigar between his lips and a smoking revolver poised in his right hand.

"Ah, Watson," he said languidly.

"Good heavens, Holmes, this is really intolerable," I cried. "The place smells like a rifle range. If you care nothing for the damage, I beg of you to consider the effect on Mrs. Hudson's nerves and those of your clients." I threw wide the windows and was relieved to observe that the noisy stream of passing hansoms and carriages had apparently canceled the sound of the shots. "The atmosphere is most unhealthy," I added severely.

Holmes stretched up an arm and placed the revolver on the mantelpiece. "Really, Watson, I don't know what I would do without you," he remarked. "As I have had occasion to observe before, you have a certain genius for supplying the element of a touchstone to the higher workings of the trained mind."

"A touchstone that has, to my knowledge, broken the law three times in order to be of assistance to you," I replied, a trifle bitterly.

"My dear fellow," said he, and there was that in his voice that banished all resentment and mollified my ruffled feelings.

"It is some time since I saw you smoking a cigar," I pronounced, as I threw myself into my old chair.

"It is a matter of mood, Watson. In this instance, I took the liberty of purloining one from the stock of the late Colonel Warburton." He broke off to glance at the clock on the mantelpiece. "H'm. We have an hour to spare," he concluded. "So let us exchange the problems of man's manifold wickedness for the expression of that higher power that exists even in the worst of us. Watson, the Stradivarius. It is in the corner behind you."

It was nearly eight o'clock and I had just lighted the gas when there came a knock on the door and Inspector MacDonald, his long angular figure wrapped in a plaid overcoat, bustled into the room. "I got your message, Mr. Holmes," he cried, "and everything has been carried out in accordance with your suggestions. There'll be a constable in the front garden at midnight. Don't worry about the French window; we can get in without rousing the house."

"How many beers did *that* set me back, may I ask?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Holmes rubbed his thin fingers together. "Excellent, excellent! You have a gift for promptly carrying out—eh—suggestions that will take you far," he said warmly. "Mrs. Hudson will serve us supper here, and afterward a pipe or two may help to fill in the time. I consider that it might be fatal to my plans should we take up our positions before midnight. Now, Mr. Mac, draw up your chair and try this shag. Watson can tell you that it has marked characteristics of its own."

THE evening passed pleasantly enough. Sherlock Holmes, who was in his most genial mood, lent an attentive ear to the Scotland Yard man's account of a gang of French coiners whose operations were actually threatening the stability of the louis d'or, and thereafter proceeded to bemuse the Scotsman with a highly ingenious theory as to the effects of runic lore upon the development of the Highland clans. It was the striking of midnight that brought us back at last to the grim realities of the night.

Holmes crossed to his desk, and in the pool of light cast by the green-shaded reading lamp, I caught the grave expression on his face as he opened a drawer and took out a life preserver. "Slip this into your pocket, Watson," said he. "I fancy that our man may be inclined to violence. Now, Mr. Mac, as Mrs. Hudson has probably been in bed an hour, if you are ready we will step downstairs and hail the first hansom."

It was a clear starlit night and a short drive through a network of small streets carried us across Edgeware Road. At a word from Holmes, the cabby pulled up at a corner, and as we alighted I saw the long expanse of Cambridge Terrace stretching away before us in an empty desolation of lamplight and shadow. We hurried down the street and turned through the gate leading to our destination.

MacDonald nodded toward the planks which now blocked the shattered window. "They're loose on one side," he whispered. "But move carefully."

THERE was a slight creaking and, an instant later, we had squeezed our way past the boards to find ourselves in the utter darkness of Colonel Warburton's curio room.

Holmes had produced a dark lantern from the pocket of his Inverness, and following its faint beam we groped our way along the wall until we came to an alcove containing a couch. "This will do," he whispered.

"We might have found a worse roost, and it is near enough to the fireplace for our purposes."

The night was singularly quiet and, as it turned out, our vigil a dreary one. Once some belated revelers went by in a hansom, the sound of their singing and the clip-clop of the horse's hoofs gradually dying away toward Hyde Park, and, an hour or so later, there came to us the deep rumbling gallop of a fire engine tearing furiously along Edgeware Road with a clamor of bells and the sharp pistol-shot cracking of the driver's whip. Otherwise, the silence was unbroken save for the ticking of a grandfather clock at the other end of the room.

The atmosphere, which was heavy with the aromatic mustiness of an Oriental museum, began to weigh me down with an increasing lethargy, until I had to concentrate all my faculties to keep myself from falling asleep.

I have referred to the utter darkness, but as my eyes grew accustomed to the conditions, I became aware of a pale reflection of light from some distant street lamp stealing through the unboarded French window, and I was idly following its path when my gaze fell upon something that brought a chill to my senses. A face, faint and nebulous yet dreadful as the figment of a nightmare, was glaring down at me from the far end of that dim radiance. I must have started involuntarily, for I felt Holmes lean toward me.

"The mask," he whispered. "Our own trophy is likely to be less impressive but rather more dangerous."

Leaning back in my seat I tried to relax but the sight of that grisly relic had turned my thoughts into a new field of conjecture. The sinister white-clad figure of Chundra Lal, Colonel Warburton's Indian servant, arose in my mind's eye, and I attempted to recall the exact words used by Miss Murray in describing the effect of the death mask upon the man. Perhaps even more than Holmes, I knew enough about India to realize that religious fanaticism and a sense of sacrilege would not only justify any crime but inspire in the devotee a cunning of execution which might well baffle the preconceptions of our Western minds, however experienced in the ways of our fellow men.

I was considering whether I should open the subject to my companions when my attention was arrested by the low creak of a door hinge. There was not a moment to lose in warning Holmes that somebody was entering the room. But when I stretched out my hand it was only to find that my friend was no longer beside me.

There followed a period of complete stillness, and then a stooping figure, its footsteps muffled by the carpet, whisked across the faint ray of light from the French window and vanished into the shadows immediately in front of me. I had a fleeting impression of a high-collared cape and the dull glitter of some long thin object grasped in a half-raised hand. An instant later, there came a gleam of light in the fireplace, as though the shutter of a dark lantern had been slid back, and then a gentle tapping and tinkling.

I was rising to my feet when a smothered yell rang through the room, followed instantly by the sounds of a furious struggle.

"Watson! Watson!"

With a thrill of horror I recognized Holmes's voice in that half-choked cry, and plunging forward through the darkness, I hurled myself upon a struggling mass that loomed suddenly before me.

A grip like steel closed around my throat, and as I raised my arm to force back the head of my dimly seen assailant, he buried his teeth in my forearm like some savage hound. The man possessed the strength of a madman, and it was not until MacDonald, having lighted a gas jet, sprang to our assistance that we succeeded in mastering his struggles. Holmes, his face white and bloodless, leaned back against the wall, his hand clasping his shoulder, where he had been hit with a heavy brass poker that now lay in the fireplace amid the splintered shards of window glass which he had placed there on our previous visit.

"There's your man, MacDonald!" he gasped. "You can arrest him for the murder of Colonel Warburton and for the attempted murder of the colonel's wife."

MacDonald flung back our assailant's cape, and for a moment I stared in silence before an exclamation of amazement broke from my lips. For, in that first glance, I had failed to recognize in those lowering features and vicious baleful eyes the bronzed, handsome countenance of Captain Jack Lasher.

THE first streaks of dawn were glimmering through the window when my friend and I found ourselves back in Baker Street.

I poured out two stiff brandy-and-sodas and handed one to Holmes. As he leaned back in his chair, the gaslight beside the mantelpiece threw his keen aquiline features into bold relief and I was glad to observe that a little color was stealing into his face.

"Really, Watson, I owe you an apology," said he. "Captain Jack was a dangerous man. How is your arm where he savaged you?"

"A little painful," I admitted. "But nothing that iodine and a bandage cannot repair. I am far more concerned

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about your shoulder, my dear fellow, for he gave you an ugly blow with that poker. You must let me look at it."

"Later, later, Watson. I assure you that it is nothing worse than a bruise," he replied with a touch of impatience. "Well, I can confess now that there were moments tonight when I had the gravest doubts that our man would walk into the trap."

"Trap?"

"A baited trap, Watson, and had he not swallowed my dainty morsel it would have gone hard with us to bring Captain Lasher to book. I gambled on the fact that a murderer's fears will sometimes override his intelligence. And so it turned out."

"Frankly, I do not understand even now how you unraveled this case."

HOLMES leaned back in his chair and put his finger tips together. "My dear fellow, there was no great difficulty in the problem. The facts were obvious enough, but the delicacy of the matter lay in the need that the murderer himself should confirm them by some overt act. Circumstantial evidence is the bane of the trained reasoner."

"I have observed nothing."

"You observed everything but failed to reason. In the course of Miss Murray's narrative, she mentioned that the door of the curio room was locked and yet the window curtains were not drawn, not drawn, mark you, Watson, in a ground-floor room overlooking the public street. A most unusual proceeding. You may recall that I interrupted Miss Murray to inquire as to Colonel Warburton's conventional habits.

"The circumstances suggested to my mind the possibility that Colonel Warburton might have been expecting a visitor and that the nature of that visit was such that either he or the caller preferred that it should occur privately by the French windows rather than the front door. This elderly soldier was recently married to a young and beautiful wife and I therefore discarded the idea of a vulgar assignation. If I was right in my theory, then the visitor must be a man whose private interview with Colonel Warburton would be resented by some other member of the household, and hence the obvious step of joining the colonel via the French windows."

"But they were locked," I objected.

"Naturally. Miss Murray stated that Mrs. Warburton accompanied her husband to the curio room immediately after dinner, and apparently a quarrel arose between them. It occurred to me that, if the colonel was expecting a visitor, then what more natural that he would leave the curtains undrawn so that his caller should observe that he was alone. At first, of course, these were all mere conjectures that could possibly fit the facts."

"And the identity of this mysterious visitor?"

"Again a conjecture, Watson. We knew that Mrs. Warburton disapproved of Captain Lasher, her husband's nephew. I give you these vagaries as they first occurred to me during the earlier part of Miss Murray's narrative. I could not have moved in the matter had not the latter part of her story contained the one singular fact that changed the slightest of suspicions into the absolute certainty that we were in the presence of a cold-blooded and calculated murder."

"I must say that I cannot recall—"

"Yet you yourself underlined it, Watson, when you used the term 'intolerable!' "

"Great heavens, Holmes," I burst out. "Then it was Miss Murray's remark about the smell of the colonel's cigar—"

"In a room in which two shots had just been fired! It would have reeked of black powder. I knew, then, that no shots had been fired within the curio room."

"But the reports were heard by the household."

"The shots were fired from *outside* through the closed windows. The murderer was an excellent marksman and therefore conceivably a military man. Here, at last, was something to work upon and, later on, I received confirmation from your own lips, Watson, when, having lighted one of the colonel's cigars, I waited until I heard you below and then fired two shots from the same-caliber revolver as that which killed Warburton."

"In any case, there should have been powder burns," I said thoughtfully.

"Not necessarily. The powder from a cartridge is a tricky element and the absence of burns proved nothing. The smell of the cigar was of far greater importance. I must add, however, that useful though your confirmation was, my visit to the house had already elucidated the whole case in my mind."

"You were startled at the appearance of the Indian servant, Holmes," I rejoined, somewhat nettled at the trace of self-satisfaction which I discerned in his manner.

"No, Watson, I was startled at the broken window through which he retreated."

"But Miss Murray had told us that Captain Lasher broke the window in order to enter the room."

"It is an unfortunate fact, Watson, that a woman will invariably omit from her narrative that exact precision of detail which is as essential to the trained observer as bricks and mortar to a builder. If you will recall, she stated that Captain Lasher ran out of the house, looked through the French window and then, picking up a stone from the rock garden, smashed the glass and entered."

"Quite so."

"THE reason I started when I saw the Indian was because the man was retreating through the wreckage of the far French window, while that nearer to the front door remained unbroken. As we hurried forward to the house, I observed the gap in the rockery immediately under the first window, where Lasher had picked up the stone. Why, then, should he run on to the second window and smash it, unless it was that the glass bore its own story? Hence my broad hint to MacDonald of the oyster and the nearest fork. The groundwork of my case was complete when I sniffed the contents of Colonel Warburton's cigar box. They were Dutch, among the weakest in aroma of all cigars."

"All this is now quite clear to me," I said. "But in telling the whole household of your plans to piece together the glass of the broken window, it seems to me that you were risking the very evidence on which your case was based."

Holmes reached for the Persian slipper and began to fill his pipe with black shag. "My dear Watson, it would have been virtually impossible for me to reconstruct those shattered panes to a degree that would prove the existence of two small bullet holes. No, it was a question of bluff, my dear fellow, a gambler's throw. Should somebody make an attempt to destroy still further those shards from the window, then that person was the murderer of Colonel Warburton. I showed my hand deliberately. The rest is known to you. Our man came, armed with a poker, having let himself in with the duplicate latch-key which we discovered in his cape pocket. I think there is nothing to add."

"But the reason, Holmes?" I cried.

"WE HAVE not far to look. We were told that, until Colonel Warburton's marriage, Lasher was his only relative and therefore, we may assume, his heir. Mrs. Warburton, according to Miss Murray's statement, disapproved of the younger man on the grounds of his extravagant living. It is obvious from this that the wife's influence must represent a very real danger to the interests of Captain Jack.

"On the night in question, our man came openly to the house, and, having spoken with Miss Murray and Major Earnshaw, retired ostensibly to drink a port in the dining room. In fact, however, he merely passed through the dining-room window, which opens on the front garden, walked to the French windows of the curio room and there shot Colonel Warburton and his wife through the glass.

"It would require no more than a few seconds to rush back by the way that he had come, seize a decanter from the sideboard and hurry out into the hall. But he cut it fine, for you will recall that he appeared a moment or two after the others. To complete the illusion of Colonel Warburton's madness, it merely remained for him to eliminate the bullet holes by smashing the window and, on entering, drop the revolver by the hand of his victim."

"And if Mrs. Warburton had not been there and he had been able to keep his rendezvous with his uncle, what then?" I asked.

"Ah, Watson, there we can only guess. But the fact that he came armed presupposes the worst. I have no doubt that when he comes to trial it will be found that Lasher was pressed for money and, as we have ample reason to know, he is a young man who would not shrink from taking his own measures to remove any obstacles that stood in the way of his needs. Well, my dear fellow, it is high time that you were on your way home. Pray convey my apologies to your wife for any small interruption I may have caused in the tranquillity of your ménage."

"But your shoulder, Holmes," I expostulated. "I must apply some liniment before you retire for a few hours' rest."

"Tut, Watson," he replied. "You should have learned by now that the mind is the master of the body. I have a small problem on hand concerning a solution of potash, and so if you would have the goodness to hand me that pipette—"

▲▲▲

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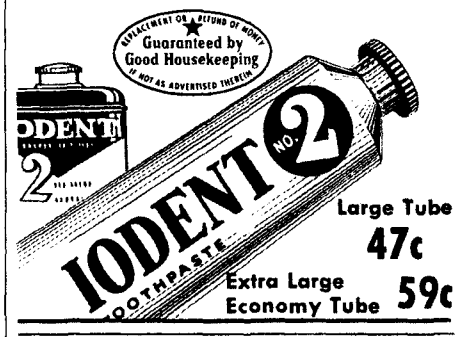

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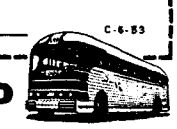

GREYHOUND

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He's HIGH MAN on a

Looking for a job offering good opportunities to move up and handle big deals at a high level? Pipe this

OIL derricks stick out all over Texas and its surrounding waters like totem poles on an Indian reservation. They, too, are symbols—but not of mystic gods. They stand for the productive strength of men who pull power from the earth. The derricks are worked by muscular Handy Andys like Charlie Blunt, a roughneck with the kind of job that would scare the tights off the daring young man on the flying trapeze. Charlie is a derrickman. His place of business is a platform two and a half feet wide by three and a half feet long, 90 feet above the floor of the oil derrick. The height isn't hard to take, oilmen say, but the shaft is a visual nightmare of vertical lines going down endlessly, pulling at the senses like a magnet, never leaving a man alone.

But Blunt has other things to worry about. His task is to feed 95-foot lengths of pipe into a hungry hole in the ground, and get the pipe out again every time the drilling bit at the end of it goes dull. Sometimes a hole will go three miles down, eating pipe like spaghetti; sometimes the oil comes quickly, and relatively little pipe is used. Blunt's pipes are racked alongside him, and when the driller at the bottom of the rig needs more pipe, a five-ton block and tackle comes slamming up to Charlie like a runaway boxcar. He grabs a length of pipe—which is as likely to split his head open as to stand up straight—wrestles it over to the block with a rope, couples it up, signals below and stands back to watch it go twisting into the earth.

Charlie Blunt is twenty-six years old. He's married and has two children. He's been a derrickman for six years. "It scares the gee-whillikins out of my wife," he says, "but I'm used to it." Still, Charlie doesn't want to stay up there all his life. He's looking to be a driller—the chief on the job, the guy who hollers for more pipe, and waits for the man on top of the totem pole to lift it up and ship it down. ▲▲▲

Steadying himself with one foot, Charlie Blunt leans over 90 feet of space, attaches pipe to block

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR
COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM VANDIVERT

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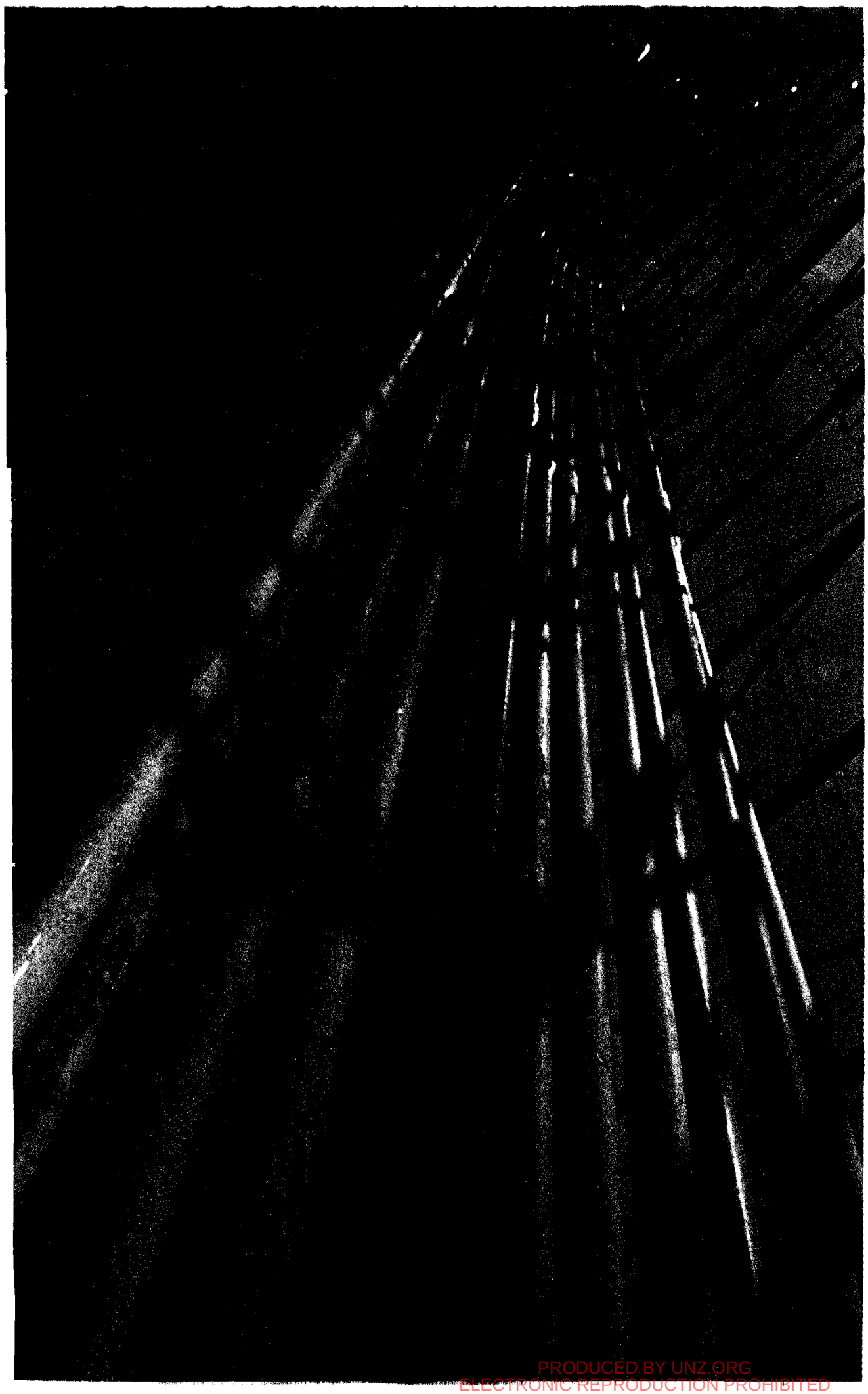
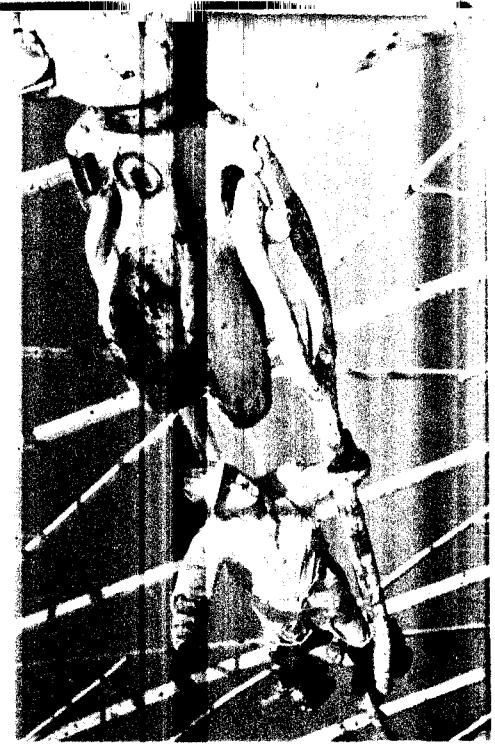
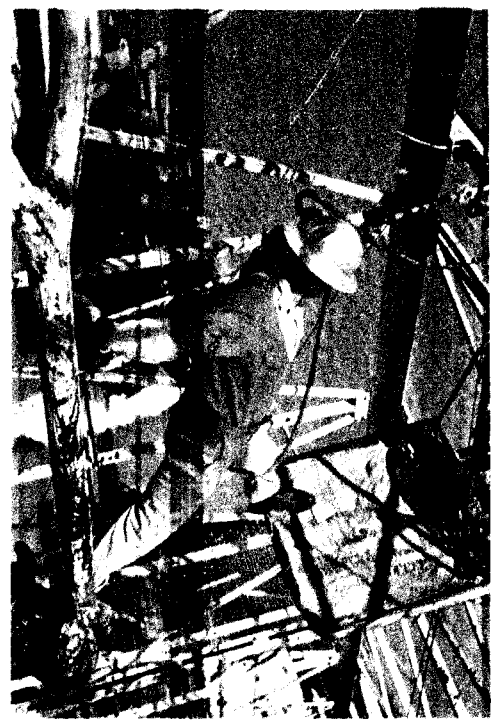
Texas Totem Pole





Going to work, Charlie rides up on 5-ton block and tackle



From block to platform is one step. Nueces Bay waits below

Helmet lost in wind, Charlie strains to get pipe on block

Looking up from bottom of Sinclair Oil and Gas Company's rig, the driller sees Charlie like this—grappling for pipes

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Rehearsing mambo number for their picture, In Every Port, Alec Guinness and Yvonne improvise a bumps-a-daisy. "We take some licenses," he says

Yvonne counts out the steps. Guinness caught on quickly, which surprised no one more than him

One Man's MAMBO

Yvonne De Carlo—Alec Guinness—and the mamb

Guinness doggedly follows De Carlo's lead. During picture conferences he'd wander off into corners to practice alone

YVONNE DE CARLO is known as a fiery actress. She's played the tempestuous dancing girl in more Technicolor sagas than she can recall. Alec Guinness is not a fiery actor. In a series of films which have won him a devoted U.S. following (The Lavender Hill Mob, The Man in the White Suit), the British star has made a fine art of total innocuousness. He is the timid soul, the gentle blunderer, the man whose face you don't remember.

The mambo is a particularly fiery dance. It is a sultry, spirited, Latin-American step which borrows from the rumba and jitterbug and goes them one better. Logically, a blending of De Carlo, Guinness and the mambo is a combination no one would ever dream up.

But Miss De Carlo, operating less on logic than on a hitherto unexploited instinct for offbeat comedy, was recently inspired to put the three together. She and Guinness appear in a Sir Alexander Korda production called In Every Port, to be released by London Films next fall. Yvonne sold the director, Anthony Kimmins, the idea of working Guinness into one of her inevitable dance sequences. Then she taught her apprehensive co-star the mambo in a week-long series of rehearsals, like the one pictured here.

To everyone's surprise, Guinness and the mambo got along just fine. He practiced constantly and, during story conferences, would go off into a corner and do hip-wiggling gyrations with concentration befitting a calculus problem. He told London reporters: "This opens up vast new horizons which I never even dreamed existed."

Says Miss De Carlo: "Alec may look more like the one-step type, but he has a real flair for this sort of thing."

Says Guinness, who is now reportedly investigating the possibilities of making a musical: "I rather think she's right." ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RAY KLEBOE AND CARL SUTTON

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Alec picks up lost beat. In British film he has two wives, but one (Yvonne) is a girl friend in the version edited for U.S. release

outh America was never quite like this

Now a veteran, Guinness takes on slightly quizzical look typical of mambo dancers. "He's *so* funny," says Yvonne

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Jumpin'

A fighting general guards a ho

Stuttgart, Germany

ASK almost any American soldier in southern Germany about Major General James Gavin and he'll tell you that the commander of the U.S. Army Seventh Corps never got past the sixth grade in school, was our youngest general since the Civil War, has jumped out of airplanes 400 to 500 times, and begins his working day at 3:00 A.M.

The soldier would be exaggerating—but only slightly. The truth is that Gavin is a West Point graduate although his previous school career ended at the eighth grade; he was the youngest division commander—thirty-seven—since Gettysburg; he has parachuted from airplanes about 200 times—and he starts his working day at 4:00 A.M.

GIs in Germany will also tell you that the slim, six-foot 160-pound ex-paratrooper is "one of the fightingest men in the world." To borrow one of the general's favorite phrases, this is true—on the authority of such military experts as President Eisenhower, General Omar N. Bradley, retiring Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, and General Matthew B. Ridgway, who will soon leave his post as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe to become U.S. Army Chief of Staff. If further testimony is needed, consult the German generals who fought against him and the thousands of GIs who fought under him in Sicily, Italy, Normandy and Holland during World War II.

Their unanimous verdict is reassuring, because Gavin's VII Corps guards the Allies' easternmost foothold in Germany. Part of his command is flush against Russian-bossed Czechoslovakia and it is one of the hottest areas in the East-West cold war.

The exact boundary lines and specific tactical and strategic missions of Gavin's command are top secret. But his forces—including the U.S. 28th and 43d Infantry Divisions, with attached corps engineers, artillery, armored and signal units—are deployed widely over thousands of square miles, from the Czech border in the east to the French zone of Germany in the west, from the Bavarian Alps in the south to the Hesse area in the north.

"We've got a lot of real estate to defend," Gavin explains. "If anybody wants that real estate, he is going to have to pay for it—heavily, and in blood.

On inspection tour in Germany, Major General James Gavin climbs out of plane at Regensburg, close to Czech border. His tough VII Corps patrols our easternmost boundary in Germany

U.S. ARMY PHOTOS

In the course of visiting a base, Gavin is likely to talk to everyone from privates to Major General Charles K. Gailey, Jr. (in background), commanding officer of the 43d Division

Gavin and Gen. Gailey question Sgt. Wallace Privette of Zebulon, N.C., about an M-47 tank

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Jim Is Ready

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN
and WILLIAM RICHARDSON

rea in the cold war. And he's prepared—even to making an armory out of his office

He will not get the acres without paying for them. This is true."

It is equally true that the vast extent of this real estate, the urgency of the corps's mission and Gavin's fitness for the command can best be understood by observing, visiting and talking with the general and touring the sprawling area with him, as we have. We are still breathless, in fact, from following him around southern Germany at a pace of 120 steps a minute—the famous leg-killing stride at which he triumphantly led the 82d Airborne Division in a victory parade along New York's Fifth Avenue in 1946.

We went first to his office in a former German air force headquarters in a pine forest on the outskirts of Stuttgart. On a hatrack in a corner of the office were a pair of carefully folded gloves (a trade-mark of "Gentleman Jim" Gavin) and the same web belt, replete with the same pistol and paratrooper's knife, that he wore in World War II. Atop a bookcase jammed with volumes on tactics, weapons and military history was his two-starred helmet, repaired and repainted like a dented fender. And on a rack beside his desk was his M-1 rifle.

In His Workaday Uniform

Smiling, the general watched as our eyes ranged around his armory. He sat erect, leaning slightly forward, and when he spoke it was so softly that we wondered how he barked his orders as a lieutenant. He wore GI trousers and a GI Eisenhower jacket with the two stars of his rank, the green combat epaulet ribbon and half of the 40-odd ribbons he has been awarded. On his feet were highly polished paratroop boots, resoled a dozen times since they picked up the mud of Holland in 1944.

"You know," he said, "most people think that a corps headquarters isn't particularly vulnerable in case of an attack. This is not true. During the last war, I often found myself landing with my paratroopers almost on top of a corps headquarters. If anybody decides to get aggressive over here, I do not think they would overlook us, particularly in these days of vertical envelopment. This is true." He paused for a second, then added dryly: "Not that I think there will be any hand-to-hand combat in my office."

Gavin made it clear that he does not sell the Russians short as combat soldiers; he knows their capabilities firsthand. His 82d Airborne paratroopers linked up with the Russians at the Elbe River in World War II and later he received a Soviet decoration. But he got to know the Russians and their psychology best when he took the 82d to Berlin and sat for a month as the American member of the first four-power Kommandantur.

He has imbued his entire command with his own sense of urgent preparedness to meet the Soviet threat. His soldiers are far different from the pleasure-loving GIs who made up our garrison in southern Germany only a few years ago. And the general sees to it during personal inspection tours that his men remain constantly alert. One of us accompanied him on such a tour, and it provided a revealing insight into the general and his methods.

Flying in an L-20 single-engine liaison plane piloted by Captain Harlan S. Lucas, of Fairview, Oklahoma, we covered the equivalent of 451 road miles, of which 200 would have been over bumpy secondary roads. By automobile, the tour would have taken at least 18 hours; we made it in 10½ hours.

Between 7:30 A.M. and 6:00 P.M., we inspected four major installations, eight major units, nine mess halls, half a dozen latrines and shower rooms, 10 unit armories and a swimming pool. Gavin conferred with two general officers and seven colonels; he talked to at least 30 company-grade officers and 50 enlisted men. He pinched the bread in mess halls to see if it were fresh and he critically looked at shoes and lockers, guns and ammunition.

Paratrooper Gavin was right up at front when he led 82d Airborne Division during 1944 Battle of Bulge

At each unit, he asked seemingly irrelevant questions such as: "Who has the keys to the gun room?" Then he would explain carefully how important it was that arms—always kept under lock and key—be readily available in the event of a sudden attack. "How many M-1s do you have?" he asked company officers, then patiently explained how his airborne troops in World War II had clobbered German rear units that were armed only with machine pistols and Lugers.

Gavin set a fast pace during the tour. Only when he stopped to talk to soldiers did he pause in his stride. And then he talked quietly, easily and softly, as though he had all the time in the world.

Soldiers who had served with Gavin in the 82d Airborne, or some obscure unit during the 12 years he was a company-grade officer, turned out merely to catch a glimpse of the general they affectionately refer to as "Slim Jim," "Gentleman Jim," "General Jim" and "Jumpin' Jim." But for the most part, as one sergeant said, Gavin was moving so fast that he appeared to be "just a blur of stars."

When we caught up with "the blur of stars" two mess halls and four weapons rooms later, Lieutenant John Brooks, of St. Louis, Missouri, one of the general's aides, turned and said: "I've been with him on dozens of these inspections and I've noticed that after he marches by, almost everybody seems to walk a little straighter, a little more like a soldier. Maybe that's one secret of his leadership. He's as trim and lean and mean as a buck private. Troops can't associate themselves with some paunchy brigadier, but when they see Gavin galloping by they say to themselves, 'Hey, that could be me.' "

Gavin's inspections are more thorough than most. While the general was quietly asking a lieutenant how many mess sergeants he had (it turned out he had more than he was supposed to), Brooks whispered: "You know, the reason he's so good at inspections is that he was a company-grade officer himself for many years and stood inspections under some of the toughest old buzzards in the peacetime Army. He knows all the tricks." But when Gavin finds slipshod work, Brooks said, he doesn't lose his temper or even raise his voice. One look from his steel-blue eyes proves as effective as a dozen profanities from an outraged sergeant.

The general stuck to the strict timetable for his tour even at lunchtime. As we filed into the officers' mess at an artillery outfit outside Munich, he told us: "Gentlemen, we have exactly 22 minutes for lunch." And it was exactly 22 minutes and 30 seconds later that we left for the airport.

Studies Terrain During Flight

Aboard the plane, Gavin never relaxed. Altogether our journey took us from Stuttgart to Bad Tölz to Munich to Regensburg, close by the Czech border, to Ulm, and finally back to Stuttgart. Gavin sat with a map on his knee, his overseas cap pulled down over his left eyebrow, studying the terrain as we passed over the Schwabian and Bavarian countryside, smoky-blue and peaceful in the spring sunshine. You could see that he was memorizing each feature of the terrain. This lake sparkling in the sunshine meant a hazard. That small river trickling through the haze of yonder town could be used for such-and-such in any tactical situation.

For a while on the last leg of the journey, Gavin flew the L-20. It was the first time in more than four years that he'd had his hands on the controls, but Captain Lucas explained later that the general has the hands and balance of a pilot although he never obtained a license. He learned to handle the controls while training with airborne gliders.

It was sunset when the plane touched down on schedule at Echterdingen Airport outside Stuttgart, and a command car was waiting to take Gavin back to his headquarters. He worked there for an hour, cleared his desk of papers—and then walked home, several miles away. Yet during the day's tour itself, Gavin had walked a total of 20 miles and climbed at least 80 flights of stairs.

A man with a mission? Yes, but there's nothing of the automaton or the martinet in Gavin. He is one of the few ranking officers about whom we've never heard a disparaging remark in the Army. That goes for the top brass in the Pentagon as well

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AT ALL DRUG STORES

How good is Gavin? A captain in 1941; a major general by '44

as the private on K.P. in the VII Corps.

"Slim Jim will do everything he asks the soldiers to do," Sergeant Robert Bastraw, of Laconia, New Hampshire, told us. "As a matter of fact, he'll do more."

Bastraw knows, at firsthand. During the Battle of the Bulge, Gavin was right up at the front with the sergeant's rifle company, exchanging shots with the enemy dug in on the opposite riverbank. And only a few days before we talked to Bastraw, his outfit in the VII Corps had been out on an emergency field problem with Gavin. Everyone slept on the ground, the general included.

"Only thing was that General Jim got less sleep than anyone else," observed Lieutenant John E. McDaniels, a rangy officer from Rock Island, Illinois. "He was all over the place, talking to men, looking after communications, weapons. He's a fighting encyclopedia. And he never gets tired."

From His Army Record

For further evidence of Jim Gavin's capabilities, take a look at his Army record. He got his second star as a major general when he was only thirty-seven, has made more combat parachute jumps—four—than any other American general, and is one of the world's foremost experts on weapons, from the infantryman's M-1 rifle to the atom bomb. For a time at the end of World War II, he was acting U.S. commander for Berlin. And just before he took command of the VII Corps, he was chief of staff of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's Southern European Command, embracing the land, sea and air forces of the U.S. and our allies in southern Europe and the Mediterranean.

But to understand James Maurice Gavin completely, you have to go back to his early life. He was born in New York City 47 years ago, but while he was still a youngster his family moved to Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania. There he displayed more acumen on his newspaper route than in the classroom. However, even then he was an avid reader, especially of military history. He once pecked out on an old Oliver typewriter an outline of the Civil War which so impressed his teacher that she gave him a quarter for the job.

"My first military pay," Gavin told us with a smile. "This is true."

After he graduated from elementary school, Gavin obtained a monopoly on the distribution of metropolitan newspapers in Mount Carmel. With the profits, he bought a filling station and operated it until he reached the age of seventeen.

Then, to satisfy his boyhood ambition to be a soldier, he marched to a recruiting station and advanced his age to 18. Sworn into the Army, Gavin was assigned to the Panama Canal Zone. There he learned that a couple of appointments to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point were available in the Zone, to be awarded on the basis of competitive examinations. Although he lacked a high-school education, he confidently took the stiff entrance examinations.

"I was terrible," Gavin told us. "But fortunately so was everyone else taking the tests in the Zone that year. I had read a lot, but mathematics was another world." All the competitors did so poorly that they were told to go back and study some more. Gavin began a backbreaking schedule of reading and study, and finally won an appointment.

"I had a rugged first year at the Point," Gavin said. "For me, there wasn't enough time to study. You got demerits for having lights on after ten at night, so I'd get up at four every morning and slip down to the latrine, where I'd crack the books until reveille. This is true."

It was at West Point that Gavin acquired the habit of rising early, and it helped him make steady progress at the academy. In 1929 he graduated, 185th in his class. Not sensational, you might say, and Gavin would agree with you. Yet his classmates at the Pentagon regard Gavin as "one of the most soldierly men in the class."

It wasn't long before Gavin's daring concept of vertical envelopment—meaning mass parachute drops—began to impress high Army planners. Besides, "Jumpin' Jim" tested his theories personally. His ideas, and his execution of them in World War II battles, brought him a staggering succession of promotions.

In just over three years, from October, 1941, to December, 1944, he rose from captain to major general.

A Series of Airborne Attacks

His battle record is like a roll call of the great campaigns of World War II. He led the first major Allied parachute assault of the war—the mass drop that helped buckle the German defenses in Sicily. A few months later he sparked the drop on Salerno, on the Italian west coast. As assistant division commander under General Ridgway, Gavin headed the 82d Airborne Division's D-day paratroop assault June 6, 1944, in Normandy. In August he succeeded Ridgway as commander of the 82d and went on to lead the airborne assault near Nijmegen, Holland.

After the Nijmegen jump, Britain's General Sir Miles C. Dempsey clasped Gavin's hand and said: "I am proud to meet the commanding general of the finest division in the world today." Since the compliment referred to his soldiers—he calls them doughboys, men or soldiers, never GIs—Gavin was happy to acknowledge it. But he'd prefer that people skip any praise of him personally.

Soldiers of the 82d appreciated Gavin's personal modesty and concern for his men, just as the members of the VII Corps do today. When the Germans launched their desperate Ardennes counterattack in December, 1944, Gavin got a rush call for help. His division was then in a rear area, resting from battle. But soldiers of the 82d rounded up their buddies on leave and scrounged everything that had wheels; within hours Gavin and his men were fighting in the thick of the Battle of the Bulge. And the 82d kept right on fighting until it was across the Elbe and had linked up with the Russian armies. Then the division moved into Berlin on occupation duty.

Returning to Washington a few months later, Gavin wrote a book on airborne warfare which was regarded by staff officers around the world as the most complete handbook ever compiled on vertical envelopment. In 1948, he was appointed chief of staff of the U.S. Fifth Army.

In Eniwetok and Korea

A year later, he was named Army representative on the Weapons System Evaluation Group and subsequently headed its Military Studies and Liaison Division. His duties took him to Eniwetok for the atom-bomb tests and later to Korea for the Inchon landing.

The brief Korean assignment involved fighting as well as scientific assessment. Gavin joined the 1st Marine Division at Inchon by helicopter on D day Plus One and stayed with the leathernecks through a week's combat before he was summoned back to Washington. In 1951, he returned to Naples—which he had helped liberate eight years before—as chief of staff of NATO's southern command. Then came his assignment to command the VII Corps.

Gavin's outstanding Army record may leave the impression that he is a talented and dedicated man interested in little but military affairs. But nothing could be further from the truth. Attend an informal early-evening get-together in his comfortable three-bedroom home in the cluster of wooded slopes called Capitol Hill in Stuttgart, as we did, and you'll be greeted by an urbane host. He wears civilian clothes at home and if any of his guests arrive in uniform, Gavin or his pretty wife, Jean, offers them the choice of any of five sport coats so that they can relax in comfort.

In the living room the general provides Martinis and converses with quiet ease. He may talk about the furniture—for example, a couple of chairs the Gavins had made in Italy after Jean bargained with the carpenters in fluent Italian. Or perhaps he discusses handball, which he plays as frequently as he can, along with golf and tennis.

Someone may mention painting. Jean laughs as she tells you about the time they went to dinner in the Grottino, a Naples restaurant. When the proprietor brought them an autograph book, Gavin drew on one page a detailed panorama of the city. He paints in

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But this time I really
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—NAOMI MASSON

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bold strokes with tasteful but muted colors.

Bring up dancing and "Jumpin' Jim" talks about the intricacies of ballet. And while he is refilling the guests' glasses, someone tells you about the good time the Gavins had at the Officers' Club the other night.

"The general danced and everybody thought he was being polite," you are informed. "But he outrumbaed, outwaltzed and outsambaed everyone in the place."

The three young Gavin daughters bound in with a cocker spaniel, Inky, that the general has just bought for them. A fourth daughter, Barbara, nineteen, by Gavin's first marriage, is at Cornell University. Caroline, nine, who is Jean's daughter by a previous marriage, scoops up the puppy and tries to herd her sisters out of the room. Patricia, three, wants to stay, as does Elaine, eighteen months, who was born in Naples. So they all stay and talk with their father and the guests.

Most evenings, Gavin retires early so he can catch up in bed on the reading he has had to forgo all day. His range of reading matter is wide—fiction, science, poetry and politics. But military history, strategy and techniques are still his favorite subjects.

Some of His Military Idols

"Military strategy to Gavin," we were told by a ranking staff officer who has known him since he was a lieutenant, "is a curious and exciting blend of Hannibal and Stonewall Jackson, Tacitus and J. E. B. Stuart, Cannae and Hiroshima, guided missiles and the old-fashioned Schuh mines."

In talking to us in his office about the battles of World War II, Gavin prefaced a memoir of Normandy with the critique, "It was a typical J. E. B. Stuart maneuver," and again he said, "It was just what Stonewall Jackson would have done." In discussing another World War II engagement, he mentioned the cavalry deployment of Genghis Khan to prove a point.

When the talk turned to a possible future war, Jim Gavin hoisted one of his combat boots onto a table and discoursed at length on helicopters, convertiplanes (a cross between helicopters and conventional planes), the theories of supply by air, transatlantic mobile reserves and electronic weapons.

The Ground Corps Comes First

But as a practical man with a ground corps, his sharp eyes kept straying to the M-1 rifle by his desk, the holster hanging on the hatrack. And, once again, the visionary became the realist.

"He knows very well," one of his staff officers told us, "that as of this moment, those kids under his command are more important than any electronic brain."

Most general officers to whom we talked said that Jim Gavin is bound to go to the top in time. Right now, however, he seems to be less concerned than anyone else about moving up in the Army's hierarchy. He is busy welding a corps capable of making the Russians "pay in blood if they want to buy German real estate." No property owner was ever more jealous of his acreage.

And as you watch him stride out in his 10-year-old jump boots on an inspection tour, as you see him slide back the bolt of an M-1, you know what one of his oldest friends had in mind when he compared Gavin with Stonewall Jackson and J. E. B. Stuart. "When you see Jim Gavin out in the field," the friend told us, "you can smell the smoke of Gettysburg and you can hear the bugles blowing."

This is true. ▲▲▲

"Here's that part again where we go out an' get popcorn . . ."

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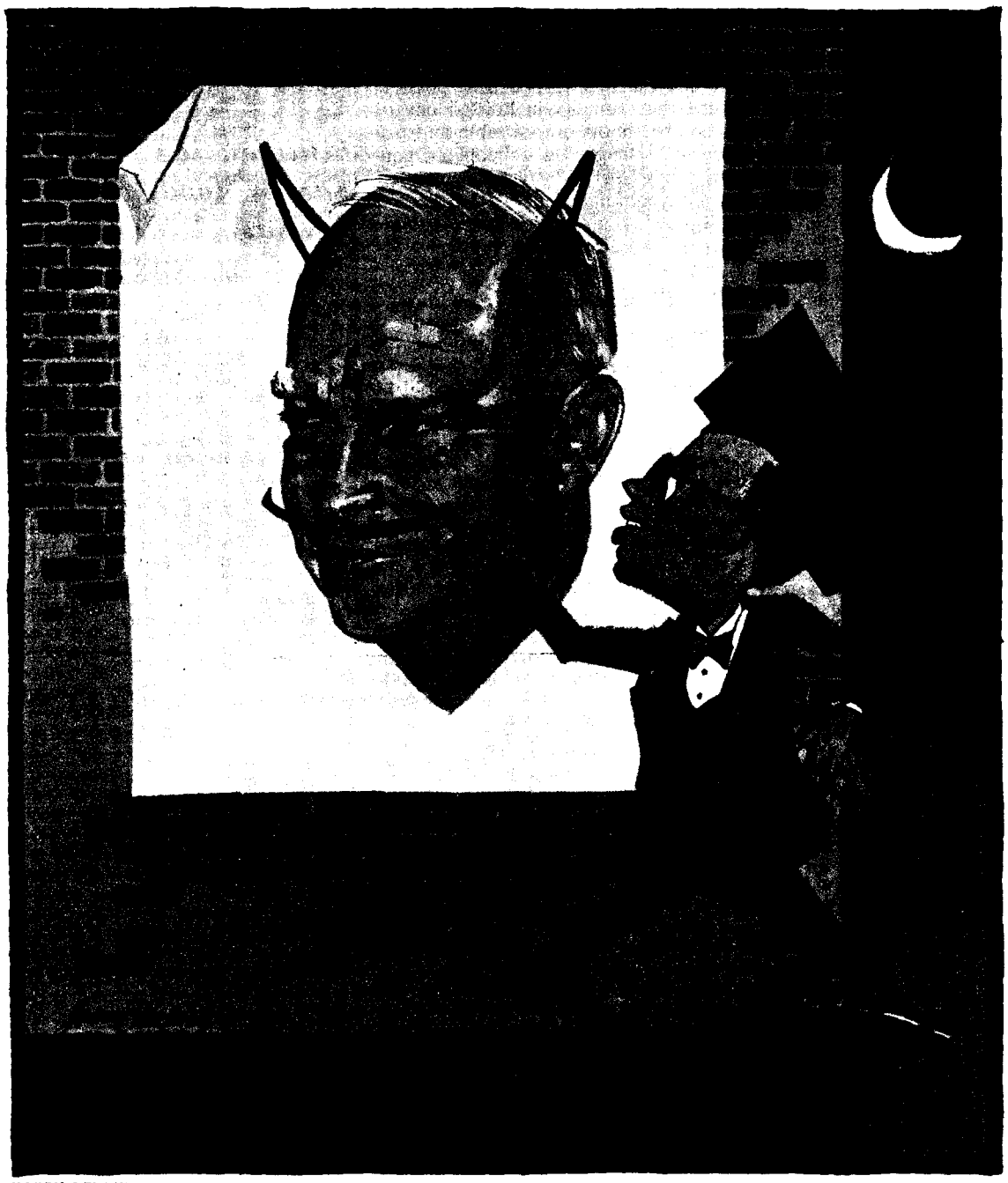

HARRY DEVLIN

Mustache Artist

FROM TIME TO TIME we dip into the more transitory, non-Pulitzer prize-winning literary works of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the Harvard history professor. Such as, for instance, his New York Post column called History of the Week. And on one occasion we recall quoting the professor in an editorial on the first anniversary of the Korean war.

In his column of two years ago he took issue with General MacArthur, who had called the Korean losses "staggering." Mr. Schlesinger conceded that 13,000 Americans had been killed in the first year, and that "this is a terrible and tragic thing. But," he added, "it seems hardly an intolerable loss for a nation which killed 31,500 people in 1949 by automobile accidents."

Perhaps the professor took the casualties rather too casually for some tastes, including ours. But there is nothing casual about the alarm with which he views the new administration in Washington, as he expressed it in a recent newspaper piece. To Mr. Schlesinger "it seems all too evident that the money-changers and hucksters have taken over."

"There has not been such a collection of plutocrats, profiteers and pirates in office," he wrote, "since the lamented reign of the Great Engineer. Washington today is falling into the hands of men who would eagerly sell the Capitol if they thought they could get away with it."

That statement is on a par with one by Senator Wayne Morse which we cited on this page four weeks ago. Mr. Morse, in discussing the tidelands oil issue, had implied that President Eisenhower was a thief. And we suggested that, on the basis of his remark, the gentleman from Oregon rated membership in the Congressional vilification league. We now think that the gentleman from Harvard deserves a similar reward, if the league will admit outsiders.

Professor Schlesinger has the right to think, say and write what he pleases. But, as a historian of putative distinction, it seems that he might feel some obligation to weigh facts and words more carefully before committing them to print, if only for the sake of his reputation.

He doesn't admire several of the members of the Eisenhower Cabinet, which is a point of privilege on which no one can challenge him. He thinks they have made some mistakes, and so do a lot of other people, no doubt. But he doesn't produce any evidence to support his alliterative crack about "plutocrats, profiteers and pirates." He doesn't identify the would-be Capitol salesmen. And so, in the absence of evidence or identification, Mr. Schlesinger's readers also have the privilege of dismissing his charges of villainy as so much malarkey. We don't call that good "history" or good reporting.

So why did the professor make the charges? We can only guess, but it may be that he just feels bitter since Mr. Truman went back to Missouri, and that his emotion may have disturbed the calmness of his judgment. Of course, there haven't been any grafts or scandals since the Republicans took over. But after the probity and dignity of the Truman administration—with its influence salesmen, crooked tax collectors, perjurers, grain speculators in the official family, and other matters of record—maybe Mr. Schlesinger is pining for the good old days. No more Presidential poker parties. No more letters to music critics. No more Harry Vaughans or Johnny Maragons. Nothing more exciting than pitch shots on the White House lawn.

So perhaps it's small wonder that, to the eminent historian, the future seems fraught with threats of piracy and political peril.

A Plan for the Good of All

SINCE COLLIER'S likes to make things happen and see them happen, we are glad to note some progress toward solving the financial plight of America's privately endowed colleges and universities. For the solution is a subject which has concerned us, among others, for some time.

Two years ago we published an article by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of the board of General Motors, which pointed out that one fourth of these private educational institutions were operating in the red and that, with taxes what they are, the day of the big individual endowment had about passed. Corporate support, he suggested, was the answer. And such support, he said, would benefit the corporations as well as the colleges and their students, by helping to train a constant and adequate supply of potential scientists, managers and executives.

Later Collier's called attention in an editorial to a detailed carrying out of Mr. Sloan's program, suggested by Beardsley Ruml and Theodore Geiger of the National Planning Association. They reminded heads of corporations that federal law permits a company to give five per cent of its income, before taxes, to bona fide educational, scientific and welfare organizations.

About four months ago an announcement was made by five corporation executives, Mr. Sloan among them, of the formation of the Council for Financial Aid to Education. (Frank W. Abrams, Irving Olds, Walter Paepcke and Henning W. Prentis, Jr., were the other organizers.) The council's aim is to offer advice on these programs of financial assistance. And now, more recently, the Bethlehem Steel Company has put such a program into actual operation.

Bethlehem's new program represents a logical step forward in a training plan for college graduates which has been in operation for 30 years. The steel company will offer funds to some 45 institutions, in proportion to the number of graduates which will be selected for training.

We congratulate Bethlehem on its decision, and we hope that other corporations will follow its lead, to the profit of all concerned.

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